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JANUARY 1940

FIFTY CENTS





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THE SPORTSMAN • HORSE & HORSEMAN

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# THE CALENDAR

## RACING

Jan. 1 HAVANA, Cuba.  
 Jan 6-7 HAVANA, Cuba.  
 To Jan. 9 TROPICAL PARK, Fla.  
 Jan. 10-Mar. 2 HIALEAH PARK, Fla.  
 Jan. 13-Mar. 3 HAVANA, Cuba.  
 Feb. 26-Mar. 3 OAKLAWN PARK, Hot Spring, Ark.  
 Mar. 4-April 10 TROPICAL PARK, Fla.  
 Mar. 18-Apr. 22 SAN RRUNO, Cal.  
 To Mar. 9 SANTA ANITA PARK, Cal.

## HUNT RACING

March 16 SANDHILLS, Southern Pines, N. C.  
 March 23 AIKEN MILE TRACK, Aiken, S. C.  
 March 30 CAROLINA CUP, Camden, S. C.  
 April 6 DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB, Richmond, Va.  
 April 13 MIDDLEBURG HUNT RACE ASSN., Middleburg, Va.  
 April 13 MY LADY'S MANOR POINT, Monkton, Md.  
 April 20 GRAND NATIONAL POINT TO POINT, Hereford, Md.  
 April 27 MARYLAND HUNT CUP ASSOCIATION, Glyndon, Md.  
 May 4 WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Broad Axe, Pa.  
 May 4 VIRGINIA GOLD CUP, Warrenton, Va.

## HOUND SHOW

Jan. 26 NEW YORK HOUND SHOW, Squadron A Armory, New York.

## HORSE SHOWS

Jan. 6 OX RIDGE HUNT CLUB (Indoor), Darien, Conn.  
 Jan. 19-20 HARRISBURG, Pa.  
 Mar. 26-27 SANDHILLS, Pinchurst, N. C.

## FIELD TRIALS (Pointer and Setter)

Jan. 1 ALL-AMERICA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Brownsville, Tenn.  
 Jan. 5 CENTRAL CALIFORNIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Fresno, Cal.  
 Jan. 8 PINEHURST FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Pinehurst, N. C.  
 Jan. 8 GRENADA HUNT AND FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Grenada, Miss.  
 Jan. 15 GEORGIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Waynesboro, Ga.  
 Jan. 16 PLANTATION OWNERS BIRD DOG ASSN., Alameda, S. C.  
 Jan. 18 LONE STAR BIRD DOG ASSN., Goliad, Tex.  
 Jan. 19 LOUISIANA WILDLIFE AND FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Baton Rouge, La.  
 Jan. 22 CONTINENTAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Quitman, Ga.  
 Jan. 24 SIXTH REGIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, Holly Springs, Miss.  
 Jan. 25 GULF COAST FIELD TRIAL CLUB.  
 Jan. 29 GAMECOCK FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Sumter, S. C.  
 Jan. 29 NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Shuqualak, Miss.  
 Feb. 3 MARION CONSERVATION CLUB, Ocala, Fla.  
 Feb. 5 AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUBS OF AMERICA, AMATEUR QUAIL CHAMPIONSHIP, Sumter, S. C.  
 Feb. 8 ASSOCIATED FIELD TRIAL CLUBS OF TEXAS.  
 Feb. 10 WASHINGTON STATE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Tacoma, Wash.  
 Feb. 12 UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Holly Springs, Miss.  
 Feb. 19 MEMPHIS AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Hernando, Miss.  
 Feb. 19 SOUTHEASTERN STATES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.  
 Feb. 26 NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CHAMPION ASSN., Grand Junction, Tenn.  
 Mar. 3 OKLAHOMA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Fort Sill, Okla.  
 Mar. 23 ST. LOUIS FIELD TRIAL ASSN., St. Louis, Mo.  
 Mar. 23 KEYSTONE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.  
 Mar. 29 SOUTH JERSEY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Runnemede, N. J.

## DOG SHOWS

Jan. 7-8 AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB, New York.  
 Jan. 8 PEKINGESE CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Jan. 10-11 WINTER HAVEN KENNEL CLUB, Winter Haven, Fla.  
 Jan. 27-28 GOLDEN GATE KENNEL CLUB, San Francisco, Cal.  
 Feb. 2-3 MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB, Baltimore, Md.  
 Feb. 11 AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB, New York.  
 Feb. 11 AIRDALE TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Feb. 11 AMERICAN POMERANIAN CLUB, New York.  
 Feb. 11 CAIRN TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Feb. 11 IRISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Feb. 11 SCOTTISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Feb. 11 UNITED STATES KERRY BLUE TERRIER CLUB, New York.  
 Feb. 11 WELSH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.  
 Feb. 12-14 WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, New York.  
 Feb. 17 ELM CITY KENNEL CLUB, New Haven, Conn.  
 Feb. 18 MUNCIE KENNEL CLUB, Muncie, Ind.  
 Feb. 18 EASTERN DOG CLUB, Boston, Mass.  
 Feb. 21 GENESSEE VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Feb. 22 SOUTHERN TIER KENNEL CLUB, Elmira, N. Y.  
 Feb. 24-25 KENNEL CLUB OF BUFFALO, N. Y.  
 Feb. 25 SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, San Bernardino, Cal.  
 Mar. 1 GENESSEE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Flint, Mich.  
 Mar. 2-3 DETROIT KENNEL CLUB, Detroit, Mich.  
 Mar. 5-6 MCKINLEY KENNEL CLUB, Canton, Ohio.  
 Mar. 7-8 WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA KENNEL ASSN., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Mar. 9 PROVIDENCE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Providence, R. I.  
 Mar. 9-10 WESTERN RESERVE KENNEL CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 Mar. 14-15 DAYTON KENNEL CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.  
 Mar. 16 KENNEL CLUB OF ATLANTIC CITY, Atlantic City, N. J.  
 Mar. 16 MANCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Manchester, N. H.  
 Mar. 16-17 CINCINNATI KENNEL CLUB, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
 Mar. 17 TUCSON KENNEL CLUB, Tucson, Ariz.  
 Mar. 20-21 RIO GRANDE KENNEL CLUB, Albuquerque, New Mexico.  
 Mar. 22-23 PORTLAND KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Oregon.  
 Mar. 23-24 EL PASO KENNEL CLUB, El Paso, Tex.  
 Mar. 23-24 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Mar. 23-24 SANTA ANITA KENNEL CLUB, Arcadia, Cal.  
 Mar. 26-27 COLORADO KENNEL CLUB, Denver, Colo.  
 Mar. 30-31 INTERNATIONAL KENNEL CLUB OF CHICAGO, Ill.

## FLOWER SHOWS

Jan. 29-31 AMERICAN CARNATION SOCIETY, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Feb. 28-Mar. 6 SOCIETY AMERICAN FLORISTS, Annual National Flower and Garden Show, Houston, Tex.  
 Mar. 9-17 ANNUAL GREATER ST. LOUIS FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Mar. 11-16 INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AND NEW YORK FLOWER CLUB, New York.  
 Mar. 11-16 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New England Spring Flower Show, Boston, Mass.  
 Mar. 11-16 PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Philadelphia Flower Show, Phila., Pa.  
 Mar. 23-31 MICHIGAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Detroit Spring Flower Show, Detroit, Mich.



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## SKEET TOURNAMENTS

- Jan. 21 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.  
Feb. 18 LOANTAKA SKEET CLUB, Morristown, N. J.  
Jan. 27-28 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.  
Mar. 2-3 LOANTAKA SKEET CLUB, (Mid-Atlantic States Championship), Morristown, N. J.  
Mar. 17 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.

## GOLF TOURNAMENTS

- Jan. 15-19 MIAMI BILTMORE MEN'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, Miami, Fla.  
Mar. 19-21 ANNUAL UNITED NORTH AND SOUTH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, Pinchurst, N. C.  
Mar. 25-30 ANNUAL NORTH AND SOUTH INVITATION CHAMPIONSHIP FOR WOMEN, Pinchurst, N. C.

## ART EXHIBITIONS

- During January **FRENCH 17th & 18th CENTURY PAINTINGS**, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo.  
**INTERNATIONAL WATER COLOR EXHIBITION**, Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, N. Y.  
**POLISH ART WORKS**, Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass.  
**HISTORIC NEW ENGLAND PRINTS**, Worcester Art Museum, Mass.  
**CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTINGS FROM MUSEUM COLLECTION**, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.  
To Jan. 1 **MASKS**, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.  
To Jan. 1 **WORKS OF LITTLE KNOWN AND ANONYMOUS ARTISTS, (1720-1850)**, American Folk Art Gallery, New York.  
Jan. 1-31 **AMERICAN PAINTINGS**, Midtown Galleries, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Jan. 1-31 **W. R. LEIGH, WESTERN PAINTINGS**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Jan. 1-31 **JEAN MOWAT PHOTOGRAPHS**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Jan. 2-15 **STAGE DESIGNS BY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Jan. 2-Feb. 8 **PAINTINGS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS**, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.  
Jan. 2-31 **COLOR REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
Jan. 2-27 **RECENT PAINTINGS BY STEPHEN ETNIER**, Milch Galleries, New York.  
To Jan. 3 **ALLEN TUCKER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION**, Whitney Museum, New York.  
Jan. 3-21 **PRINTS OF KATHE KOLLWITZ**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
To Jan. 4 **WORKS BY YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS**, Charles Morgan Gallery, New York.  
To Jan. 5 **EXHIBITION BY A. S. BAYLINSON**, Uptown Gallery, New York.  
Jan. 6-29 **INDIAN PAINTINGS**, Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass.  
To Jan. 7 **HALF A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ART**, Art Institute, Chicago, Ill.  
Jan. 7-Feb. 7 **WORKS BY SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS OF ST. LOUIS**, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.  
To Jan. 7 **WORK BY PICASSO**, Museum of Modern Art, New York.  
Jan. 8-27 **PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY DAVID AND INGRES**, M. Knoedler Gallery, New York.  
To Jan. 8 **TOULOUSE-LAUTREC & THE MOULIN ROUGE**, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.  
Jan. 8-20 **EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS BY QUITA BRODHEAD**, Charles Morgan Gallery, New York.  
To Jan. 8 **WINTER EXHIBITION**, Carnegie Hall Gallery, New York.  
To Jan. 10 **PAINTINGS AND WATER COLORS BY RAOUL DUFY**, Bignou Gallery, New York.  
Jan. 10-Feb. 25 **THE BAUHAUS EXHIBIT**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
Jan. 13-Mar. 17 **THE ARCHITECTURE OF PAINTING BY EDWARD HOPPER**, Addison Gallery of Art, Andover, Mass.  
To Jan. 14 **ARTIST'S GREETINGS**, New York Public Library, N. Y.  
To Jan. 14 **WORKS BY INTERNATIONAL WOMEN PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, GRAVERS**, Riverside Museum, New York.  
Jan. 15-Feb. 15 **PRINTS BY ROUALT**, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo.  
To Jan. 15 **ROOM SETTINGS BY MEMBERS**, Decorator's Club, New York.  
To Jan. 15 **INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF LITHOGRAPHY & WOOD ENGRAVING**, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.  
To Jan. 15 **PAINTING AND SCULPTURE BY EUROPEAN WOMEN ARTISTS**, Riverside Museum, New York.  
Jan. 15-31 **ALICE REISHER, ONE MAN SHOW**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Jan. 16-Feb. 26 **FOURTH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION**, The Art of Argentina, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va.  
To Jan. 17 **OILS AND WATER COLORS BY JOHN MARIN**, An American Place, New York.  
Jan. 17-Feb. 25 **PAINTINGS BY EASTMAN JOHNSON**, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.  
Jan. 27-Mar. 27 **PRINTS PRESENTED BY THE PRINT CLUB**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
Jan. 28-Mar. 3 **ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE**, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Jan. 30-Feb. 14 **VIRGINIA ARTIST SERIES, NORA HOUSTON**, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va.  
February **100 PRINT SALON-PHOTOGRAPHS**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Feb. 1-25 **WOOD WORK BY JAMES PRESTINI**, Lake Forest Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Feb. 1-14 **ONE MAN SHOW BY FRANCESCO SPICUZZA**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Feb. 1-29 **PAINTINGS BY GRIEGORIEF, GOUCHES AND OILS**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Feb. 2-Mar. 1 **PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY DAVID AND INGRES**, Cincinnati Art Museum, Ohio.  
Feb. 6-Mar. 7 **MASTERPIECES OF ART FROM NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
Feb. 9-Mar. 31 **ETCHINGS BY RODOLPHE BRESLIN**, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.  
Feb. 10-Mar. 17 **PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND PRINTS BY FISKE BOYD**, Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass.  
To Feb. 15 **A CYCLE OF AMERICAN DRESS, PART III**, Museum of Costume Art, New York.  
Feb. 15-29 **FLOWER PAINTINGS BY NINA GRIFFIN**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Feb. 17-Mar. 5 **VIRGINIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON**, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va.  
To Feb. 25 **ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION OF NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, New York.  
Feb. 28-April 7 **CHINESE CERAMICS**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
During March **MEXICAN EXHIBIT**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
During March **MILLARD SHEETS, ONE MAN SHOW**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
During March **PAINTINGS BY JAY CONNAWAY**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
During March **OHIO WATERCOLOR SOCIETY**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
During March **WORK BY STUDENTS OF EDMUND LEWANDOWSKI**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
Mar. 2-31 **CHINOISERIE: TOILES AND ENGRAVINGS**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
Mar. 9-April 21 **CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTINGS**, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Va.  
Mar. 15-April 14 **MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES**, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.

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- Jan. 15-19 PENNSYLVANIA FARM PRODUCTS SHOW, Harrisburg, Pa.

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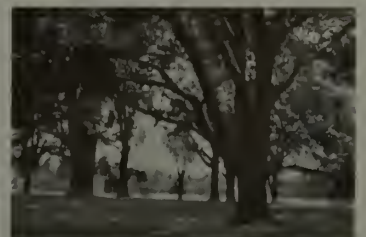
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said to revolve about these particular animals that are so much the heart and center of country living.

COUNTRY LIFE had the broad conception of voluntary living on the land; the relatively unworried comfort in which these people move to the end of their days. "The Sportsman" brought the glint to their eyes, filled their leisure hours with pleasures denied, unhappily, to most people. "Horse & Horseman" added a touch of earnestness to the one hobby about which living in the country really centers, a hobby so extraordinarily expansive (and expensive) that it takes on the aspect of Big Business.

Here then, were three magazines made for the same sort of people, all dealing with the same great subject, emphasizing different phases of it, yet clearly recognizing that all were dealing with parts of the same whole. . . .

To the thousands who have watched and are watching the development of the new COUNTRY LIFE—and will, we hope, enjoy it for many years to come—our profound thanks!

referring to Mr. G. Rau of Berlin, Germany, in a certainly unfair way.

I am not a German; but I do know, that Mr. Rau of Berlin is considered one of the very best, correct and truly impartial judges. Please only ask American Olympic riders and those who really know him personally.

I would not congratulate American riders, so quick and so much, on the adaptation of the Italian school, if I were the gentleman from Peking; for already have the Italians changed their system and lengthened their stirrups some.

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**AMBULANCE UNIT**

TO THE EDITOR:

My fellow-countryman and former Joint Master of the Cattistock, W. V. C. (Tally) Ruxton, has sailed for America on a mission which should appeal to every hunting man.

He is starting a drive to raise funds with which to equip and maintain a complete field ambulance unit with the British armies in France, to be known as "The American Fox-hunters' Ambulance Unit."

He has the backing not only of the British Red Cross but also of a dozen of the most prominent Masters of Hounds in England, among them the president and four ex-presidents of the British M.F.H. Association, as well as that well known Welsh Master, Lord Davies, through whose generosity the fund which started the Hunt Servants' Benevolent Society of America was founded.

I am sure that if any American hunting man cares to contribute to this very worthy project, any donation sent to the office of this publication will find its way to Mr. Ruxton and be duly acknowledged.

A. HENRY HIGGINSON,  
Cattistock, England.

**COUNTRY READING**

TO THE EDITOR:

"May I say how much I like HORSE & HORSEMAN in its new guise of COUNTRY LIFE. This, if I may say so, is a distinct improvement for instead of having 'padding' of uninteresting horse subjects you now give us delightful reading matter to do with the country, which naturally interests all horsemen . . ." C. DE LISLE,

11th Hussars,  
Cairo, Egypt.

**HORSEMANSHIP**

TO THE EDITOR:

In COUNTRY LIFE, I see a letter by a Mr. T. S. Neppo of Peking, China,

**ANSWERS**

to questions on page 68

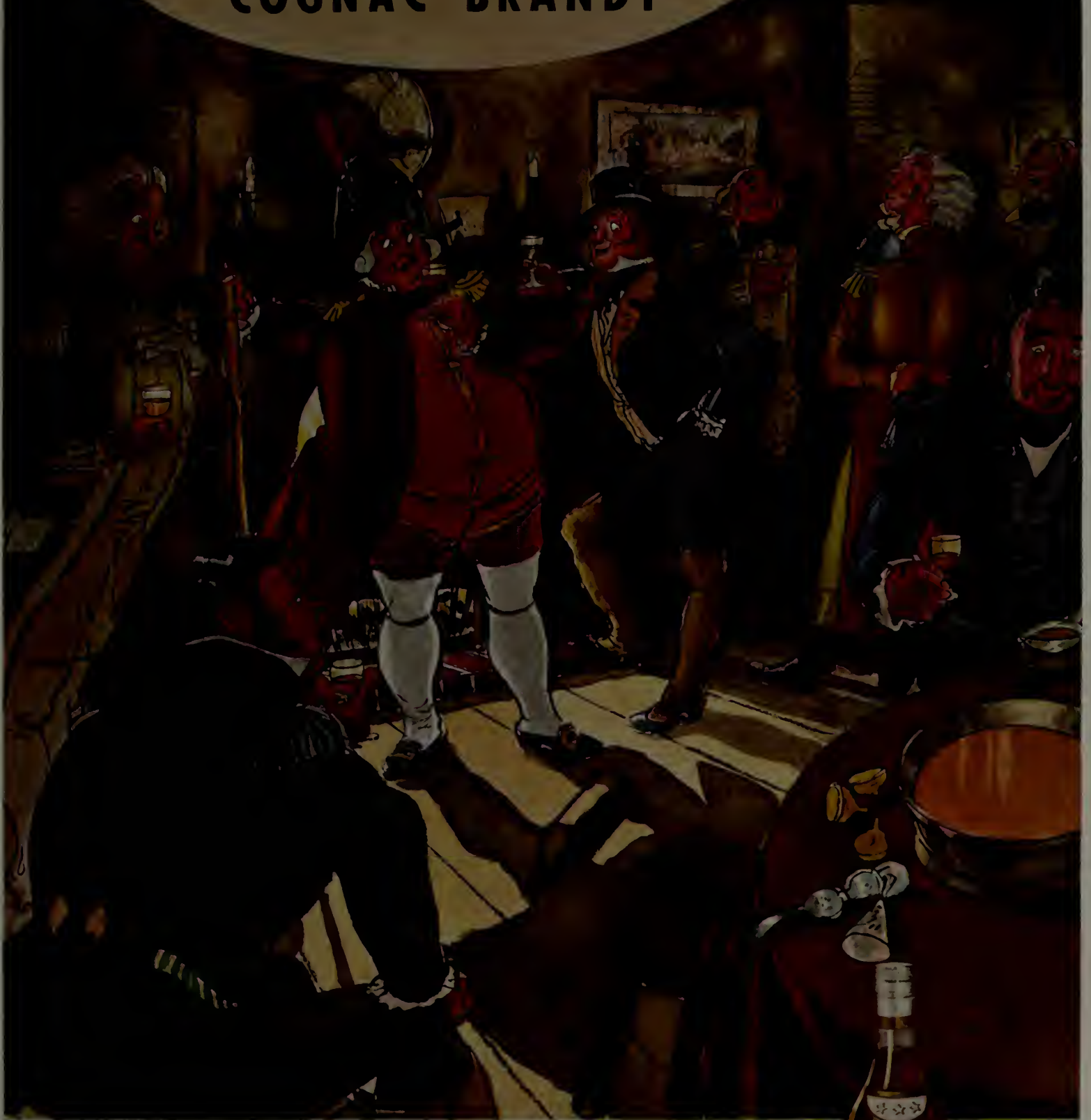
1. Always clear a place; grain or other food would be lost in the snow and birds need grit with their food to digest it.
2. Always have at least two avenues of escape. Otherwise one of the birds' enemies might corner them inside the shelter.
3. Put your feeding station near some shelter in which the birds of all kinds can escape if they are attacked. If you put it too far from shelter few birds will come near it unless they are actually starving.
4. Not as a rule, but it is a very good idea if birds are used to being fed in a certain place; they will know where to go when there is snow.
5. Scatter thin trails of grain (unthreshed wheat straw is good for this) through the woods all station like the spokes of a wheel.
6. It can be made of anything that will form a shelter and not frighten shy birds. Old lumber, green brush.
7. No, this sand or gravel is put out for the birds to eat so that they can digest their food. If there isn't plenty of grit on the ground you have cleared be sure and put some there. This is just as important as the food.
8. Various grain and seeds, mixed together, raisins, apples, suet—a lot depends on the kinds of birds you expect to come but a variety of the above will take care of most species.
9. It is best to have several shelters. More birds will find them and it will help to do away with quarrelling over the food, also help to avoid hawks, cats, etc.
10. Every few days at the most; always after a storm; you will probably want to go every chance you get but don't go too often if the birds are shy.

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84 PROOF



# *Back to the* **SOIL**

by JANET VAN LOON

**D**URING the past ten years or so there has been much talk of a movement back to the soil. "Back to the Soil" is a good catch phrase, full of romance. It is a phrase that conjures a picture of city-bred people jumping the traces, because they feel that too constant city life has made them soft, over-civilized and too full of the importance of unimportant things.

All types and classes of people have moved to the country and I don't mean the suburbs. There are rich people who have bought farms because they like the feel of owning and working with things alive and useful, and there are those of a smaller income group who have taken up farming perhaps because they enjoy the hard work which earns independence and a self-satisfaction that is contentment but not smugness.

Newspaper and magazine articles and books keep on encouraging more city dwellers to move out, but I feel that just wholesale encouragement is not enough. I would never tell a country boy to go to the city unless I first gave him an idea of the kind of life he would find and unless I could make him take stock of himself, to find out if he were equipped with ability, ambition and adaptability and above all, a deep-rooted feeling that he could do better for himself by changing his mode of living.

Why then state broadly and unconditionally that "city people should move to the country?"

It is a shame that we have not heard more about the many people who have gone back to the land this past decade. We have heard about their exodus, but the things they have done, the difficulties they have met, their failures and their successes make better news and a more exciting story than the mere mention of their leaving the cosmopolitan life for one more rural.

Among the city people who have gone back to the soil are some who have given up all their former life and contacts and staked everything they had on a long chance: the

chance to be independent and to lead a simple life of farming. The majority of these are young married couples who found themselves in the precarious position of being too easily replaced cogs in the gears of Big Business, who got more and more restless and a little frightened at their mode of living and began to cast about for some way out of the maze in which they had somehow got caught.

Perhaps the first solution to present itself was the idea of buying a farm. A natural conclusion, because, driving through the country or spending a vacation out of town, they had been struck by the blanket of peace and contentment which seemed to lie over farmlands. The absolute antithesis of city living. No hurry, no noise, no press of time constantly bearing down, quiet. The country dweller has only himself to answer to—he has an independent life.

**O**NE trait in human nature we forget is the inability to learn from another's experience. We always have the sublime faith that what happened to someone else cannot happen to us. We're different!

If you were a city-bred man, and were thinking of taking up farming, you would have to remember that you are not different and look about you long and carefully before you make the final decision. Don't forget that there is much to be considered behind what may seem to be optimistic answers to your questions. Don't let one farmer friend's story influence you too much—you may have forgotten to ask some very important things, and in all probability your friend won't admit failure, especially to his former city acquaintances, although he may be having harder sledding than he ever imagined possible.

Take a young couple who moved to a farm as an example. The husband thought he had looked into the problem pretty carefully, so they bought an old farm, a lovely old house with barns, a couple of hundred acres, a brook and a pretty good supply of farm implements, and what is more, they "got it for a song."



The first thing to do was to make the place liveable. Of course, a native farmer and his family had been living in it for the past three generations just as it was, but it would never do for city people. Why, there wasn't even a bathroom, or, for that matter, any running water at all! Naturally it needed repairs too, but it did not look like much of a job to fix it up and it should not cost too much.

Joyfully they pulled up all the city roots and with the grand feeling of a great load shifted, transplanted those roots in the rich, clean earth of their very own land. Practically camping while the necessary rebuilding went on early in the summer, they started out to do some of the work themselves with the aid of local builders.

The time was going awfully fast. They were having fun, but before they knew it the summer was half over and the work was far from half done. There was nothing else to do but hire more hands and speed up the work. Finally, with winter supplies laid in, cows, chickens and team installed, the place was finished and the day of reckoning arrived.

They found they had spent more money in the first five months than they had expected to spend in a year. They had had to





FREE-LANCE

a whole community for years. That happens so often, it's not news. Country people are used to the possibilities of such acts of nature and they are pretty well resigned. City people cannot take it as well, because they have not seen it happen all around them nor heard about the natural enemies of farming since they first began to understand words.

**A**NOTHER thing: don't forget that many cosmopolitan people have almost as much need for mental stimulus as for food to exist happily, and those people, unused to hard physical labor, cannot work 12 to 14 hours a day, day after day, year after year, without change and relaxation. City people who take books, music, the theatre and meetings with friends who have similar tastes and background for granted, must consider what it would be like without them.

Most of the failures that are made by urbanite farmers would not be considered failures by born farmers since the actual income from the original investment is often greater than could be expected from another industry.

Cosmopolites demand more of the luxuries of time and material comforts than farming can give, so they run amok buying things and paying to have work done that a regular farmer doesn't care about.

You might be able to make a go of farming if you can entirely forget your past life, begin absolutely anew, and be contented with the simple farm life *as it is led by those born to it*—but you can't have your cake and eat it too.

**N**EXT in the movement from the cities back to the soil is a group of people, men and women, who merely want to get away from the city because they prefer the slower pace, the quiet, more even tempo of country life. Among them are artists and writers who found that they can work just as well away from town.

They can live more comfortably on less money, have the friends they care most about to visit, and can make enough trips to town to keep up necessary contacts. On these trips they get stimulation and enough of the gay life which, when it is not an everyday occurrence, is the cream of city milk.

Not so many years ago these same artists or writers would have been forced to live in a large city, but now with telephones and modern transportation, their agents can keep in touch with them so easily that two hundred miles more or less mean nothing.

There are business and professional men too who, though city bred, like it better in the country. It is not a question of being big frogs in small puddles, either, but a natural outcome of the chaotic conditions following the boom '20's. We are not quite so money-mad now and we live more in the present than the future, considering where and how we can get most of the things we really care about.

One man who (Continued on page 40)

get more money and with one thing and another they were digging in for the winter with a heavy load, but not too discouraged. It just meant being very careful—few trips to town, few new clothes, no luxuries, but it was worth it to have their own place and to work together for their own future.

As months passed, the hard work went on being hard. Little unexpected expenses kept cropping up—applied efficiency never seemed efficient in the end. No matter what economies they practiced, some new expense would come up. Tools had to be replaced, the grain ran out and the barn roof collapsed under the weight of a heavy snow. In the same snow storm they pulled the rear end out of the car, bucking a drift.

Inventory at the beginning of the second year read: one farm in good condition, mortgaged. One bank account, exhausted. Insurance premiums paid. Physical condition of owners, excellent. Mental attitude, still hopeful.

Unfortunately, year after year went on in much the same way. Try as they might, and they tried hard, they couldn't get ahead. They had not been bred to the life, the work kept on being hard and they fell into one mistake after another.

Debts pile up, sometimes slowly, sometimes fast, and the situation begins to look hopeless. In the city there had been a dull job with a boss to answer to. On the farm there is a dull job too, with a cow to answer to. An office job demanded the hours from nine to five, six days a week, with about two weeks vacation every summer. The farm work, on the other hand, starts at four or five every morning, seven days a week, with night work too sometimes, and no vacations.

Suppose the young couple finally decide to admit that they made a mistake? By this time it is too late to have it do any good. Gradually all of their old contacts have been lost. They can't leave the farm temporarily because they can't afford to hire some one to take care of it while they are away. They can't sell out, even if they could get as much as they put in, for after settling up their debts they wouldn't have anything left to live on while they looked up old contacts and tried to get jobs again. So there they are, hopelessly sunk.

It is a tragic story but it is not exaggerated and it is not the exception. A man's money may be lost in Wall Street in a day, and that's news. But in the country, a single hail storm, lasting not more than ten minutes, can hurt



On the right is the outdoor living room; below, looking along the veranda; true to tradition all bedrooms have outside as well as inner entrances



Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Wells of the Bay State built their California home in the style of the early New England settlers



## *Living in* HUSH COUNTRY



The simple, spacious house is reminiscent of the early days when there was always room for the traveller and his horse





The seven ranges of the San Diego mountains and islands far out at sea are visible from both the beautiful outdoor and indoor living rooms

PARKER PHOTOS

There are hand-hewn timbers, antique furniture and fine old wrought iron throughout the house

by MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE

WITH summer stars hanging low and soft night winds stirring the ancient pepper trees overhead, an Englishman, a world traveler and fellow guest at the same gracious country home in Rancho Santa Fé, confided, "There is nothing else like Rancho Santa Fé in America. Only one other spot, and that in Africa, is even comparable." Perhaps he is right. Certainly, it is a land of contrary characteristics. White sun and black shadows! Sun-bleached sand and flowers!

This unique strip of country, only ten square miles in size, is five miles back from the sea, thirty miles north of San Diego. You must go inland through a pass in the hills to reach this spot which has its history rooted in past centuries.

Rancho Santa Fé was an early land grant from the King of Spain to Don Juan Osuna. Don Juan was the first alcalde of San Diego—an important man, and valuable in the eyes of the distant Spanish King. Don Juan was given his choice of land. He must have realized his good fortune.

Even then, it was known that the San Diego region was freer from wind and fog and underwent less change in temperature between day and night than the rest of California. Don Juan was deliberate in selecting his territory. He heard rumors of a snug valley to the north, sheltered in the clasp of sunny hills, warm and cozy, and yet near enough to breathe the tang of the sea.

Once he saw it, the question was settled. Right then Don Juan selected Rancho San Dieguito, now Rancho Santa Fé, as his own.







In the dining room the authentic heavy timber construction is repeated; the old English furniture and early American pewter are exceptionally fine pieces

Flowers, fireplace and bright paintings make for a cheery living room

High on a plateau that overlooks the valley to the south, Don Juan built a thick-walled adobe house that is still standing. From its windows he could see the approach of friends, and from the deep-shaded veranda he could hear the creaking caravans on their tedious, dusty journeys between the missions that were set a day's travel apart. Back of him, on the hill slopes, his flocks and herds grazed. Those were happy, full days for the overlord, filled with peace and plenty.

When Don Juan died, his son Leandro took over the family adobe. Later, came the American invasion of California as a result of the war against Mexico. Leandro, of course, rode forth in defense of his country. When the cause was lost, Leandro, seeing the possible end of his unchallenged mastery of the vast domain, put a bullet through his head.

For many years following, Rancho San Dieguito lay idle and lonely. Ten years ago the Santa Fé Railway Company bought the ancestral home of the Osunas with the idea of planting eucalyptus trees in California for the purpose of growing their own railroad cross-ties. The trees not only grew, they flourished in strength and (Continued on page 40)





# Normally I'm a Foxhunter

by J. MEYRICK COLLEY

**N**ORMALLY, I'm a foxhunter. That's how I happened to be in Alabama last November. I was there hunting with Bob Goode and enjoying myself hugely when Clyde Morton suggested that we vary the monotony by coming over to Sedgefields and having a day with the bird dogs.

The monotony part, up to that time, consisted of being awakened about an hour before day by an old negro who built a roaring fire of fat pine and immediately thereafter shoved a cup of steaming black coffee into bed with you. The coffee performed some strange sort of alchemy whereupon you arose, without regret, and donned your hunting clothes.

It even put you in a state of such admirable well being that you went out and, without a qualm, stared your horse squarely in the eye with so much success that he actually stood quietly while you swung lightly and gracefully into the saddle. Ordinarily, at that hour of the day, that same horse would appear not an inch less than 18 hands high and you would have to have a step-ladder to board him.

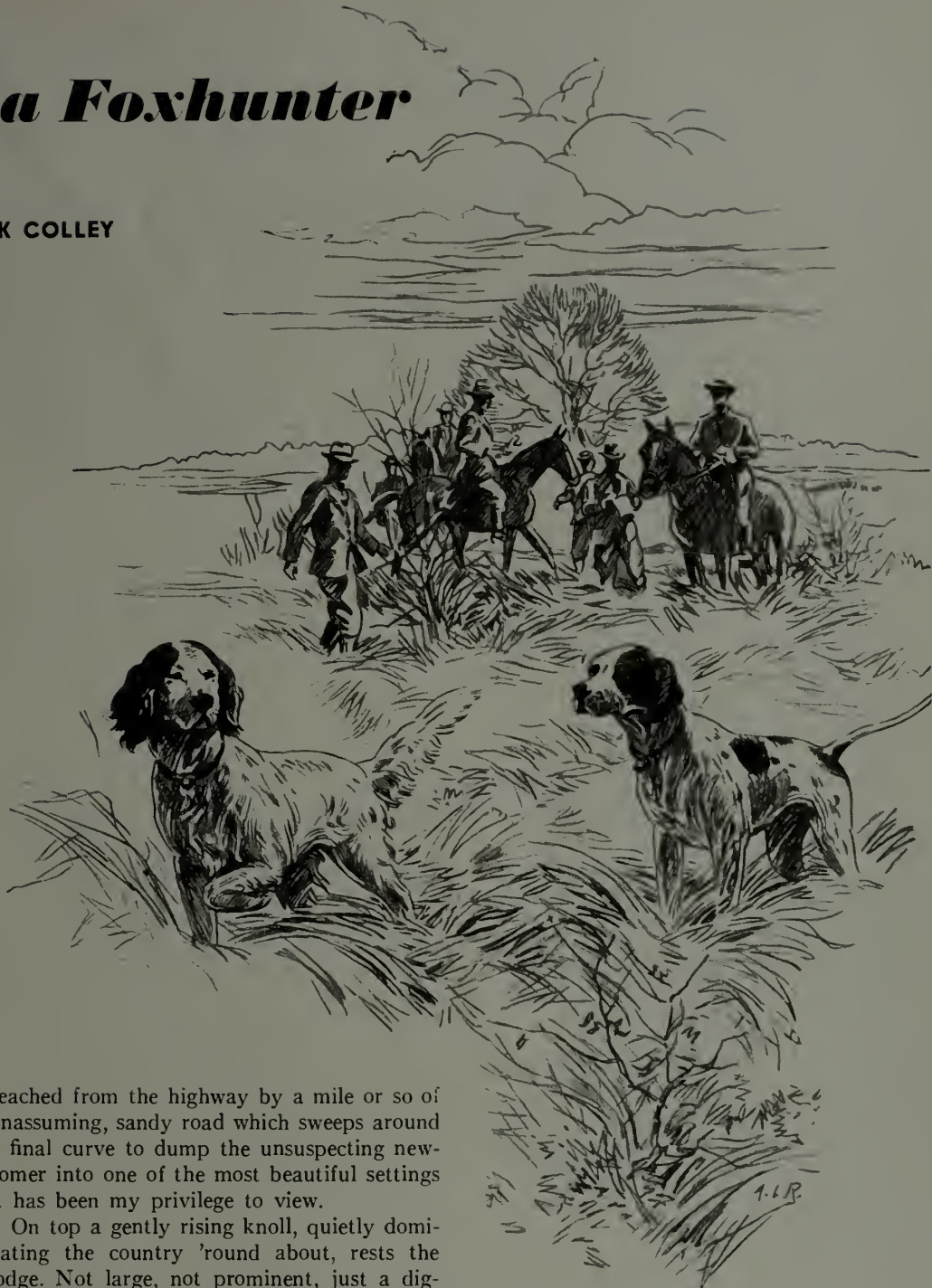
Then we hunted. During the morning we hunted on horseback with saddle flasks; in the afternoon we hunted in easy chairs with mint juleps; after supper there were usually some ladies to flutter in complimentary awe at our heroic jumps or our miraculous spills. After that, we went to bed and waited for the black coffee to come around again. Terribly monotonous, as you may see.

So, we accepted Clyde's invitation gladly. We hunted that morning but made only a short run of it because the bird dog day was to begin at 10 A.M., with a quail breakfast.

As I have said in the beginning, I am a foxhunter, but that ten o'clock breakfast shook my faith to a marked extent. I contend that I am not exactly lazy and coffee at dawn is an excellent thing. But quail at 10, to put it mildly, has a strong appeal.

Ever since I can remember, I have shot quail with varying degrees of enthusiasm and I have always kept one or two setters about, but the impression has been upon me that bird shooting was inextricably tangled up with invigorating tramps through brown fields, the bracing tang of frosty autumn days and tired evenings with faithful four-footed friends stretched comfortably before the inevitably blazing fire. Now, I know better. I have been to Rome and I have seen the roman candles. This is the way of it.

"Sedgefields" is a cute little chunk of landscape embracing some 30,000 acres belonging to A. G. C. Sage of New York, on which Mr. Sage pleases to raise quail and quail dogs. My own observation induces the conviction that he is highly successful in both objectives. "Sedgefields" lies some 75 miles west of Montgomery, is securely hidden from tourists, trailers and tramps and is well worth traveling any given distance to visit. It is



reached from the highway by a mile or so of unassuming, sandy road which sweeps around a final curve to dump the unsuspecting newcomer into one of the most beautiful settings it has been my privilege to view.

On top a gently rising knoll, quietly dominating the country 'round about, rests the lodge. Not large, not prominent, just a dignified brick home done with the feeling of Thomas Jefferson. Wise, indeed, he who planned the whole, that no attempt was made at flamboyant ostentation for, as far as the eye may reach, stretches a virgin forest of long leaf yellow pine and no handiwork of mere man could overawe the cathedral-like stateliness of those mighty trunks.

**Q**UIET, serene restfulness spreads an enveloping mantle over the whole. A perfect spot in which to abide and in which to enjoy one's friends; friends capable of sipping a homely toddy and watching the phalanxes of long black shadows moving in slow evolution; friends not given to talking overly much.

At a comfortable distance from the house, around three sides of the knoll, are the kennels, the barns, and several residences. In the kennels live two national champions, Rapid Transit and Sulu; one free-for-all champion, Timbuctoo, last year's futurity winner, Morpheus, and some 60-odd lesser known stars in the field trial firmament.

In the barns a dozen horses wait the pleasure of those who follow the dogs. In one of the residences lives a long-connected, quiet talking cuss named Clyde Morton, who can get as much out of any given amount of bird

dog as any man who ever shrilled a whistle.

But we are getting too far away from that quail breakfast.

The best part about hunt breakfasts in general is, that they may be, and are, eaten at any hour of the day or night. The best part about this hunt breakfast in particular was a bushel or so of crisp, fried quail. It was just after this breakfast that I became disillusioned as to the much vaunted Southern Hospitality.

There seemed to be something the matter with me, a certain drowsy feeling, and I intimated that I would prefer to lie down for awhile and have the house perfectly quiet but those Mortons, man and wife, forced me into my coat. Not satisfied with that, Clyde called two or three negroes and they hoisted me, quail and all, up on another damned horse.

There were seven in the party, not counting darkies. In Alabama, southern Alabama anyway, the darkies are inevitable and are taken for granted; besides, they are too numerous for counting. After the usual milling about, swapping saddles, changing stirrups and so on, the safari moved off.

Remember, this is nothing more than a quiet day with the shooting dogs. No fuss, no



feathers, nothing special. It may have the appearance of a troop of Morgan's raiders, but it isn't.

The squadron bore off in the direction of the fields of yellow brown sedge which stretched away to unknown distances. Now and then little cultivated patches appeared, patches of cotton or corn and around each of these little spots are planted two or three rows of mixed grains, grains which are allowed to ripen and fall, feed for the innumerable covies of quail which in turn provide an aim in life for what surely must be the finest pointers this side of Patagonia.

Clyde Morton and Ed Farior led the column. Bob Goode rode next. Inasmuch as the rest of us had no earthly idea of what to do nor how to do it, Bob acted as field marshal. The others formed in column of twos to the rear.

Immediately behind the white folks rode the negro contingent. Horse-holders, dog-holders, gun-loaders, gun-unloaders, bird-picker-uppers, dog-catchers and a few unassigned individuals for use in general emergency. To the rear, in the position usually occupied by the baggage wagons and ammunition trains, came the dog wagon.

The dog wagon, I came soon to realize, is quite an institution. It is a fine, big, upstanding two-horse wagon, painted white and equipped with a crate for fresh dogs, a similar crate for dogs that have worked, rain covers, medicine chest, equipment box and a supply of extra negroes.

As the day wore on, I became impressed

more and more, at the uncanniness of the thing. When the dogs were ranging, the wagon merely evaporated. At first, I supposed it lost but, at the end of an hour, when a fresh brace of dogs was wanted, it invariably hove into view driving serenely out from behind the nearest clump of bushes. More of a feat than you might think considering the amount of territory we had galloped over in the meanwhile.

**E**VENTUALLY, we reached the spot where we were to put down the first brace. I couldn't see any major difference between it and all the rest of the spots within sight and it could not have made very much difference because we got away from it in a tremendous hurry and we were at a lot of other spots in a mighty short time.

When the word came and the negroes turned those first two dogs loose, I got a distinct surprise. I thought they were having some sort of fit. They broke away at the most tremendous speed I have ever seen dogs put out and about the time they passed from sight, one on either flank and a quarter of a mile away, they apparently shook out a couple of reefs and went even faster.

It occurred to me that it was fortunate indeed we had a whole wagonful left, as it was obvious we could expect no more from that pair.

The handlers rode away in the direction taken by their dogs and the rest of us sort of split the middle. I was anxious to put down another brace and find some birds but we couldn't do that until the handlers returned, so I rode along thinking of the tales I had heard of field trial dogs being so wild and rattle-brained as to make them utterly worthless as shooting dogs. I wished for my old setter, so we could work out some of the birdy looking places we were passing.

Then we rode around the shoulder of a little rise. Ed Farior appeared suddenly from nowhere and called "point." I observed with

some astonishment that Timbuctoo was fast on birds not fifty yards away. How he got there, I will never know. How much ground he had covered in 15 minutes, I can't even guess. I promptly forgot my old setter.

Farior dismounted, leisurely, and turned his horse over to a negro. He drew a gun from the saddle boot, walked over and stood behind his dog. I began to get nervous for fear the birds would flush. Farior called Bob Goode to shoot the rise. Bob dismounted, also leisurely, handed his horse to the negro, and walked to the handler. By that time I figured there must not be any birds there.

Farior stuffed one shell in the gun, handed the gun to Bob, Bob stepped five or six paces to one side, Farior moved up and flushed the covey, Bob shot once, one bird fell and I woke up to the fact that Timbuctoo had not moved a muscle. I decided to get rid of my setter.

That was the beginning. While we were milling about, chattering complimentary things about the dog, the cry of "point" came drifting on the wind. We staged an impromptu cavalry charge over the next hill and reined in beside Morton, who sat, calmly eying Sulu. She, in turn, was standing in the sedge, head and tail well up, displaying all the style an artist could conceive. Then it was all to do over again, except that this time I was called upon to shoot.

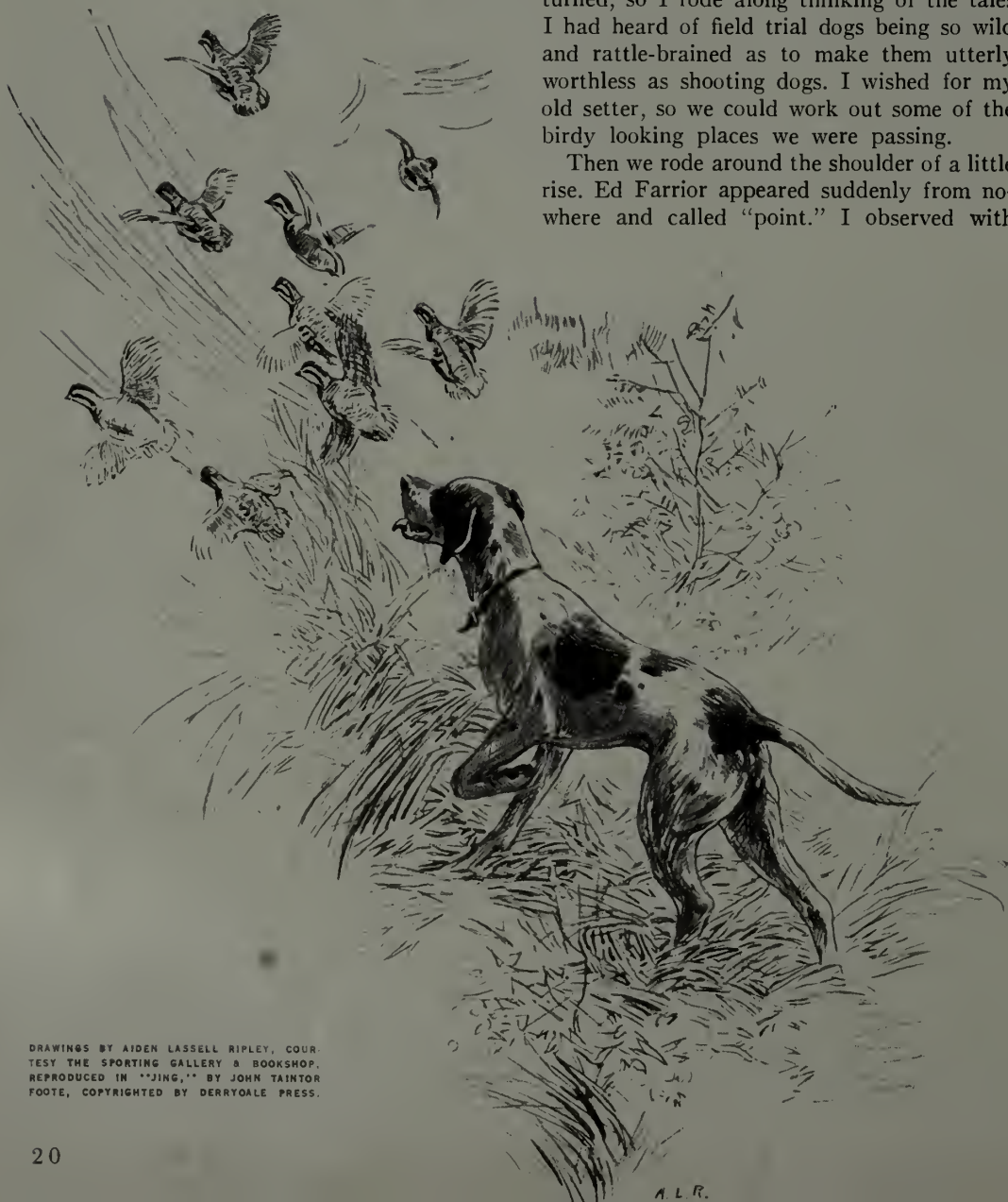
When shooting birds, I have always done my best work with a ten-gauge gun, about 24 inches long and cylinder bore but I did not have my gun with me. Consequently, when Clyde handed me that 28-gauge, modified, with one shell in it, some doubts arose in my mind. And those doubts were fully justified, too. After about the fourth covey, Clyde killed one just to keep Sulu from losing faith. Then we put down a fresh brace.

Putting down a fresh brace is quite a ceremony. It is like dealing a new hand in bridge. When everyone has dismounted and lighted cigarettes, they begin gabbling over the results of the heat. Each one, and at the same time, describes to the others, the finer points of each covey find. With considerable shouting and whistling, the dogs are brought to heel and held by the negroes while their heads and feet and ancestors and so on are discussed.

Each member of the party refers impressively to previous comparable instances in his experience, the negroes wash the dogs' eyes and shove them in the forward crate. Clyde names another brace, everybody mounts up, the negroes drag them out of the after crate, Clyde gives the signal and another heat is under way.

So it goes. Each hour a new heat. Each heat a fresh brace of dogs, some old, some young. I was prepared for mistakes on the part of the puppies, as they are called, but they appeared as well broken as their seniors. Nor could I see any difference in the effort they put into their work. Never in my life have I seen anything drive with the sustained energy that those pointers exhibited.

I have participated in some weighty discussions on the speed and stamina of hounds and all foxhunters freely admit that nothing on four feet can live with a hound, but I am now convinced that the hound never cried a fox that could keep in sight of one of those pointers for an hour. Undoubtedly, a hound will run longer, (Continued on page 56)

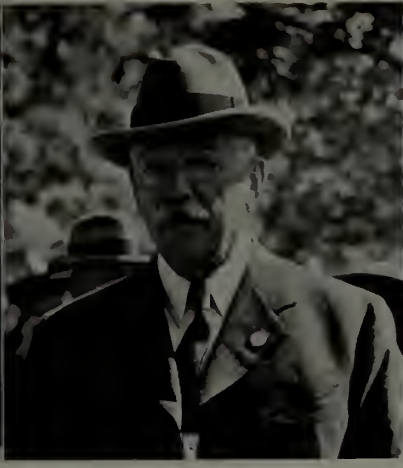


DRAWINGS BY AIDEN LASSELL RIPLEY, COURTESY THE SPORTING GALLERY & BOOKSHOP. REPRODUCED IN "JING," BY JOHN TAINOR FOOTE, COPYRIGHTED BY DERRYDALE PRESS.





Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark seldom bets on horse races



Betting plays no part in William Woodward's pleasure



Mrs. H. C. Phipps owns good horses, avoids betting



Somuel D. Riddle and Joseph E. Widener, who make only tiny bets

# BETTING ISN'T RACING

by HENRY V. KING

PARI-MUTUELS on New York tracks are not likely to materially influence the customs, habits and entertainment of owners of prominent eastern racing stables. The change in the system of betting from bookmaker to totalizator is innocuous for them because they do not bet heavily on the races.

Among sportsmen and sportswomen, whose horses win a majority of events, betting is taboo or incidental. Breeding and developing good horses and winning coveted stakes are their pleasure and objectives. Some place a small sentimental wager on their colts and fillies but such bets are only as seasoning for their piece de resistance; an added piquancy to their thrill of victory.

Numerous eminent owners, including members of The Jockey Club, are opposed to mutuels in New York but not because of change in the betting system. They fear the mutuels will prove an allurements too strong to be resisted by those who can least afford to bet on the races. They also are apprehensive that many small tracks, backed by professional promoters, will sprout all over the state and bring disrepute on the sport.

They know that the day of heavy wagering by wealthy owners is passé. There is little extravagant speculation by sportsmen at the tracks such as existed a generation ago when Gates and Drake, Pittsburgh Phil and the Dwyer Brothers bet the proverbial million on a horse. Nor is there such heavy betting as there was a decade ago when Harry Payne Whitney, Payne Whitney, Colonel Richard Williams, Gifford A. Cochran, John Sanford, William R. Coe, Harry F. Sinclair and Arnold Rothstein wagered ten or twenty thousand dollars on a race.

When they won a bet—and they lost more often than they won—reports flew around the country that they had made a killing, meaning, of course, that they had executed a betting coup and that the bookmakers who had accepted their bets had been financially destroyed.

Such spectacular betting went out of style

even before the death of Harry and Payne Whitney, Col. Williams and Mr. Cochran and before Mr. Coe and Mr. Sinclair retired from the turf and Rothstein was murdered. Their last days of racing saw them ignoring the bookmakers completely or annoying them with ten or twenty dollar wagers.

A young sportsman who owns a modest stable but derives more pleasure from polo than from racing told me recently that it isn't considered cricket for a sportsman to be a plunger any more. "There are few thrills trying to beat the races," he said. "Little fun in it, much too much loose talk regarding it and besides, it is unprofitable."

That seems to me to be a competent and adequate summation of why prominent eastern owners of today do not do battle with the bookies or the pari-mutuel machines.

William Woodward, chairman of The Jockey Club and owner of Belair Stud, one of the largest and most successful racing stables in America, does not bet a dollar on any of his horses. Mrs. Payne Whitney does not bet, either. Neither do Thomas Hitchcock, Joseph E. Widener, Willis Sharpe Kilmer, Cornelius V. Whitney, Samuel Riddle, George D. Widener, Walter M. Jeffords, William Ziegler, Jr., and William du Pont, Jr.

Like a long set of figures, names usually are dull reading but this article is primarily about sportsmen and sportswomen and their names seem germane to it. So here are some more:

Mrs. Henry C. Phipps, Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart, Mrs. Dodge Sloane, Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, Mrs. E. Graham Lewis and Mrs. Parker Corning frequently wager a few dollars on their horses but at no time are their bets other than inconsequential. For the fun of it they often wager five or ten dollars on races in which they have no representative and abstain from backing their own horses in other events run the same day.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Andrew G. C. Sage, William L. Brann, Robert L. Gerry, Marshall Field, (Continued on page 57)



"Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons and "Uncle Henry" McDoniel, small bettors



BROWN BROS., ACME, MORGAN & TURF PHOTOS  
Days of "Bet-You-a-Million" Gotes are dead, gone, buried



# RACING: more than a sport

by PETER VISCHER

AT year end, one reads a great many statistics about racing. William Woodward is the leading owner of 1939, because his horses won the total of something like \$260,000. The imported horse, Challenger 2nd, is the leading sire of the year, because his sons and daughters earned the sum of \$275,000. Challedon is the Horse of the Year less because he demonstrated himself an extraordinary Thoroughbred by the manner in which he won 9 out of 15 races than because he finished in the money often enough to earn his owners \$184,535.

The daily newspapers make much of these stories because they love to portray forces in competition; peace and coöperation sell few newspapers. And newspapermen, probably because they are so notoriously underpaid, love to write about money.

During the year it is not much different.

A great race is won and lost, bringing success or failure to plans on which men and women have been working with heartfelt interest and enthusiasm for many long months. Except in the writings of a few notable exceptions, there is little in the papers beyond the statistics: who were first, second and third; how much did the \$2 mutuel tickets pay; how much did the winners earn at the pay-window; how many people were present. The last named invariably grossly exaggerated in order to make the event, and therefore the writer's job, seem more important than it actually is.

Or an election regarding racing is held. Then you read in the papers how much money will probably go through the mutuel machines, how great a percentage will perhaps go to the tracks and to the state, how much it is all likely to cost the promoter—and how is the public to be protected? (Not a word about horses.)

Is it any wonder, under these circumstances, that racing is making few new friends? Is it any wonder that decent people, upon whom successful racing has always depended, find it more and more difficult to get enthusiastic about racing? Isn't the time long past when the usefulness and importance of racing first, and the great pleasure of the historic sport, should be clearly demonstrated?

THAT statistics are a factor in racing cannot be denied; that money makes the mare go is an old saying. But that racing is nothing but a vast public entertainment for the \$2 bettor—and a wicked one at that, from whose vagaries his innocent mind and

virgin character must be protected—is getting a bit off the line.

What, in the first place, is racing?

Probably no tighter description could be evolved than to say that racing is a useful sport. A sport, according to Webster, is "a diversion of the field"; that is, in its pure sense, a pastime or amusement in which one engages outdoors, usually with the companionship of animals. And useful means "producing, or having power to produce, good; serviceable for any end or object, capable

of any beneficial use, as distinguished from that which is vicious or pernicious."

Now, the principal use of horse racing, despite the repeated jibes of cynical sports writers at the time-honored phrase, is to improve the breed of horses. And if anyone doubts the extraordinary progress that has been made in this field let him visit the Museum of Natural History in New York and compare the skeleton of a modern Thoroughbred—it happens to be that of the immortal Sysonby—with that of his long line of equine ancestors.<sup>1</sup>

That the race-course is the testing ground of the Thoroughbred, and that progress in the evolution of Thoroughbreds is due to racing, few will deny or question. Should anyone ask "Why improve the Thoroughbred?" the answer is historic: first and foremost for the national defense.

Few people who go to the race-track and push a \$2 bill (with at least one corner torn off it to let the bad luck out) through a mutuel window, have ever given that a moment's thought. Most sports writers would give it a derisive horse-laugh. But it is true nevertheless.

America could hardly have been conquered

<sup>1</sup> Casual observers of evolution may turn to the American Standardbred for a perfect example of the extraordinary progress that can be made in a breed in an incredibly short space of time.



Above, Blenheim 2nd, stud fee \$2,500; below, Man o' War, whose services are seldom available



but for the horse; see Phil Stong's excellent and provocative new book, "Horses and Americans," if you do not believe this. America could hardly be the country that it is today but for horses: our 16,000,000 horses and mules are today worth twice as much in the compilation of our national assets as our hogs and sheep combined, more than all our milk cattle.

Should anyone doubt that racing has much to do with this, or that horses as a means of national defense are outmoded in these days of tanks and airplanes, let him ignore such facts as these: (1) during the World War years of 1914 to 1918, 811,279 horses and mules were shipped to France, exports jumping from 710 in 1914 to 245,120 the next year; (2) so disturbed was the United States Government at the swift depletion of our stock of suitable horses for our national defense that what is known as the Remount Plan was evolved and put in operation, by which some 700-odd stallions (*most of them Thoroughbreds*) have been put out through the country for the production of light horses that might be good for use in war; (3) officers of the United States Army have already conferred in confidence with British and French officers on this exceedingly important problem; (4) an Allied Commission, *permanent for the duration of the war*, for the purchase

of American horses and mules has already been established in the Mid-West; (5) the Germans used horses with success in the *Blitzkrieg* against Poland; (6) war has not yet been abolished from the world.

I am stating thus the basic reason why racing is a useful sport, omitting the many other reasons familiar to all: the pleasure given to many, the employment given to thousands, the tons of hay and straw consumed, the thousands of dollars diverted from the pockets of those who can afford it to railroads, automobile manufacturers, oil and rubber companies, gasoline stations, restaurateurs, distillers, seed distributors, fertilizer manufacturers, leather goods manufacturers, silk manufacturers, paper manufacturers, printers, etc., etc.—an endless array.

**D**ISTURBED at the \$2 level to which racing is tending in so much of the press, and consequently in so great part of the public mind, I have indulged myself in a defense of racing from quite another angle than that which I had intended. I had not expected to emphasize the usefulness of racing but rather to speak of the simple pleasure it offers as a sport.

Alfred Vanderbilt, the new president of Belmont Park, expressed this very well some time ago when he wrote that for all the vast

volume of words and charts and pedigrees written about racing—and more is written about racing than about any other sport in the world—there is practically nothing about the 364 days and 23½ hours that a horse is not actually running on the track!

And those 364 days and odd hours are what make racing fun for many people. They are the winters of thought and contemplation, of plans and concerns, of peaceful serenity in the country. They are the springtimes of a new stirring of life, of hopes and trials, of promises made. They are the summers of heat and work, of a future hanging fire. They make the soft falls of promises fulfilled, of untold satisfactions, of disappointments keen yet seldom bitter. That's a side of horse racing that no one can see from the grandstand or the press box.

Indeed, one can easily imagine racing—and I have often seen it—without a grandstand, without telegraph wires, without loudspeakers, without touts and bookies, without machines, without the public which always must be protected. But I can't for the life of me imagine racing without horses—and horses without the pleasures and problems that are a part of their heritage.

If we concede that racing is a useful sport, or merely a pleasant sport, then those of us to whom sport is (*Continued on page 58*)



Some wise man has called the breeding of horses the "culture" of "agriculture"

THAYER PHOTOS



# Country Life in **PUERTO RICO**

by **BASIL GALLAGHER**

**T**HERE is a legend in Puerto Rico that Ponce de León, the island's first governor, began his search for the fabled Fountain of Youth because the King of Spain demanded that he forsake his country estate at Caparra for nearby San Juan, where a bustling city was being built within the towering fortifications which to this day guard the ancient treasure routes to the Inca and Aztec empires.

The story goes that the King considered Ponce's fortified manor house a poor spot from which to direct the defense of San Juan, 12 miles away. It is related that the proud de León became so angry at the King's ultimatum that he left his family at Caparra and sailed away to search for the magic fountain—a dream which he had cherished for years after hearing tales of the fabulous, life-giving waters from the Carib Indians.

It is a moot question among historians as to whether or not the King's ultimatum was a direct or even contributing reason to the start of old Ponce's ill-fated journey, which ended with his discovery of Florida and his death later in Cuba. Señor Adolfo de Hostos, official historian of the United States Territory of Puerto Rico, will not vouch for the authenticity of the legend but he makes a more interesting assertion—that Ponce de León was unquestionably the first country gentleman in the New World.



Casa Blanca, now the residence of Brigadier-General Edmund L. Daley, is the oldest continually inhabited house in the Western Hemisphere: it was built in 1523



The main entrance to Casa Blanca

The historian is also inclined to believe that the legend is true because he feels that Ponce acted as would any lover of the fields and mountains if confronted with the prospect of forsaking life in the country for mere existence in a new and bustling city.

For proof that the de León family was the New World's first landed gentry, and the manor house at Caparra the first country es-

tate in the Western Hemisphere, Señor de Hostos points to the recent finds at Caparra, situated amid spectacular mountains with breath-taking views of tropical seas and foliage.

Recently excavators have uncovered the ruins of a large stone manor house with stables and other outbuildings on the spot where the de León family settled 15 years after Columbus discovered Puerto Rico on his second voyage to the New World in 1493.

The manor house at Caparra was built in 1508, according to historians—132 years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth and 57 years before the first settlement in North America was made at St. Augustine, Fla., which had been discovered by Ponce de León in 1513. Mr. de Hostos readily admits that there were houses built earlier than the Caparra mansion at nearby Santo Domingo—where Columbus first landed—but he contends that these were located within the ancient settlement and made no pretense of being country estates.

Evidence that the de León family lived in a comfortable, even opulent manner, has been found among the ruins of the ancient manor house. Among the finds are bits of exquisite pottery and fine Spanish tiles; coins dating back to the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella; horse-shoes and the remains of what was ob-

viously a large horse corral. Most recent find is a quaintly designed brass thimble upon which is engraved the word "Vivo," believed to have been the name of a seamstress employed by the proud house of de León.

Although there are hundreds of impressive memorials to the first governor of Puerto Rico, the old conquistador is most venerated by islanders for his love of horseflesh and his good judgment in picking the site for his manor house at Caparra. The island's second largest city, Ponce, is named for the first governor. His bones rest in the ancient Cathedral in San Juan.

**CASA BLANCA**—oldest continually inhabited dwelling house in the Western Hemisphere—was the residence of the de León family for several generations after the Caparra house was torn down in 1533. There are scores of Ponce de León statues throughout the island.

But the descendants of the swift, sure-footed little horses, with Arabian blood lines, which Ponce introduced to the island, and the ruins at Caparra, are to islanders visual, present-day evidences of a great man.

Thousands of Puerto Ricans and continentals have followed Ponce's example in building their country places in the cool and beautiful mountains, readily accessible to the sea. These fine estates are found on both the Caribbean



and South Atlantic sides of the island, with superb views. And most of the people who live in them take pride in breeding the graceful, sure-footed little horses which Ponce first brought to Puerto Rico.

Really a country estate, although the ancient city of San Juan has grown up around it, is La Fortaleza—only official palace under the American flag—built in 1538 and for more than three centuries the official residence of Spanish and American governors. Today it is being remodeled at a cost of \$500,000 and will soon be ready for the island's new governor, Admiral William D. Leahy, former Chief of Naval Operations, who is at present living in the guest house in the palace gardens.

ANOTHER such house is historic Casa Blanca which is surrounded by extensive tropical gardens and boasts a magnificent view of San Juan harbor. Brig. Gen. Edmund L. Daley, commanding officer of the recently created Department of Puerto Rico, is the present occupant of Casa Blanca, which has been the residence of Spanish and American commanding officers of island troops for nearly 400 years. Because of its strategic position with respect to the Panama Canal and Europe, Puerto Rico today is being converted into a "Gibraltar of the Atlantic" under the direction of Gen. Daley.

Islanders have a veneration for ancient Casa Blanca and La Fortaleza but they consider the most interesting houses in Puerto Rico the ones most typical of the cultural and social life of the island—the *fincas* (country estates) which they have built on sites similar to the one Ponce de León chose at Caparra.

Don Manuel González, who owns four such *fincas* in various parts of the island, is a Grandee of Spain, in addition to being one of Puerto Rico's wealthy and distinguished citizens. He asserts that all the evidence points to Ponce de León as a man of rare judgment and contends that Ponce exploded an Old Wives Tale—which persists to this day—that the farther south one gets the hotter it gets.

It is Don Manuel's contention that Ponce de León blasted the (Continued on page 66)



Left: Part of the gardens on the estate of Don Manuel Marin

Below. Pedro Juan Serrollés home overlooks the Coribbean



Left: Congo Fijo, Puerto Rican flat rocer, is noted for speed



Below: Don Manuel Gonzalez, one of Puerto Rico's first citizens



Left: Senator Alphonse Volde's replica of a castle in Spain

PUERTO RICAN NEWS BUREAU PHOTOS



# Evolution of FURNITURE

PART TWO of a SIMPLIFICATION of the ORIGINS OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FURNITURE

by FRANK CURTISS SCHMITZ, B.S.



15. American Colonial chair, Chippendale type. Cabriole front legs, ball and claw feet; shell carving in back rail; sturdier than Chippendale

16. Colonial wing chair, Benjamin Randolph, Philadelphia, 1770, Chippendale style. Cabriole legs, ball and claw feet; delicate carving



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART AND CHARAK FURNITURE COMPANY



17. American Colonial highboy, Chippendale influence. Cabriole legs front and back, ball and claw feet; carved apron; refinement of carving may be noted wherever used



18. American Colonial black-front desk, originated by John Gaddard. Raised blacks; bracketed feet; drop leaf writing table

THE individuality of the early furniture of the American Colonies is understandable when we remember that the Colonists themselves were as far apart, socially, in Europe, as they were physically in the New World.

The early Pilgrim furniture was simple, repressive and stable, with no thought of comfort, and built only for utility. The early New Amsterdam furniture was of the cottage type, simple and massive, with little grace or beauty, but much comfort and fitness.

The Jamestown Colonists, from the first, showed a tendency to establish an American aristocracy. This was due to the suitability of Virginia's soil and climate to large scale agriculture, if a steady supply of cheap labor could be procured. Slavery offered just that. Consequently, a land- and slave-owning aristocracy developed rapidly, and its taste was reflected in the character and design of its furniture which, while utilitarian, was graceful and distinctive.

The first three successful Colonies were followed by a steady influx of new comers, until, by 1700, the entire Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia, was inhabited and under British control. From that date the development of American furniture design was steady and rapid.

In styles, historic Colonial furniture followed those of England closely, except that the American craftsmen, knowing native conditions and architecture, forced on the English patterns certain alterations of line and enrichment to conform to American taste and usage. Therefore, Colonial styles, although always close to the English (Fig. 15) had certain characteristics that differentiated and made them distinctive, such as more sturdiness of line and fainter carving. This, with a few exceptions, constituted the American artisan's contribution to furniture design, prior to the American Revolution. In craftsmanship, many of the pieces produced here were equal (Figs. 15-16), if not superior, to the best produced in England and France at a corresponding date.

The Colonists in early days were slower than the home country to import fine cabinet woods from the West Indies, Central America and elsewhere, except sporadically, because the American artisan found splendid native woods close at hand, and did not feel the need of others until the persistent demands of an exacting clientele forced a change. Among these domestic woods were black walnut, wild cherry, white pine, maple and white oak.

Beginning early in the 18th Century and increasingly as time progressed, mahogany, principally, with rosewood, primavera, satinwood, and others, for decoration, took and held a prominent place in Colonial furniture.

The finishes on Colonial furniture equalled and, in many cases excelled, the best produced in England, especially in the matter of stains. The domestic cabinet woods required a finishing technique different from that prevailing abroad; consequently, when mahogany made its appearance in quantity and took its place in the furniture of the period, Colonial master-craftsmen followed their own ideas rather than those of English artisans, in finishing their pieces.

For practically the entire first half of the 18th century, a modified form of the English early Georgian style prevailed (Figs. 15-16-17), representing as fine a type of furniture as ever has been made in America, with graceful curves, cabriole legs and many types of feet, such as ball and claw, club, etc. Chair backs were arched and ran without break into the back legs. Solid splats were usually urn or vase shaped and the whole back was curved and slanted to fit the sitting posture. The seats were either tapering from front to back or horse-shoe-shaped. High- and low-boys existed in profusion, with square tops and bold mouldings, broken pediments, or scrolls with urn-shaped finials (Fig. 17). Some of the finest of these pieces had carved wood figurines (Fig. 17), a strictly American touch, that apparently reflected the influence of the French rococo style of decoration. Chests of drawers abounded, with straight, serpentine or curved fronts.

The use of carving apparently began with a simple and beautiful



shell design at the top of the cabriole legs, and in the top rails of chairs above the splats. Later, this design was developed and used on the block fronts of desks (Fig. 18), chests of drawers, and elsewhere.

Chippendale's fame reached America about 1740 and his influence continued to the Revolution. The first effect was the substitution of the openwork splat for the solid splat, in chair-back designs otherwise following American lines. Later, the ladderback and other types appeared, often delicately carved. With the publication of Chippendale's book, which was purchased by many Colonial artisans, American furniture rapidly coincided (Figs. 15-16-17) and for the next twenty years Chippendale's influence in America was almost as great as in England.

In the meantime, however, American cabinetmakers had developed some designs that were distinctly their own, such as the matched highboy and lowboy, with graceful, carved cabriole legs, terminating in ball and claw feet, and the block front on desks and chests of drawers. This latter design consisted in breaking the front into three block-like forms with rounded corners (Fig. 18), projecting from the general surface. A more elaborate form omitted the central block and substituted a sunken panel, or knee-hole, with or without shell carvings (Fig. 18) over this knee-hole and the two side blocks. It should again be noted that, usually, American carvings were not as deep as the English, even when the design was similar.

It seems strange that the influence of the French school should be evident principally in mirror frames. In these, more than in any other household appurtenance (Fig. 19), we find rococo designs, decorated with curves, broken pediments and elaborately carved or gilded individual ornaments. However, here again the American artisan, unlike the French, allowed the beauty of the wood (Fig. 19) to be displayed and many of the American mirror frames were partially faced with highly figured veneer.

The most elaborate cabinet work of the period was produced in Philadelphia, where a group of exceptional craftsmen, wood carvers and designers, collaborated to create furniture that was equal in design, workmanship and finish (Figs. 15-16-17), to any produced in England. This group used the beautifully carved wood busts and figurines elsewhere described.

FOR ten years after the American Revolution, the poverty of the New Nation, the problems of State, and the turmoil incident to the establishment of a stable form of government, left no time for artistic development. However, by 1790, a change in furniture styles (Fig. 20) was noticeable.

Adam Brothers never wielded much direct influence on American furniture. However, they did influence American architecture which, in turn, influenced furniture designs. Lighter, and simpler, forms appeared, which were immediately accepted and became popular.

The chairs of the period reflect the types most clearly defined. Hepplewhite chairs, with shield back and square legs; Sheraton chairs with square back and tapering legs, as well as a subtle blending of both designs, were common. Stains were lighter, inlays and broad panels of American maple, satinwood, burls, and so on, were used against a mellow background of other woods, principally mahogany. The use of carving was not prevalent and turnings, fluting, reeding and other mechanical forms were relied on for decoration.

At that time (1790 to 1800) the American eagle, in many poses, assumed a prominent part in furniture ornamentation, usually in the form of oval or shield-shaped inlays on desks, tables, clocks and mirror frames.

By 1810, the strained relations with England and the traditional friendship of France, set America's thoughts in the direction of the latter country. Consequently, we find decided French Consulate and Empire influences in the furniture designs of the period. The best early work of Duncan Phyfe (Figs. 21-22) represents the gradual introduction of the new style and displays an interesting combination of delicate Sheraton lines and French decoration.

Then came the War of 1812, and the final break in the influence of Great Britain on American art, architecture and furniture design. In place of the delicate curves of the English styles, we find the patterns (Fig. 21) of the French Empire. Again, the best of the cabinet work of America ranked with the best produced abroad. Nevertheless, the introduction of the French influence marked the end of the classical period in American furniture that had existed from early Colonial days to 1810.

A few of the master furniture builders of early America are:—

WILLIAM SAVERY (1721-1787) the best known Philadelphia cabinet-maker, was renowned for his mahogany highboys and lowboys.

JOHN GODDARD (1723-1785) of Newport, Rhode Island, is generally credited with the creation (Fig. 18) of the (Continued on page 67)



19. American Colonial mirror, Rococo ornamentation. Modified scroll top and elaborate center finial; figured wood exposed as decoration



20. Federal American chair. Studly tapered legs; heavy stretchers; bulging side-arms showing Hepplewhite influence; very little carving

21. American Chair-Empire influence. Straight turned fluted front legs; backward sweep of rear legs to an Empire top-rail; fluted arm rests



22. American chair, Duncan Phyfe. Narrow fluted seat apron; Lyre ornamentation of back; Empire top-rail of back; limited use of carving



23. A modern piece. Simplicity of general lines; elimination of carving; ornamentation confined entirely to the figure of surface woods



# Westward SKI!

by ETHEL SEVERSON



The chair lift on Dollar Mountain, in Sun Valley

Here is a beautifully executed "Christy," accomplished among the pine forests of Yosemite National Park



**I**F IT'S skiing you want, if it's a world of snow, and a season that can be stretched all the way around the calendar, if it's sunshine you want with your skiing, if it's scenery and variety and a feeling of pioneering just a little, and of being there to see things in the beginning—then go West for your skiing this winter.

You will be amazed to see what the West has to offer the skier. True, there is much development work to be done before everything is made easy everywhere for the casual skier—but what skier is casual anyway? And much has been done—enough to make ski-life exciting in a score of places.

The West is discovering itself as one of the great winter sports playgrounds of the world, and in a frenzy of enthusiasm is building ski tows, ski huts and hotels, opening up roads for winter travel, scheduling tournaments, organizing ski clubs and ski schools, and taking winter vacations.

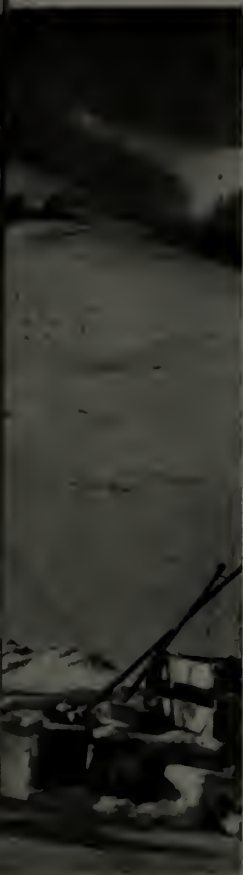
There is so much territory, and such variety from which to choose your favorite spots, that you cannot begin to grasp the extent of it until you try to cover the high spots in a winter's jaunt. You may be as gregarious as you wish, or if your heart gives a lurch at the thought of untracked snow, of slopes that never have known the ignominy of a "bath-tub," such there are in plenty.

And a strange and convenient fact is that you don't have to go very far from the well-populated ski centers to find such slopes. Skiing is young there still, and not too many skiers wander far from the "nursery" slopes.

On the other hand, there are, here and there in the West, rugged and experienced "ski mountaineers," real sportsmen, who seem determined to prove the practicability of ski ascents of every skiable mountain, and of knapsack ski tours of days' duration.

It is only two or three days by Streamliner,





Tabaganning, taa, is to be had in Sequoia National Park

Early morning at Paradise Inn, an Mt. Rainier; few skiers have ventured out as yet

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR AND THE AUTHOR

or overnight by plane, from the East Coast to one of the Western ski-utopias. You might want to try Colorado first, that being first in your line of march if you come from the East. Colorado is crammed with high peaks, all the way up to 14,000 feet. In fact, the big ones are so numerous they are commonplace.

Because of the geographical location of the state, and the high altitudes, the skiing season begins early—many places in October—and lasts until June and later. Snow is deep and powdery. There's lots of sunshine, and a sky as blue as Crater Lake. The whole state is ski-mad.

The most popular spot for skiers is 55 miles out of Denver, the 6,400-acre recreation area extending 10 miles from Berthoud Pass to West Portal, where you may ski from your automobile at 11,315 feet, and where the runs are as long as you want to make them. Improvements in the way of ski tows, lodges, ski trails and snow trains are being augmented constantly. May Day races are an annual feature.

There are Estes Park and Steamboat Springs, both in northern Colorado. Or you may go to Marshall Pass near Salida and shuttle by train from the bottom of the ski run to the top of the pass, then finish off with a dip in a hot-spring pool if you like. If you want the variety of sports offered by the fashionable Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, you may go skiing on Pike's Peak, 23 miles away, or at Hoosier Pass, nearly a hundred miles distant. April and May are best there.

If it's solitude you crave, a chance to explore, and a feeling of being away from everything—and that means away!—and soul-satisfying beauty along with high altitude, consistently sunny days and consistently powdery snow, you're asking for Aspen, Colorado, an old mining town tucked

away at nearly 8,000 feet in the Holy Cross National Forest. You may stay at a hotel in the village, if you like, and concentrate on the ski-tow.

**I**F you're good, you will try your form on Roch Run, as thrilling a trail, perhaps, as you will find anywhere in the country. Although Roch Run starts at an elevation over 10,000 feet, it is just below timberline, and the course is cut through aspens and evergreens, plunging, corkscrew fashion, down to the very streets of the old town. Nearly two miles of trail, with a drop of almost 3,000 feet.

Six miles back in the mountains from Aspen is Highland-Bavarian Lodge, remembered

ecstatically by the fortunate few skiers who have enjoyed its solitude and its gala atmosphere, especially during the season when host and hostess were two young Bavarians, Adolf and Friedl Pelka, who knew all about ski songs, accordions, gluehwein, and markskloese.

Six miles still farther back in the mountains is the ghost mining town of Ashcroft, at 10,000 feet. Plans are on foot to build a complete ski village at Ashcroft, with an aerial tramway 3½ miles long to the top of Mount Hayden, involving an altitude rise of about 4,000 feet.

No matter where you're going, you're fairly certain to go through hospitable Salt Lake City. Don't make the mistake of passing through without (*Continued on page 44*)



The ash can slide, a California innovation



A skier rests on June 5 on Mt. San Gargania



# Master of the Pickering

by DIRK VAN INGEN

A SPORTING event that survives for a quarter of a century (in these days of sudden and frequent change) may be regarded as an institution. Usually, when one looks behind the scenes where there have been changes, those responsible for the inception of an idea have stepped aside and a new group is in command. This is far from the case with the Pickering Hunt, which in November held its twenty-sixth annual race meeting and farmer's day.

William J. Clothier, MFH, holds the reins in his hands as he did in 1913; several of those assisting him in 1939 performed much the same duties at the initial meeting. The site is the same, beautiful rolling Valley Hill Farm, from which all Pickering activities have radiated. The card has not greatly changed, even though the conditions and the course have been modernized; there are both brush and timber races, and one of the latter a real point-to-point.

What sort of personality is it that has been able to hold together such an organization over so many years?

Naturally, there is boundless enthusiasm and a stick-to-it-iveness such as few possess. A singleness of purpose and a concentration on the job in hand, which is always recognizable when the Master is in the hunting field. Loyalty to associates, and a responsive loyalty. And a quiet, sincere hospitality.

Perhaps the fox-hunting ghost of George Washington has blessed the hunting and racing activities held so near the spot where the Father of His Country and the American Army spent the winter of 1777-1778.

The Pickering Hunt meeting last fall was held on Election Day, one of those quasi-holidays which free only a portion of the business world. We motored to Valley Forge and arrived in time to walk the course before the farmer's flat race—run off in two divisions because of the large entry.

On the hillside near the clubhouse, cars were parked hub to hub. With race-time approaching, farmers and their families were drifting across the course, having enjoyed the delicious breakfast always supplied on this occasion, and stopping to examine the fences and boggy spots in the low places along the creek.

Brush fences had been re-brushed and conformed to the type made so popular through the efforts of William du Pont, Jr. The post-and-rail fences had no bad take-offs or landings, a not unnatural phenomenon in the pastures over which the races were run. The timber fences were solid, as was proved in the last race when Miltiades—a winner in good company at Essex two weeks earlier—came down hard without moving a rail.

At the paddock were gathered most of Philadelphia's hunting and racing enthusiasts; few notables were absent. It is a fascinating meeting to watch because the rolling terrain



Athletics keep William Clothier fit indeed



The timber is solid at Valley Hill Farm



The Pickering grew from a chance meeting



Three times winner of the national championship

puts a premium on hunting experience; it is not a meeting to the liking of a horse which has run only at the big tracks. (It started out as a meeting for hunters and it still is.)

When the point-to-point was called, one of the six starters was Bill Clothier on Memories, now ten years old, on whom he had won in 1935 and placed a year ago. All entries were *bona fide* hunters and the course permitted the exercise of considerable individual initiative and judgment as to the route to be chosen between the turning flags.

Standing on a hay rack, parked on the hill just above the finish line, were his daughters, Mrs. George R. Packard, Jr., and Miss Carolyn Clothier, and his granddaughter, little Anita Packard; they could not see the points to be circled but they breathlessly watched the field pass within a few yards when going from point to point.

Bill Clothier was neck and neck with Ned Owen over the first fence, but when the moment for individual judgment came Bill picked his own line, going almost at right angles from most of the field.

Shortly after, there was only one jumpable spot and there were Clothier and Owen in the same relative positions! Over the last fence both horses were in the air together, but in the run home the Master's 20 lbs. of overweight was too great a handicap and he was nosed out.

The original Pickering Challenge Cup had been retired years ago and this was the twenty-first running for the renewal of the big event. The list of winners of legs on the trophy reads like a Who's Who in Racing, including winners of the Maryland and horses from the Grand National.

To swell the list of entries was Clothier's Henchman, a faithful hunter untried as a race horse. It was the first appearance of the "red, brown sleeves and cap" in over ten years but Henchman jumped well, showed unexpected foot and galloped home safely by four lengths, after Miltiades fell, while contesting for the lead at the twelfth fence.

Having won legs on the trophy in 1919 and 1920, the Clothiers thus retired the second Pickering Challenge Cup.

THE Quaker ancestors of William Jackson Clothier emigrated from England to the vicinity of Philadelphia about 250 years ago.

Bill is the youngest of the nine children of Isaac Hallowell Clothier and Mary Clapp Jackson and was born at Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, September 27, 1881. As the senior Clothier was one of the founders of Swarthmore College, it was natural for all four boys to matriculate there; all played on the football team. Morris, Walter and Isaac were graduated from Swarthmore but Bill left there after two years and was graduated from Harvard in 1904.

In the Clothier tradition, athletics are a means for keeping fit, so that one can accomplish a better day's work. Today, Morris walks and shoots ducks. Walter plays tennis, not in tournaments but for his pleasure; he is most disconcerting to play against, as he shifts his racquet from his right hand to his left to save footwork—and sometimes uses both. Isaac has a stable of hunters and shows them often enough to keep them nationally known.

(Continued on page 59)



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

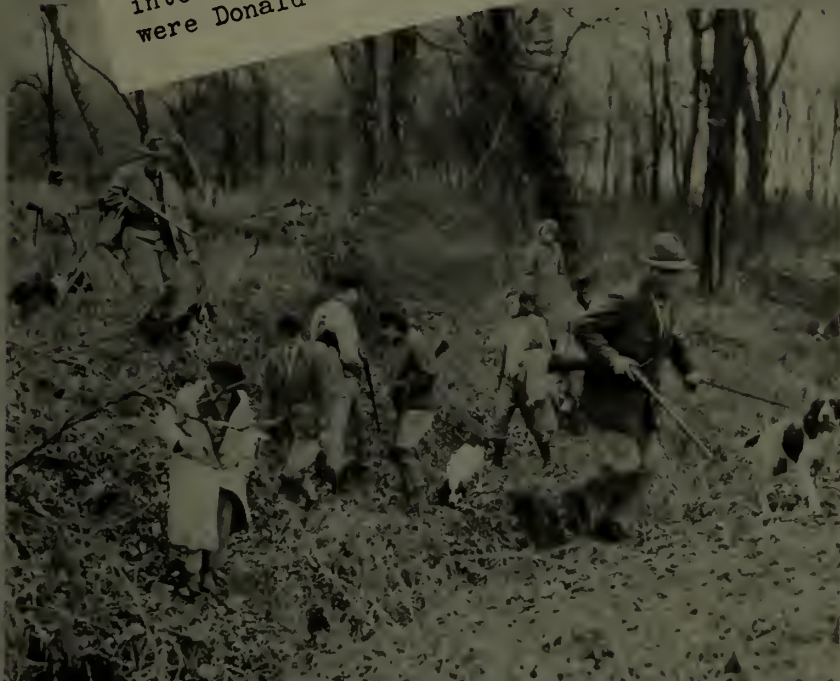
November 22, 1939

Wednesday.

After the Valley Forge Spaniel Trial on Robert McLean's Pheasant Run Game Farm at Fort Washington, Pa., they held a gunner-handler stake. In this event you had to shoot, handle your gun safely and your dog properly all at the same time. The rules were very strict and the participants--among which were several women--had to be on their toes every minute. They were not restricted to pheasants but could shoot any game that was in season except rabbits. This was one of several novel events that added zest to the field trial season this past autumn, and it was a lot of fun as well as being interesting and instructive. The judges were Donald Carr and Fraser M. Horn.



The gallery just before the start; spectators had to keep behind the horizontal pole



The gunners and their dogs and a few non-combatants pick their way through the cover



The host, Robert McLean, seen fore and aft, came prepared for anything



Mrs. William Kirkland, Jr., Mrs. Fraser M. Horn, and Mrs. Robert McLean



Miss Amy Hopkins handled Rowcliffe Shotover



The judges, Donald Carr and Fraser M. Horn



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

December 8, 1939

Friday,

The rodeo has become an intercollegiate sport here in the West, which isn't surprising when you stop to think that many of the students at Western schools and colleges are expert horsemen, some having been born and bred on ranches where they have taken part in amateur rodeos for years past. Now, the boys and girls come from half a dozen states to test their skill at riding, roping, broncho busting, and other events commonly included in rodeos. They are strictly non-profit events, all proceeds being used for purchasing prizes. Spectators are treated to exhibitions of skilled horse and steer handling and plenty of laughs. If you don't believe these events are a lot of fun look at these pictures!



The winner! Gregory Lougher from the University of California School of Agriculture



U. S. C. co-eds win the wild cow milking contest



Ben Fancher from Arizona University aboard a really wild range bull



They didn't have so much trouble staying aboard this one!



One of the boys bull-dogging a pretty lively steer in the arena



Three Tri Delts and a "long horn" bull; the horns are put on



**B**EGINNING January 1, 1940, American polo will be played under new rules, intended to make the game safer.

For six months past a special committee of the United States Polo Association—Gouverneur Morris Carnochan, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Devereux Milburn and Thomas H. White, to name its members alphabetically—has been studying the game's time-worn rules and discussing changes in them. Recently the fruits of their work were approved by the board of the association.

The new code will be extremely interesting to all polo players. Not less interesting is the fact that its provisions were drawn up by a committee in which high-goal and low-goal players (that is stars of the first rank and players of admittedly lesser brilliance) were evenly matched.

It may be assumed, therefore, that the new rules will be equally useful wherever polo is played—in Iowa or Wyoming as on the sacred turf of Long Island, where all ambitious poloists aspire to compete.

The committee approached the new code of rules in the broadest possible spirit, realizing that some changes were clearly desirable, that others might still be made in the future after the present rules have been thoroughly tested. The game, as a whole, however, the committee considered on thoroughly firm ground.

Possibly the simplest plan for COUNTRY LIFE is to go through the new code, rule by rule, noting the changes that have been made. Full details in regard to any specific question may be obtained from this magazine or from the United States Polo Association, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**G**ENERAL Rule No. 1 is the same as before: "Ponies of any height may be played." The rule has no great significance today in that big horses, 16 hands high or higher, have generally been found too clumsy for polo, while those under 15 hands have been found a bit too small for the speed the modern game requires. (The next time the rules are revised perhaps the word "ponies" will be changed to "mounts"; a true pony would be a phenomenon on the polo fields today.)

General Rule No. 2 has been enlarged by essential definitions; curiously, there were few definitions in the old rules, custom having dictated what every polo player knows as the "boundaries," the "back lines," the "goal line," the "safety zone," etc. The size of the field has not been changed: it shall not exceed 300 yards by 200 if unboarded, 300 by 160 if boarded. The goal posts shall not be less than 250 yards apart and each goal is to be 8 feet wide.

Where boards are used they shall not exceed 11 inches in height and "it is permissible to use triangular pieces of wood at the bottom of the side-boards toward the playing field to deflect the ball from the side boards."

The size and weight of the ball remain the same: "The ball shall not exceed 3¾ inches in diameter, and the weight of the ball shall be within the limits of 4¼ to 4¾ ounces." Never having seen anybody measure or weigh a ball, I can only assume that this rule is never violated.

The number of players is limited to four a side in all games and matches. (How many

# NEW RULES FOR POLO

*Revised Code Governs the Game  
Beginning January 1, 1940*

polo players realize that in the old days they sometimes had as many as a dozen on a side? What a scrimmage old-time polo must have been!) The rules continue that "A player shall not play in any event on more than one team."

The rules regarding substitutions have not been changed. It is still possible for a substitution to be made, if caused by sickness or accident, provided the substitute is a qualified player; if in a handicap match, the substitute must assume whichever handicap is higher, his own or that of the man he is replacing.

General Rule No. 5, which concerns officials, has a few minor changes. It is ruled that there shall be two umpires and a referee in every match "unless the committee conducting the tournament decides that there shall be one umpire." It is noted that officials shall be appointed by tournament committees, except in international matches, when they shall be mutually agreed upon.

Here is a new item of significance: "The authority of the above officials shall extend from the start to the end of the game. All questions arising at other times may be referred by the captains of teams to the committee conducting the tournament or match and its decision shall be final."

As before, captains shall have the sole right to discuss with the umpire any question that might arise during a game; no player other than the captain has the right to make any complaint during a game. Furthermore, no player has the right to ask for a foul.

The definition of a match, General Rule No. 7, has been slightly changed: "A match shall be 8 periods of 7½ minutes each with intervals of 3 minutes after each period," and an interval of 5 minutes at half-time. The old rules stated that "the maximum duration" of a match would be 8 periods of 7½ minutes each, completely disregarding overtime.

On the face of it, this would mean that the only matches played during the course of a year are the Open Championship at Meadow Brook, the Monty Waterbury Cup tournament for high-goal teams at Meadow Brook, the Pacific Coast Open in California and any international matches that might be played in this country. All other polo played in this country today is of six chukkers' duration, which would indicate that the contests could not be full-sized "matches" but had to be "games."

In the next section of General Rule 6 it is stated, however, somewhat in contradiction to the definition above, that "the conditions of a tournament may prescribe a less number of periods to constitute a match in any event." And it is explained, as in the old rules, that if handicap matches are of a shorter duration than 8 periods, then the handicaps must be "worked out proportionately according to the number of periods played," with fractions of one-half or more counting as a goal.

It is no secret that the committee enjoyed a considerable discussion as to whether to call polo a game with a maximum of 8 periods of 7½ minutes each or a game consisting as a general rule of 6 periods, with 8 permitted in championship events. Inasmuch as there seemed to be no strong sentiment from the country at large on behalf of the six-period game, it was decided to leave eight as making the ideal game, *that being the number of periods upon which the present handicap system is based.*

In General Rule No. 7 appears the very important change regarding the moment when each period ends. Up to now, as every polo player knows, play continued after the ringing of the bell supposed to end a period until the ball actually hit the boards or went over the back-line or through the goal, or the umpire's whistle blew for some other reason. Now matters stand as follows:

"Each period of play except the last period shall, after the expiration of the prescribed time, terminate as soon as the ball goes out of play or hits the boards or is in such a position that the umpire can stop the game without favoring either side." It is added that the umpire's whistle is the controlling factor: "Players must continue to play until the whistle is blown." (In the last period, unless the score is tied, play ends on the first stroke of the bell.)

Here the new rules committee has made an important decision. They have taken a big step in the right direction—though one might wish, there being so few competent referees available today, that they had made each period end (as does the last) on the first stroke of the bell, regardless of where the ball is. But perhaps, if polo players desire it enough, that will come in time.

The rules regarding prolongation of the game in case of a tie or a penalty are not materially changed. Nor the rule regarding unfinished games. And General Rule No. 8 remains as it was in its stark simplicity: "The side that scores most goals wins the game."

General Rule No. 9 is new and extremely important: "No one shall be allowed to play unless he wears a protected helmet or cap equipped with a chin strap." No. 10 tells what to do in case the colors of opposing teams are too alike to be easily recognizable. And General Rule No. 11, as before, announces that an umpire shall have the power to levy a \$25 fine on any team or player that violates any of the rules, displays misconduct, or takes a disrespectful attitude toward him. (Disrespect toward the referee is apparently not liable to a fine.)

This ends the general rules. Then come the field rules, which describe the "ponies" that are eligible to play, the spurs and shoes that may be used, the blinkers that may not, etc. There are no changes or significance until Field Rule No. 8 (Continued on page 56)





# LEONA FARMS

*Where the John D. Hertz Horses  
Are Stabled in Illinois*



From left to right in the picture at the top of the page are the library, the office and the stable entrances. Apple trees are used for landscaping on the drive while the little iron jockey is one of the two wearing the Hertz colors that stand at either end of the parkway between the drives. These buildings are set some five hundred feet from the road and about a quarter of a mile from the main entrance gate

The middle picture looks through this gate towards the paddocks and shows the gatekeeper's cottage

To the left is the small trout pool which is only a very short distance from the Leona Farms residence





Above, a view of the yearling paddocks looking through part of the orchard from the main driveway; the Thoroughbred barn is shown on the right; it is adjoined in the background by the polo arena



Below are two pictures of the racing library in which are kept many valuable books of reference pertaining to the Thoroughbred horse such as a complete Stud Book series and the Racing Calendar from 1773 on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERALD YOUNG





# FIELD TRIAL STARS

by DAVID D. ELLIOT



JONES

I HAVE been asked to give a short account of those non-slip Retrievers<sup>1</sup> which are, in my opinion, the most prominent dogs of the year.

It happens to be an easy task to pick the outstanding winners of this year, as there are two outstanding dogs, each of which is most definitely alone in his particular class.

Before I go any further, however, I must say that I do not wish my readers to get the impression that, because I sing the praises of a few, I lack respect and admiration for the less fortunate competitors. This is most certainly not so; I have been in the retriever game too long for that.

I fully realize the unavoidable element of luck in this sport, and although many contestants return home from a trial holding the short end of the stick, a number of them have truly good dogs—dogs who will return in the future, also to gain their places in the sun.

To get back to my account of the two outstanding winners. They are Field Trial Champion Rip, the winner of the "Field and Stream" Trophy, a cup given for the dog with the highest score in open all-age stakes throughout the year, and Gunnar II, the winner of the "Country Life and The Sportsman" Trophy. This last, a cup for the American-bred dog winning the highest score in Derby stakes.

We'll take Gunnar II first. He is a Chesapeake Bay Retriever, owned by R. H. Craw-

Gunnar II, winner of the Country Life and The Sportsman Retriever Trophy, is a Chesapeake owned by Russell N. Crawford of Chicago

Paul Bakewell's F. T. Ch. Rip is the winner of the Field & Stream Trophy and the first Golden Retriever to be Field Trial Champion



ford, of Delavan, Wisconsin. Gunnar has piled up a grand total of 45 points. His nearest competitor is a Golden Retriever, Whitbridge Vixen, owned by John K. Wallace of St. Louis, Missouri. Vixen has a total of 17 points.

Thus Gunnar holds a most decisive lead, although it falls a little short of the record score of 53 points made by the Labrador Retriever, Glenairlie Rocket, last year. However, a lead of 26 points is plenty good enough.

As this is not an article of idle flattery, I feel it would be quite all right for me to give my reaction to Gunnar and his work during the past season. I have followed him from the start of the autumn trials and have taken keen note of all his work.

I notice that through the last few trials his standard of work has not been quite up to that of the earlier events. This I attribute to the fact that Gunnar is a young dog, and that it may be asking too much to expect him to keep up to the height of his performance through so many trials.

I am also inclined to place some blame on the shoulders of those responsible for the designation of the work to be given in Derby stakes today. Much too much is expected of Derby dogs; in fact, the work often allotted to these young dogs calls for an old head. And this, in my opinion, is the main reason we find so many of our best Derby dogs simply not there when the stake reads "Open All-Age." In other words, we force our plant so fast to meet the requirements, that it breaks in the middle.

At any rate, those of us who were fortunate enough to witness Gunnar's work will certainly congratulate his owner and handler, Mr. Crawford, who piloted this good young dog through to victory and the coveted trophy.

We now come to the "Field and Stream" Trophy winner F. T. Ch. Rip, from the Deer Creek Kennels, who has 27 points. Rip is the first Golden Retriever to win an Open All-Age Stake, and, by his subsequent winnings in open stakes, is the first and only Field Trial Champion Golden Retriever in America. He gained this distinction, first by his own natural ability, and secondly notwithstanding the training and handling of his enthusiastic owner, Paul Bakewell, III, of St. Louis, Missouri.

Here we have an entirely different case from that of Gunnar. Rip is a matured and seasoned dog, almost fool-proof in the consistency of his work. In short, he is a "natural."

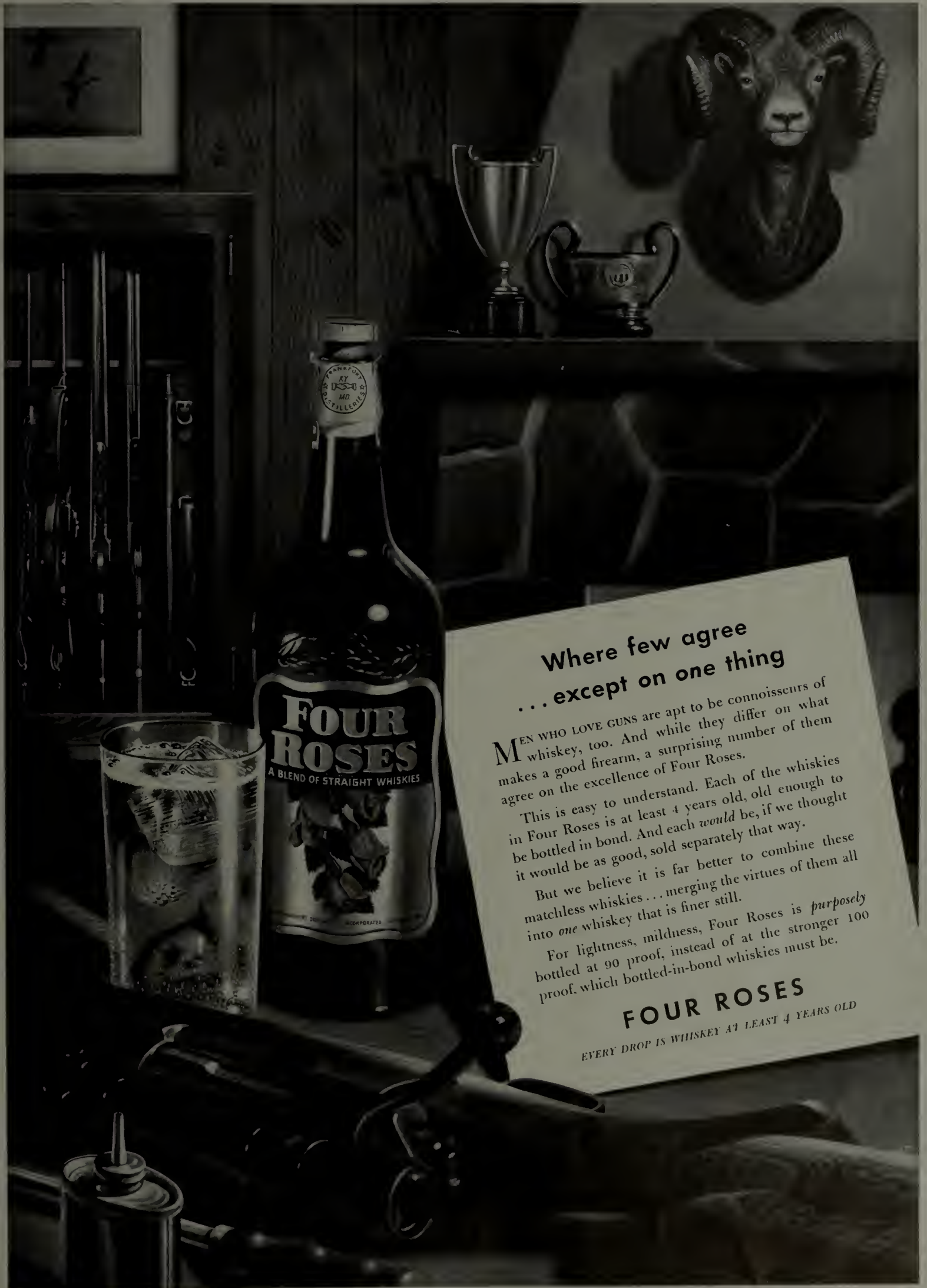
Rip, when first seen in work, is not terribly impressive. He seems to complete the most difficult task in such an effortless manner that it takes a very expert eye to appreciate the quality of his performance at once. He is a good marker and a good water dog and is unusual in the fact that he comes in after finding his fall faster than he goes out.

This dog has been entirely trained by his owner—to my certain knowledge, no professional has ever touched Rip. And this will be the first time an amateur trained dog has won the "Field and Stream" Trophy. We must take off our hats to Mr. Bakewell and his great Golden Retriever.

Rip's nearest rival is Glenairlie Rocket, who has 16 points. Rocket has been somewhat handicapped by the conflict of dates between the Spaniel and Retriever trials this year. Had Rocket (Continued on page 66)

1. Non-slip retrievers—Labrador, Golden, Curly-Coated, Flat-Coated, Chesapeake Bay and Irish Water Spaniels—are only required to retrieve fallen game. Other dogs who retrieve, such as Pointers, Setters and Sporting Spaniels, find and flush game as well as retrieve.





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# The Sp

IN blacked-out, heatless, unpanicked Paris, a whole new race of clothes is growing up which is amazingly adapted to American country life in winter.

Every great French house showed a mid-season collection, in spite of the war. And because the Paris editors of the American fashion magazines were able to send photographs (snapped by photographers on special leave from the front) and stories of

from your driver's license to the kennel terrier, if need be.

Another Paris-contributed way to avoid the irritation of carrying a pocket-book in the country is Hermes' flat, squarish bag-on-a-belt, with compartments for money and papers, which you can strap on around your waist over your suit or coat. There are a number of similar belt-bags available, and in good leather they couldn't be smarter or more useful.

Another fashion designed for a Paris without coal, that is destined for success in America, is the skirt-with-pants. The skirt, usually wrap-around, can be wool or tweed, the pants cut like bloomers or *culottes*, in a matching or contrasting fabric, sometimes wool jersey and sometimes crepe. Saks Fifth Avenue have good ones, so do Bonwit Teller's, or you could ask your tailor to cut your next skirt this way.

Women love these for bicycling, and in France and England these days, everyone has a bicycle because of the shortage of motor fuel. In this country bicycling will probably never be taken up out of necessity, but perhaps under the impetus of the fashion abroad, more and more Americans are re-discovering what fun it is, and you couldn't ask for a more practical costume.



The skirt-with-pants, designed for heatless Paris; grand for winter countryside

IT is our contention that for years American women have suffered from cold ears, rather than wear unsuitable headgear. Very tailored women don't like to top good tweeds with an unrelated bit of Tyrolean whimsy, warm and bright though it may be and charming in its place. And the regulation hat of the true country dweller, the riding hat, does everything required of it eight months of the year—but it does *not* cover your ears.

But now Paris, cold-eared itself, has designed a hat so simple that it couldn't offend the most stringent taste. It is a wool-jersey helmet that hugs your head, covers your ears, and wraps under your chin. Good for windy shopping days in town, too—and becoming to nearly everyone because of its utter simplicity.

It used to be difficult to find just the sort of clothes you wanted for informal dining in the country, but this winter's crop couldn't be beaten for practicability and charm. From Paris come ankle-length wool dinner dresses, either long-sleeved or with jackets, designed for getting about darkened streets, but equally perfect for dining out in the country, when you don't want to trail long gossamer skirts through the snow on your way to and from your car.

the collections via the Clipper; because in spite of uncertain shipments, imports do continue to arrive; and lastly and importantly, because American manufacturers and American stores are on their toes, sensibly-priced copies are available to us now in our favorite stores.

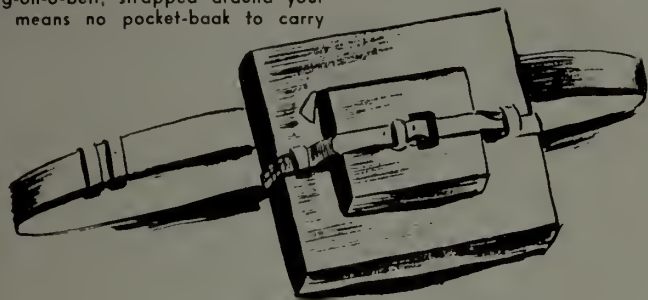
The most magnificent features of the new coats, aside from their warmth and trig tailored look, are their enormous knapsack-like pockets. Because they are built on over the main body of the coat, they don't make *you* look bulky, however they may bulge themselves.

No one who lives in the country needs to be told the thousand-and-one uses these pockets can be put to. You can stuff them full of every imaginable and unimaginable requisite,

White frills at the neck and wrists of these dark, long-sleeved dresses may have been added as aids to visibility in blackouts, but all women welcome them back because they are



A bag-on-o-belt, strapped around your waist, means no pocket-bag to carry



undoubtedly the most ancient and infallible fascinators in the world. For dining at home, velvet or velveteen dinner pyjamas, tailored and zipped, are warm and smart for thin young things.

Our own favorite American colors, dark red and dark blue, are Paris favorites too. On these deep, dark colors, on necklines that otherwise might be severe, Paris piles heaps of bright jewelry, real or costume, to lend a note of cheer. American women know the fun of this, and it gives a dress-up feeling to a country evening—but we can't quite like the phosphorescent jewelry which is putting in a tentative appearance in America. Perhaps it's smart—but it's not necessary in this country, and it does throw a macabre note into clothes that are otherwise normal, beautiful, and seemingly miraculously suited to our needs.

ON our own side of the Atlantic, our increasing enthusiasm for



Ski-skirt, with matching shirt, is ideal for cross-country fence climbing, too

skiing, which amounts to a national passion, provides another source of good country fashions. The best of the American winter-sports clothes are very good indeed—notwithstanding the fact that the worst of them are horrid—and many of them are beautifully adapted to other country purposes.

For instance, Bonwit Teller, always one of the best places in town to buy ready-made separate skirts that look as though they'd been tailored specially for you, has the new ski-skirts. These are made of whipcord or gabardine, very short, very fitted, flared just enough, *with matching shorts*. These are absolutely simple, very good-looking, and perfectly to any sort of cross-country activity. They would be ideal for beag'ing, which entails fence-climbing and walking through brambles where you want a skirt of tough, smooth-surfaced fabric that won't catch or tear. With these, knee-length wool or string socks for the young and childish-kneed (if you don't feel you belong to this group, you can get around it by wearing silk stocking under the socks) or long ribbed wool stockings for cold days.

Sail-cloth aprons, designed to protect your clothes while you're waxing your skis, are equally useful and quite decorative when you oiling guns, or saddle-soaping something dear to you, or mixing up a new shade of paint with which to torment the local contractor.

The ski departments of all the best stores have literally dozens of good-looking dinner suits and dinner pyjamas which become a country house quite as well as they do a ski-lodge, without betraying their origin by a single bone button or embroidered edelweiss. They are made of wool and flannel and velveteen, in good colors and charming cut. Lord and Taylor has some beauties, reasonably priced.

If you are planning to spend part or all of this winter in the country, there is no reason—and really no excuse—for you to feel either chilly or under-privileged in the matter of charming clothes. Or to exclaim as did one young Long Island matron when asked by a new arrival where on earth she found enough Old Clothes to wear in the country, "My dear, isn't it awful—I have to have Bergdorf make them!"

N. PARKER



## Old English Silver

The above Silver Tray bears a finely executed engraving illustrating the brig "Harriot" purported to have been built in Philadelphia in 1774. The Tray, which was made in London in 1800 by Wm. Bateman, was subsequently presented by the owners to MEDR GOODWIN COMM'R. This, with many other rare and interesting items, are now being shown at Mr. Guille's Galleries. A large selection of modern reproductions also invites your inspection.

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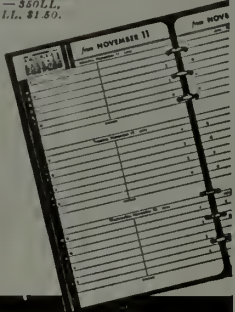
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## COUNTRY LIFE

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## BACK TO THE SOIL

(Continued from page 15)

was a real estate operator in the city bought himself several old houses in an almost deserted but beautiful little village. He rebuilt them one by one and sold them to Summer People, mostly former friends, at a decent but not exorbitant profit. He and his family live simply but very comfortably on the income which is partly from the houses sold and partly from the rental of two others which he furnished for summer tenants. Of course, they raise as much of their food as possible.

In the summer time they are surrounded by people of their own kind to talk to and play with. They have time for hobbies, enough work to keep them busy, and they are not stuck in a rut. Altogether, they have achieved a deep and lasting contentment because they are living the life that suits them.

Other city people who have been able to bring with them either their vocations or their avocations, have found fuller lives in the country or in small towns. Most of them make their living by a combination, so that part of their income is from the land and part not. Since Mother Nature is a rather cruel parent and city people are neither used to nor resigned to her behavior, the wise ones safeguard their well-being by not depending too much on her bounty.

**T**HERE is an illustrator who always wanted to raise horses. Now he still illustrates but spends about half of his time supervising the work of the stable, while hired hands do the dirty work. Not only does he have a lot of fun, but the combination pays.

A doctor has an apple orchard, an architect raises chickens, and a wooden-toy manufacturer has a dairy. In each case most of the manual labor is done by local help, paid to do the work for which they are fitted, while the former city man continues to do work for which he is fitted in surroundings that please him.

Perhaps they could do all of these things in the suburbs, but living in the suburbs is only a little less expensive and not much more peaceful than the city, which is reason enough for going further afield.

Nowhere today can a rich man do a more worthwhile job for the benefit of his own personal satisfaction or for his neighbors, than to own and run a farm well. In this age of scientific discoveries, new methods, new chemicals and machines appear constantly and they need to be proven, not only in laboratories by technicians but by actual farmers, but the average independent farmer today cannot afford to risk an investment in something he is not sure of handling properly, or if he is not sure that the results on his land or in his stable will justify the expense.

In farming there are so many chances to do things out of the ordinary, chances to become a specialist. You may have a great love for dogs

or horses or cattle, rather than for the soil. Then you can breed and develop marvelous strains in your pet field. Or you may love the soil, and so you will grow things—many things—flowers, vegetables, fruits. Or you may like to work with the finished products, making wine from the grapes out of your own vineyard or cheeses out of milk from your own dairy. Or, if you have a passion for machinery, you can indulge it in full, for where else but on a farm is there opportunity to use so many diversified pieces of machinery in the course of one short day?

If you have never had flowers on your dinner table from your own cutting garden, then you've never smelled or seen really lovely flowers. If you've never eaten peas, string-beans or very young carrots, picked only an hour before out of the kitchen-garden you've tended with your own hands, then you've never tasted delicious vegetables, and if you have no love for most of the things the country offers, then I am truly sorry for you, because I feel that living in the country gives me a better sense of values and I think more understanding tolerance and some day I hope it will make a philosopher of me.

As a general summing up of this going back to the soil, I suggest that if you have plenty of money, don't hesitate longer than it takes you to decide what part of the country you like. Then go and take all that it gives you. Let those who are not rich, go in for farming only if they can take with them some income or talent or training that will enable them to earn most of their living while they pay farm hands to do the chores. In that way they can usually break even on the farm and buy the luxuries out of income from their mental labor, making it possible to have a little extra time and a little extra money, which is an almost unbeatable combination for a contented life.

Don't worry about having too much money or too much time, for those two don't go hand in hand in the country, unless Great Aunt Lizzie dies leaving you sole heir to her unsuspected fortune.

## LIVING IN HUSH COUNTRY

(Continued from page 18)

beauty, but it was found, after all, that the project was not feasible. Again, the great domain, which came now to be known as Rancho Santa Fé, lay waiting in splendid solitude.

The abandonment of those luring hills and valleys could not last, though. Survey of soils and a study of the water problem had been made by Santa Fé Railway experts during their tree-growing activity. Soil experts had discovered there were two kinds of soil in the valley—sandy loam underlaid by a rich clay loam and a heavier soil underlaid with marine sand. These marine sands contain lime, potash, and phosphoric acid—basic elements of fertility.

It was also found that the waters of the friendly little San Dieguito River which had been happily, though

unprofitably, running through the ranch could be caught and conserved between the solid rock walls of a deep canyon by building a dam.

It is not much wonder that three-fourths of the old ranch has been taken over for country estates by men, many of them Easterners, who have laid aside business activities.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Wells of South Bridge, Mass., heard of Rancho Santa Fé through friends, came to see for themselves, and bought acreage. Although many of the homes are built of adobe or stucco and roofed with tile to revive the charm of Spanish California, Mr. and Mrs. Wells chose to reproduce the early type California wood ranch house.

The house is exactly right for them. Their architect, Palmer Sabin, saw to that. Perhaps Mr. Sabin saw a comparative case in his eastern clients who were coming to the West to live.

In early California days, the New England settlers did not favor adobe or stucco construction. Wherever wood was available, they built their houses of wide clapboards with a shake roof. The reason is evident. It was a type of construction they had learned back home.

In room arrangement, they were more willing to copy their Spanish predecessors. The low, rambling ranch house with long, shaded verandas was appealing and easier to erect than the eastern two-story house.

True to tradition, the Wells' house is a U-shaped house, run-around with an inside veranda and provided with an open passageway through the center wing. In the old houses the center passage afforded a covered driveway for the convenience of loading or unloading the ox cart.

The house is furnished with a collection of magnificent antiques; another reason for building the wood ranch type house. The early houses were invariably furnished with cherished pieces which the Easterners had brought across country by covered wagon.

The simple, spacious Wells house is reminiscent of the early days when there was always room at nightfall for an extra guest who found himself still traveling. Hospitality included not only food and a bed, but also a plate of coins placed conspicuously near at hand.

The Mexican Indians, years ago, had a name for Rancho Santa Fé, formerly Rancho San Dieguito, which translates to be, contented, hush country. It is not all fallacy. It is still a strange, hushed, peaceful spot. Outside world turmoil seems to fade. Instead, one rubs shoulders with history and romance. I think of old craftsmen, such as those who made Mr. Wells' antiques and their sturdy, honest construction which entered into building our traditions.

At the same time, there is an ancient olive grove nearby which reminds one of old Don Juan Osuna and his son Leandro, who shot himself. Perhaps their hands planted the trees in the springtime of hope, when they dreamed of this ranch as the ancestral home of their strong clan throughout the generations to follow.



# Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

ON this brisk New Year's morning, 1940, and my goodness how time goes on, I would like to forget the nostalgias that begat last night's mischief and, mounting one of the favorite hobby horses of my culinary table, take a canter in the pleasant and fragrant field of flavors and seasoning.

It is a subject full of glamor and romance. The very names of those far-off places whence come the precious condiments that have haunting appeal to our nostrils and our palates arouse romantic images in the mind. Magic names are these—Zanzibar and Lampong, Malabar and Aleppi, Java, Jamaica and Ceylon.

Time was when kings vied with each other for the control of the spice market and explorers steered their ships across unknown seas to discover new routes to the spice islands. Christopher Columbus was looking for spices when he discovered America. The land of the so-called tree and the home of the brave was merely a by-product of his quest for flavor.

My own personal spice closet is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Its well-ordered shelves hold row on row of generous glass jars whose ground stoppers guard the treasure-trove within. None of your ordinary commercial containers for me. I believe my spices deserve a better setting.

There are a dozen or more different peppers—not merely black, white, and red, but the various named varieties each of which differs subtly from the other and has its particular place in the prismatic heart of flavor.

There are Lampong Malabar, Mangalore, and Mombassa, Achin, Tellichery, Siam, Nepal and greatest of all—Trang. In fact Trang must be considered too good for us Americans, for it is not imported into this country.

Here is a little and somewhat useless story about Nepal pepper—useless because there is, so far as I know, only one place in this broad land where it can be occasionally purchased.

I once had a Quaker friend who owned a ducal estate in Pennsylvania and as the president of a short line railroad was the proud possessor of an asthmatic and somewhat rachitic private car. Once, at my invitation, he entered his early Vagnerian hearse and came bounding up to be my guest at the Union League Club for dinner.

As the cherrystones were served he reached into his vest pocket and produced a slender silver tube with screw top. There was a red powder inside and a minute silver spoon. He bestowed on each tender and pushing clam a tiny benediction of the mysterious red powder from his silver vial.

"What, sir, is that", said I.

"That, my friend, is Nepal pepper, the only proper seasoning for a clam and try to get it".

I have most of my spices both ground and whole to serve their varying purposes and when a recipe calls for a blade of mace, there in its proper receptacle a beautiful burnt-orange leaf of Banda mace awaits its destiny.

There are cinnamons of all ranges and nutmeg, turmeric and saffron, cloves and coriander and cardomom, sesame seeds and cumin, dried lemon peel and the dried peel of both sweet and bitter oranges. There are all-spice and paprika and all of the old-fashioned herbs so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers—thyme and savory, sweet marjoram and rosemary, basil, sage and tarragon and a dozen others less known.

Now all of these fancy names of spices and herbs may sound a bit complicated for the ordinary housewife and perhaps they are, but it would really not entail much trouble or expense to put yourselves into possession of most of the seasonings that I have mentioned. If your local dealer is unable or unwilling

to supply you with what you wish, write to me in care of COUNTRY LIFE and I will be happy to advise you.

Just a few words more of caution—spices lose their strength and aroma—in other words, the flavor that you paid your money for, if you don't keep them in tightly covered jars or containers. Another good idea to make sure that your spice is exactly what you expect it to be is to have a small hand grinding mill.

Buy your pepper corns whole, both black and white, your cloves, all-spice, etc., and grind them yourselves. On my own table I always have small individual pepper mills so as to have the fine tang and aroma of the freshly ground berry.

For the past four years The American Spice Trade Association has held its annual convention in New York. On each of these occasions they have done me the honor of asking me to lay out these luncheons for them and to speak to them upon the subject of spices and flavoring generally.

It is a matter close to my heart.

I am going to describe for you one or two of the dishes served at these luncheons which will perhaps

suggest something new for you to try in your own kitchens.

Unusual ways of cooking potatoes are few and far between, but here is one for new potatoes, which will soon be coming to us from Bermuda, cooked in chicken stock and flavored with bay leaf.

Peel 12 small uniform-sized potatoes and cook slowly in a covered sauce-pan with two bay leaves in enough chicken stock to cover, for about 25 minutes or until done. Remove from stock. In another sauce-pan sauté 2 teaspoons of finely chopped onion in 2 ounces of butter until the onion is a golden color. Strain the onion from the butter and pour the butter over the potatoes and garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Did you ever try flavoring young lima beans with fresh mint? In my opinion it makes this somewhat stodgy vegetable worthy of serious consideration and respect. Here is how you do it. Cook a quart of nice young lima beans in salted boiling water until done. Drain off the water and toss the beans in 2 ounces of butter flavoured with fresh mint leaves.

The following is a colorful and delicious dessert of melons permeated with the subtle flavor of preserved ginger. Select some choice ripe melons such as honeydew, cantaloupe or watermelon, either singly or in combination. Scoop out the ripe flesh with a round spoon. Place these melon balls in a bowl and add for each person to be served the juice of one lemon and one orange, 2 tablespoons of preserved ginger and a little ground ginger. Put in the refrigerator for half an hour and serve in glasses on top of chopped ice and tastefully decorated with green leaves.

THERE has been great argument anent the terminology used on menus in hotels and restaurants—should they tell their story in French or English.

Some spoil sport cooked up the flagrant notion that the visiting Elk from Council Bluffs ought to be told that caviar at \$2.50 a portion at "21" is really a collection of the little eggs that an old she-sturgeon was about to lay somewhere in the Caspian for the purpose of annoying her husband who had other matters in mind. That lovely word bouillabaise, immortalized by Thackeray, should and would become fish stew Saltonstall and pre salé of lamb might and must turn into "the roasted son of a sheep raised on a meadow enriched by the salt tang of the sea."

At the culinary congress that, with its tongue in its cheek, dallied with linguistics, Lucius Boomer, the active and motivating head of what is perhaps the finest hotel on earth, spoke



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eloquently of the problems that face such a caravanserai as his. They are many and pressing.

He was quoted in the newspapers as saying that the menu *à la carte* would have to disappear if hotel restaurants were to survive and that in its place must come the so-called "selective", take-it-or-leave-it, *table d'hôte*.

Mr. Boomer has been misquoted by no less an Lucullan authority than Lucius Beebe, whose restless, roving, bloodshot, mordant, morning eye glanced fitfully at a head-line and went no farther. Come what will and come what may I am one of these trusting and confident persons who is certain that Beebe and I, in our dotage, which is, *malheureusement*, not so far away, can go to the Men's Bar at the Waldorf and order for our luncheon a scarce oyster from Rhode Island and a priceless *tripe à la mode*, whether it appears in French on the menu or not.

As authentic a part of holiday cheer as a hangover is the egg-nog. Here are two recipes. They are good, guaranteed to give nourishment to the soul and the body and to stimulate affection for our fellowmen:

#### FOUR ROSES EGGNOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Add 1 pint of Four Roses and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup.

#### THE SQUIRE'S NOG

- 1 doz. fresh eggs;
- 12 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar;
- 1 pt. brandy;
- 1 pt. Jamaica rum;
- 1 small glass peach cordial;
- 1 qt. milk;
- 1 qt. cream;
- grated nutmeg.

Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately. Add sugar to the yolks, blend well then add half the milk. Add very slowly while stirring in the brandy and the rum. Let stand 15 or 20 minutes. Then add the rest of the milk and cream, the peach cordial, blend well and fold in the whipped whites of eggs. Flavor with grated nutmeg as served.

#### WESTWARD SKI!

(Continued from page 29)

trying the skiing at Brighton and Alta, just a few miles from the city. It's superb, the scenery in the rugged Wasatch range is eye-filling, the runs are long and largely timber-free, and there is a year-old tow in the great Alta Basin, once famous as the site of the Old Emma mine. The chair-type tow is 2,600 feet long and 700 feet high. The altitude of the area ranges from 8,800 to over 11,000 feet, and the season is long. There is a large ski house in Alta, and a shelter at the top of the tow.

Sun Valley, of course, is the high point in almost any ski-tour in the West. It is a complete village now, with post office, theatre and everything. If you like sociability you'll enjoy it particularly there, as everything imaginable is done to promote good fellowship and good fun, morning, noon and night.

Friedl Pfeiffer is in charge of the ski school, which has both American and Austrian instructors. There are sleighride parties, private parties in the "potato huts" on top of Proctor and Dollar mountains in the evenings, reached by moonlight rides on the chair-lifts. There is dancing in the Duchin Room at the Lodge, and in "The Ram" at Challenger Inn.

You'll have fun at Sun Valley. If having fun is made too easy, plan trips into the back country—you won't find it crowded. If you're skeptical, try it anyway; there have been out-and-out skeptics who went to Sun Valley for one week, stayed six weeks, and then cried for more. They ought to call it *Fun Valley*.

If you happen to be going through Red Lodge, Montana, almost any time of the year, take time to investigate the undeveloped but thoroughly exciting ski country there which is just beginning to receive notice. There is easily accessible skiing the year around 30 miles from the town. You simply step out of your car, strap on your skis, and away you go.

The Pacific Northwest is completely ski-minded, and with good reason. The three best reasons are Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, and Mount Hood.

Mount Baker, in northern Washington, just a few miles south of the Canadian border and 60 miles from Bellingham, is the answer to the skier's prayer. Snowfall is extremely heavy, and at Mount Baker Lodge in Heather Meadows, at only 4,200 feet, you may ski into your bedroom window if you chance to be lodged on the second floor.

Mount Baker snow is of a feathery lightness and dry powderiness that tricks the veriest novice into thinking he's a whizz. It is ideal snow for skiing. And it isn't like that just a few days or weeks of the year. The season is long, and the snow is superb most of the time. Season opens December 20.

THERE is a ski-tow, of the rope type, at Mount Baker, and the accommodations are limited, so make reservations ahead. Food is excellent. And the scenery—well, if you are a camera fan you'll go mad dividing your ardor between picture-making and skiing. There is practically unlimited terrain, and infinite variety in slopes.

Mount Shuksan, viewed from the lodge, is breathtaking in its awesome beauty, and those who have skied in various parts of the world say that the run down Shuksan Arms is among the best. It is more than three miles long.

Washington's most popular ski area is Mount Rainier, only 101 miles from Seattle and 65 miles from Tacoma. Accommodations may be had at Paradise Inn, which the ski-craze

caused to be adapted for winter use, and here again, unless your room is on the topmost floor, you are literally snowed under. There is a rope-type ski-tow, and for terrain there is the whole side of the mountain, which is so tremendous you've no idea.

After skiing on the slopes in Paradise Valley, adjacent to the Inn, you may decide to take a little climb up to Anvil Rock or Muir, high points visible from Paradise, but the chances are you'll be quite content to do your skiing at Alta Vista, Edith Creek Basin, or at best, on Panorama, all of which are on the way to Muir.

It is four miles from Paradise Inn to Muir, which is 10,000 feet in elevation, the starting point of the famed Silver Skis race in March. Paradise Valley is 5,500 feet in elevation, and the top of "The Mountain," as its worshippers call it, is 14,408, so there need be no limit to your aspirations.

Crowds are much greater at Rainier than at Baker, and the snow, while superb, is slightly more inclined toward wetness than at the more northerly mountain.

If you ever tire of gazing at Rainier, which is extremely unlikely, or if it draws its veil of clouds about it, which is more likely, you will find plenty of inspiration in the Tatoosh range seen to the southward, as fantastically beautiful as a painted backdrop.

A NEW ski area that is zooming into popularity with the Seattle populace is beautiful Naches Pass, only 82 miles from the city, accessible on wide paved roads.

For a quick trip out of Seattle you might go to Snoqualmie Bowl. Take the snow-train, if you like, which will put you there in two hours, with dancing en route. There is an electrically-powered ski-tow, and two hundred acres are lighted for night skiing.

Don't miss the pride of Oregon—Mount Hood with its new Timberline Lodge, only 60 miles from Portland.

The Lodge is exactly at timberline, in keeping with its name, and a gigantic timber-free mountainside stretches up in triangular shape to the summit, 11,253 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. Several well-marked ski trails stem out from the lodge through the timber below, to Government Camp, and shuttle-buses bring the skiers back to the Lodge so that runs can be repeated several times a day. A mile-long chair lift is new this year, and extends from the Lodge to an elevation of 7,000 feet.

"Hood Bowl," at a lower elevation, does a rushing business on Sundays, as there is a ski-tow, and excellent terrain is easily accessible.

The season is long at Mount Hood, too, starting early in the fall and winding up some time in June, about the time of the Rose Tournament in Portland. In fact, a Midsummer Ski Tournament is held on Mount Hood in June.

Mount Spokane, 26 miles from Spokane, is outstanding for its wraith-like trees covered with snow, its view of the city, and its "Teakettle Trail," which drops 2,300 feet. The season





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here is about three months, January, February and March.

If you would like to vary your skiing with desert sojourns, if you want a liberal amount of sunshine with it, and crave startling contrasts in your existence, take a turn around the ski resorts of California.

Mount Shasta and Mount Lassen, two high volcanic peaks in the northern part of the state are well worth looking at, particularly from a skier's point of view. Soda Springs, Norden, and Lake Tahoe, in the northern part of the great Sierra Nevada range that extends most of the length of California, may be found adjacent to the one highway that is kept open across the Sierra in winter. The snow is deep and excellent for skiing, the season is four or five months long, and the scenery is a divinely rich mixture of frosty peaks, alpine glow, and snow-mantled evergreens.

Accommodations may be had at any of the places mentioned, and at others besides, and there are ski-tows, instructors, and frequent ski meets. Norden, near Donner Pass, is about 150 miles from San Francisco, and is reached by train as well as automobile. Soda Springs is closer.

An important new development this season in the Donner Summit area is the Sugar Bowl, near Donner Summit on Highway No. 40 between Sacramento and Reno, and on the main line of the S. P. about five hours from San Francisco. The very tempting dish served in the Sugar Bowl is composed, briefly, of a Tyrolean Lodge to accommodate 50 people at moderate prices, a chair lift 3,200 feet in length and rising 1,000 feet, a ski school under the direction of "Mad Austrian," Hannes Schroll, and multitudinous runs from the top of Mount Lincoln.

There are, for instance, ski trips to Tahoe, 19 miles, to Truckee, 9 miles, to Donner Lake, 4 miles, and to Soda Springs Hotel, 4 miles, from all of which points skiers are returned to the Sugar Bowl by automobile.

Yosemite is superb in winter. The Badger Pass ski fields—complete with massive ski-house and an "upski" that transports groups of skiers swiftly to the "Ski Top," are only 40 minutes by motor from the hotel units in the Yosemite Valley, which range from housekeeping cabins to the luxurious Ahwahnee Hotel. There is much social and ski activity there throughout the season. Charles Proctor is the winter sports director, and Luggi Foeger is top instructor in the ski school.

Keep going south. Try the eastern slopes of the Sierra. There, at a latitude about equal to that of Sicily, you will find exciting skiing in glorious high country, with warm and almost constant sunshine. Conway Summit, for instance, has a superb view of the surrounding Sierra Nevada mountains, and there are very long ski runs in several directions.

Little Round Valley, near Bishop, has a movie-star patronage, and the ski instructor is Sepp Benedikter, formerly of Sun Valley. At the Ski Ranch is Swiss instructor Hans Georg.

Besides the easily accessible re-

sorts, ski-ways are being marked and shelter huts are being planned and built with a forward look to the time when ski tours in the Sierra of several days' or weeks' duration will be practicable for others than the intrepid pioneers.

Incidentally, it is expected that there will be weekend airplane service from Los Angeles to the east side of the Sierra this winter, a 350-mile drive by automobile.

Go and bake in the desert at Palm Springs if you wish, but resist if you can the nearness of the snowy temptress, Mount San Gorgonio or Mount San Jacinto, each scarcely more than 100 miles from Los Angeles. You may ski 50 miles from Los Angeles on Mount San Antonio, and from its summit, at 10,080 feet, gaze down upon the desert and the orange groves and the sea. Or you may go 85 to 125 miles from Los Angeles and ski at Snow Valley, Big Bear Lake or Big Pines.

THERE are ski-tows, instructors, and accommodations at all of these places except Mount San Gorgonio, which is the cream of the lot, and correspondingly difficult to attain, as it has not yet been opened for development by the public.

Several ski clubs have built attractive club houses in Snow Valley, between Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear Lake. This is the ski "outpost" for the swanky new Arrowhead Springs Hotel a few miles below. There are tows and warming huts.

Otto Steiner, of ski-mountaineering fame, is head of the ski school—and the whole tempting layout is only about 85 miles from Los Angeles by excellent roads. As a matter of fact, skiers cavort all along the way from Lake Arrowhead to Big Bear—a distance of about 25 miles.

Almost anywhere you go in the West, you can find snow to put your skis on. Had you ever thought of Arizona and New Mexico as ski country? Believe it or not, Ripley, there is excellent skiing, and no small amount of development, at Hyde State Park and Little Tesuque Canyon, only eight miles from the famous artists' colony and winter resort, Santa Fe.

The season is January to March, and for the higher country, December to April. Ski in the Tree Springs and La Madera area near Albuquerque, at Agua Piedra near Taos, or in the Arizona Snow Bowl at elevations of 9,000 and 10,000 feet, 16 miles from Flagstaff.

In Nevada, there is good skiing in the Desert Alps in the Charleston mountains, 34 miles from Las Vegas, so you might as well allow time for skiing as well as to see Boulder Dam. And Galena Creek, only 17 miles from Reno, has fast ski trails, a rope tow 600 feet long, instruction facilities, and even a dude ranch where you may stay if you like. Mount Rose in this area is being talked about with enthusiasm by Western skiers.

Try the West—you'll come to it anyway sooner or later. Make the rounds if you can, and pick your own favorites, the ones to which you'll want to return season after season

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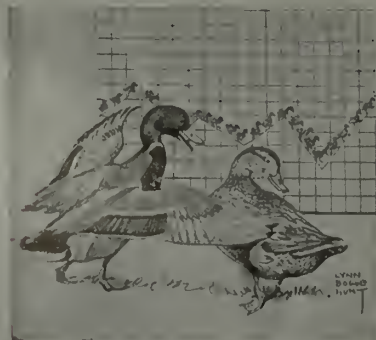
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## "WHEN NOT UNDULY ALARMED"



Col. H. P. Sheldon has written an extremely amusing but none the less accurate article on the controversial subject of the speed of flight of game birds. All sportsmen will want to read it in

## COUNTRY LIFE FOR FEBRUARY

# GARDENS

JANUARY is obviously the month for sharpening the axe and taking to chopping in a big way. It is grand exercise, takes a bit of skill, and is pretty good fun as well. Good fun yes—but lots more fun, if, instead of just chopping for exercise and fire-wood, you blaze the way for a new garden: a woods garden.

The story of this month's garden is roughly as follows:

Originally it was a thick overgrown piece of woodland with plenty of cat brier, poison ivy, wild cherries, small dogwoods, cedars, and oaks. It had two good natural assets. At one end of the woods was a complete and lovely tangle of wild honeysuckle, and at the other a fine big oak tree.

A little path was cut into the woods, lined on both sides with trees dripping with honeysuckle. This path curves slightly, then straightens out to a broad 12-ft. grass walk, or allée, leading to the big oak, where there is a circle of grass flanked by a hemlock hedge.

On either side of the allée are narrow winding paths which lead to the circle. Now, oddly enough, these paths did not just open up like the Red Sea. No; they were hewn out one winter by the axe. Hundreds of little trees were chopped down, also a few large ones that were in the way, beside scores of dead trees and worthless cherries taken out to make room for trees of more importance.

By the way, when working in winter, be on the lookout for tent caterpillar nests, especially on wild cherries. They can be found, looking like harmless little bumps sticking to a branch. Pick them off and destroy them, thus saving yourself an unpleasant task of burning the writhing loathsome nests in the spring.

When the axe had done its job, then came the grubbing, cleaning up,

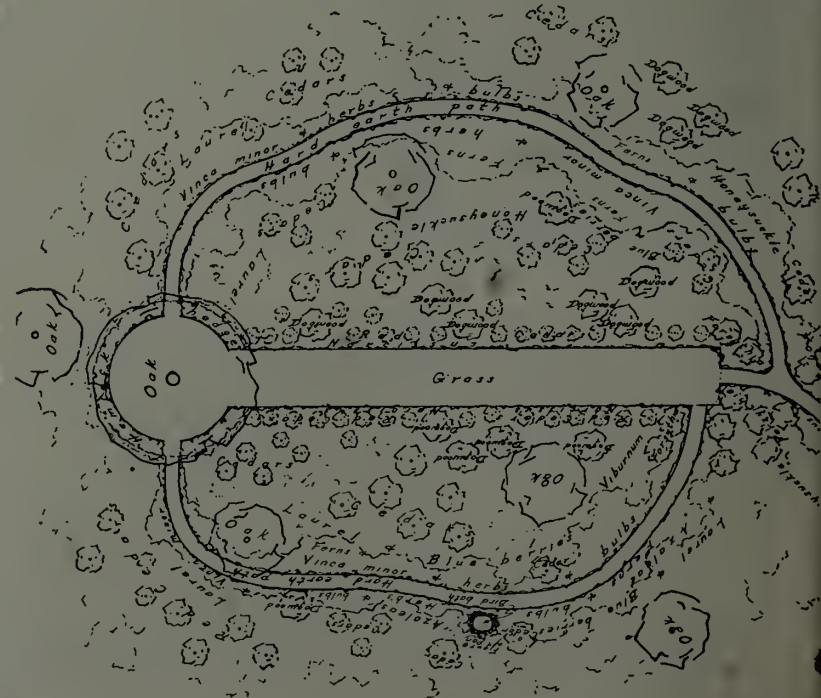
smoothing over, fertilizing, and finally—in the spring—the planting. It is essential to be generous in making the soil rich, as the plan is probably to make a dry piece of woodland look like a lush wood in Vermont! So quantities of leaf mould (or humus), peat moss, and bone meal were worked into the ground until the soil looked rich and dark, and was very pliable.

Planting all the things that go in a woods garden is fascinating. There is also a slightly different feeling about it than any other planting I know. A funny little shivery excitement takes hold of you; probably it is all tied up with childhood and the memory of finding tiny flowers in the woods on an early spring day.

The general outline of this garden is shown on the plan, and the planting is roughly as follows: The narrow entrance path is lined with narcissus. (*Narcissus* is the general botanical name which includes the bulbs commonly known as daffodils, jonquils, and *Narcissus Poeticus*.) These bulbs are planted under the honeysuckle, which covers the ground as well as the trees. In very early spring any honeysuckle that has become too clumpy and dense is cut away. Narcissus will poke their little heads through most everything, but they must not be smothered altogether!

At the beginning of the wide path, on either side, are large clumps of forsythia. They make a "Golden Gateway" to the allée, which is lined with dogwoods, cedars, and oaks, and thousands of daffodils. These lovely familiar flowers carry out the yellow spring gaiety all the way from the Golden Gate to the big oak.

When ordering narcissus for naturalizing, do not buy an inferior inexpensive collection. You will be disappointed in the quality of the





## BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

flowers, and some of the bulbs will be no good at all. A collection of fine bulbs is a joy for years and years, so try not to balk at the initial expense.

The side paths are planted entirely with wild material: laurel, azaleas, blue berries, ferns, solomonseals, trilliums, hepaticas, etc., etc. The drifts of planting go deep into the woods; this is a very important feature in planting a place like this. If the planting is confined to a narrow strip close to the path, the effect is very artificial. So swoop in and out in a big way, making all sorts of generous effects, as near like the delightful method nature uses as possible.

Near one of the paths is a bird bath, flush with the ground. It is very secluded, and has catered very successfully to the most exclusive of the shy woods birds.

When selecting plants bear in mind that most of the wild plants and flowers are small, and to make an effect you have to use a lot of the same material; therefore, it is necessary to think and plant in hundreds, sometimes in thousands! Otherwise you will be dismayed at the result, and it will not look wild, and natural, and Vermonty, in the least!

If you are fortunate enough to live in a locality that has miles of woods, belonging to friendly neighbors, where you can go a-stealing, so much the better. But even if you are stealing

in a spot where no other eyes may ever see it, always do it carefully and kindly. For example, never strip a whole section of ferns. Leave plenty of clumps, and it will soon fill itself in again.

Transplanting wild plants is a tricky operation. Keep all the soil that is possible around the roots, and after planting them in their new home, water them like mad, and keep them soaked for at least three days. If there are no available looting areas, plants will have to be bought from some nursery, that specializes in wild material, like the Gillett Fern & Flower Farm in Southwick, Mass., the George Aiken Nursery in Putney, Vt., or the Wayside Gardens, Mentor, Ohio.

Give yourself a present of Mr. Aiken's book "Pioneering with Wild Flowers." It is delightful, and the greatest kind of a help. Study in it the combinations of wild flowers that would naturally grow side by side, and ponder over the kind of ferns you feel will thrive in your location.

Most wild things take a bit of knowing, and have to be catered to, and pampered a bit. When you find out what you like, and what likes you (very important!), you can run riot with your ideas and make the most lovely effects. Effects that look entirely natural and charming, and give you a great thrill.



At one end a fine big oak, at the other a lovely tangle of honeysuckle



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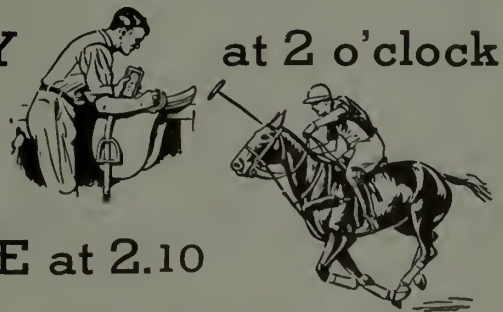
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# GUNS & GAME • BY COL. H. P. SHELDON

JUDGING from the eager interest shown in the subject, a great many shotgun shooters would welcome the invention of a sight that would automatically calculate angles and speeds and flash a green light, perhaps, to inform the gunner when to pull the trigger.

The Army has a sight for anti-aircraft guns that just about does the trick, and the new Sperry bombing sight is authoritatively credited with having an uncanny ability to place bombs on the target. These devices are for weapons of war and war is a business of destruction.

Shooting for sport is not a business at all, but a form of recreation that would lose its appeal if some sort of mechanical totalizer were introduced to perform perfectly the things that we now attempt to do with our brains, eyes and hands.

It would suit well the gentry who toss dynamite into trout pools, but to most of us the conviction that we have missed a bird through a fault of our own is as essential to our enjoyment as to know that our skill is responsible for those brought to bag. We may alibi our misses by blaming gun or load, but we still attribute our hits to purely personal skill. A mechanical device which removed this personal element would destroy the sport.

Fortunately, there is not the slightest possibility that any successful automatic sighting device will ever be made, and if it should be, it would at once be outlawed for use on game. There have been numbers of patent shotgun sights made and sold under various claims of infallibility. Some of these have been fairly successful, but the reason ascribed for the improvement in shooting, if any is noted, is seldom the real one.

An acquaintance put one of these magical gadgets on his skeet gun and began breaking more targets than ever he had before. He believed that the size of the hole through which he looked bore some quaint mathematical relationship to the size of the shot pattern and that all he had to do to break a target was to see it through the charmed circlet.

The real reason for his improved scoring was that in order to see through the aperture he had to get his cheek down on the comb of his gun and keep it there until the shot was fired. The sight merely forced him to correct a fault of his own that he didn't suspect and evidently couldn't analyze.

Of late, another friend has been experimenting with a telescopic sight of low power mounted on a shotgun and has done very well on clay targets with the combination. He, however, has sufficient knowledge of the subject to realize that the most important effect of the 'scope is to force him to cheek his gun properly.

There is no earthly need for a tele-

scopic lens in a shotgun sight if the shooter's eyesight is good enough to permit him to see the bird without it, and it is certainly better to learn how to mount a gun correctly and without conscious effort than to use an artificial device to compel good form.

It is the writer's opinion that in the case of a man who has mastered the fundamentals of wing shooting a miss is more frequently caused by faulty contact between cheek and comb than through failure to make a correct estimate of the lead required.

Some form of an aperture sight might be very useful to indicate the correct position, but once that has been determined, the gunner who

way to the simple loop; and the "mule ear" hammers and locks were reduced and refined and the former finally concealed within the lock plates.

Evidently the gunmakers had beauty as one objective, but it was not the only one, for by refining the lines and perfecting the balance of the shotgun, they greatly increased its practical efficiency.

What I have said applies with greatest emphasis to the game gun, for it is in the field and not at the trap that one establishes the standards of real marksmanship with the shotgun. Skeet and other artificial target systems even more ingenious, provide highly interesting entertainment, but they still fail to supply whatever it is that a live wild game

Wild Duck," observes that if you rob the average man of his life illusion, you rob him of his happiness at the same stroke."

THE punch that really hurts is the one you don't see coming. When I began idly to flip through the pages of a current popular pictorial magazine I had no premonition that I was about to undergo the grievous humiliation of discovering that I was not a wildfowler in any sense of the word.

For nigh on to two-score years I have shot, and shot at, ducks and geese in wet places throughout the length and breadth of our happy land, only to find at last that I was never, in all that time, eligible for membership in the Society of Wildfowlers on account of my underpants.

A great deal of my duck shooting has been done—and I blush to confess it—in underpants made of wool for regular issue to the British Army and sold for one dollar a pair. They are designed on the principle of indirect heating.

These pants have no intrinsic thermal qualities; they furnish no protection against the chill airs that breathe through the interstices of a duck blind. Their woof and texture is such, however, as to keep one moving constantly so that he is warmed by exercise, which after all, is the Spartan way.

The first issue of these pants to the armed forces of the B.E.F. was made, I believe, in the autumn of 1918, and within a week the great London dailies were running the headlines: "Out of the Trenches by Christmas." Those good old British flannel underpants constituted a constant urge to travel.

Never dreaming that I was not *au fait*, I shot, and shot at, ducks in those underpants all the way from Clay Point on Lake Champlain to Southern California. At times I have even removed my nether garments entirely and waded out into the marsh to stand in my innocence among the button brush and shoot a few ducks with nothing on but a shell jacket and a shotgun. I ask pardon for that, too.

And I never knew until I saw those photographs that a man *could* pay \$45 for a pair of underpants—for his own use. They are made, it seems, of Cashmere, a fabric woven from the fleeces of llamas, or lamas, inhabiting the Forbidden City of Tibet. I just wish I had \$45 and could start wildfowling all over again.

And when Nash Buckingham, who is the greatest single factor contributing to the decrease of our American waterfowl, learns that all his shooting has been done while he was not properly diapered, he'll vanish into the swamps of Arkansas with his 12 bore Magnum and never be seen again.

And that's the truth.  
Henrik Ibsen, in Act V of "The



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The graceful lines of a well-proportioned shotgun indicate that it is devised to respond to one's intuition and instinct

wants to shoot well and in good time and form had better concentrate on practice in mounting his gun than to depend on seeing the birdie through the hole.

That sort of thing makes a potterer, and though a potterer may, under certain favorable conditions, run a slightly better score than the man of less deliberate habit, it is never pleasant to watch him when a bird rises to his gun.

His is a graceless performance, and trying to the nerves of the observer who must go through the agony of mentally pulling the doddering one's trigger half a dozen times before the shot is actually fired.

Any sighting-device that requires deliberate thought on the part of the gunner will surely interfere with the smooth, swift handling of the shotgun. All such should be avoided for, in the long run, they will make one a poorer shot than he needs to be. The graceful, simple lines of a well proportioned shotgun clearly indicate that it is devised to respond to one's intuition and instinct rather than to be directed by processes of cold, deliberate calculation as is the target rifle.

From the beginning, gunmakers have constantly employed their ingenuity to free the shotgun of anything that interrupted the delicate sweep of the converging lines running from butt to muzzle. The old fashioned ornate trigger guards gave

bird does for the average gunner.

Some idea of the mental hazard may be gained from the experience of flushing grouse or quail or woodcock or watching passing waterfowl in close season, or when one is without a gun, or, having one, has no intention of shooting.

The shots then do not seem to be difficult; there is plenty of time to swing a stick or an empty gun to the proper spot, and one wonders why in hell the birds won't fly that way in open season. Of course, they do fly that way, but the psychological factor is present then, breeding hysteria, confusion and haste.

Not even the last clay target that one must break to win a tournament has quite the same nerve-shattering potentialities possessed and exercised by any game bird a-wing before the gun.

The old market shooters who annually killed their thousands developed a certain equanimity in the presence of game that few modern gunners have any chance to acquire. I'm not sure I'd wish to have it, for if the time ever should come when a ruffed grouse seen over my gun barrels, failed to convince me that a responsibility of the gravest and most acute sort had fallen upon me, I would suspect that I'd somehow missed reading my own obituary notices.



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# THE COUNTRY

## HORSES

"Admiral Rous and the English Turf, 1795-1877," by T. H. Bird. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

THAT Admiral Rous was dictator of the English turf in its greatest days is one of the first bits of information that comes to the modern student of racing. That, however, hardly brings the salty old admiral to life. And fortunately this book does.

This is the biography of a really first-rate character.

After 30 years of notable service in the British Navy, Rous devoted himself whole-souled (with the exception of a few odd hours devoted to cock-fighting, billiards and other delightful amusements) to horse-racing. He had some quite extraordinary contemporaries: the Earl of Egremont, the only man ever to win five Derbies; Lord George Bentinck, who spent £300,000 a year on racing, then sold the whole business for £10,000 in order to go into politics; the rich and eccentric Earl of Glasgow; Lord Berners, whose Phosphorus won the historic Derby of 1837; Sir John Hawley, rival to Rous for 30 years; the young Marquess of Hastings, who gambled away two counties.

And don't scoff at these people! As Admiral Rous himself quoted, "We, in our short-sighted wisdom, deem ourselves superior to our progenitors and ridicule their pastimes and pursuits, forgetting that in a few years another generation will hustle us off the stage, and will revenge our treatment of our ancestors by treating us with similar indignity."

Capt. Bird has done a really engaging book on the turf and its great figures and events in the nineteenth century.

"Pictures of Horses and English Life," by A. J. Munnings, R.A. \$10.00.

THERE isn't a horseman in the world (or shouldn't be) who hasn't at one time or another stood breathless before a Munnings painting. A new edition of reproductions of his famous work—gypsies, oxen, landscapes, as well as horses and their people—becomes therefore a matter of moment. There are more than 200 pages of reproductions of his work, much of it in color, and that truly make a sight for sore eyes.

"The Seven Lady Godivas," written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. \$1.75.

THIS book, should go far toward correcting the rumors, recently abroad, that the passage of years was bringing the author to his senses. Indeed, it even displays encouraging signs of an increasing intensity of the good doctor's particular form of madness.

The idea of seven Lady Godivas, each with her nudity and her horse, is not to be taken lightly, but that is just what Dr. Seuss has done. The details of the love-lives of these vigorous ladies are treated with a levity possible only to one suffering from the undiagnosed malady enjoyed by our author and illustrator.

## HOUNDS

"Hounds," by C. R. Acton. Heath Cranton, Ltd. \$2.75.

AMERICANS interested in hounds and hunting will find this a fascinating volume. In it, Mr. Acton (known to many readers of England's celebrated "Horse and Hound" under the nom de plume Sydney the Standard) describes quite an extraordinary number of outstanding British packs and is not afraid to say what he thinks. In the latter part of the book are many photographs which make up in usefulness what they lack in quality.

If the continuation of the stupid war now being waged in Europe should permanently or even seriously injure Britain's hunting establishments, then this book may have real historical value.

## FISHING

"Veiled Horizons," by Ralph Bاندینی. Derrydale Press. \$10.

HERE is a delightful series of reminiscent tales written by one who grew up close to the tradition of The Tuna Club of Catalina, where light-tackle big game fishing was born.

The author watched the world-famous Tuna Club come into being. As a lad he heard the founding members tell of desperate battles with big fish on the inadequate tackle of the day.

" . . . When I think of them and what they did, it seems to me that we so-called anglers of the present day, with our big sturdy reels, our friction drags, our crank stops, our heavy lines and almost unbreakable rods, should hang our heads in shame! How they did it God only knows! Three piece jointed rods of wool, crude reels, flying crank handles, leather thumbstalls their only drag, lines that broke at forty pounds. What a breed of men they were—Holder, Morehouse, Dickerson Ryder, Barrett, Stearns, Schenck, MacMillan, Manning, Potter, Reed, Earlscliffe, Murphy, Hooper Boschen, Conn, and all the rest! Those men made big game fishing, and it is due to them that you, today, have the sport, and have the equipment that their pioneering, their bruised and broken hands and fingers, brought into being . . ."

The author's fishing days are over. There was a fight with a giant marlin that finally died down in the depths. There was a heavy sea and pumping



# LIBRARY

that fish up was a brutal job. The author landed him finally, but something snapped inside him. After long weeks in hospitals and on operating tables he was obliged to stay ashore with his memories.

To Mr. Bandini this is not the bleak fate it might be to some men. Fishing meant so much to him—in his youth his ultimate ambition was to earn the elusive Tuna Club Button—that he has absorbed more from his curtailed career than most men get out of a full lifetime.

Fishing was more than a matter of weights and tackle and time to him. He absorbed the very essence of it and has the ability to pass it along unimpaired to others.

This book may be a bit repetitious but it is far from dull. For when you finish you feel that you too have put out from Avalon all those times. You know, too, the moods of the Pacific. The fellowship of famous boatmen and fishermen; the thrilling rush of a newly hooked fish; the overwhelming, numbing, labor of pumping in a big one, or the sudden, sickening feeling of a snapped line.

"Let's Go Fishing," by Lee Wulff. Stokes. \$1.25.

A WELL-KNOWN fisherman, author, and artist tells boys how to catch fish, and above all how to enjoy fishing, and he does it in a simple and interesting way.

This little volume is full of information on the haunts and habits of familiar fresh water fish, and ways of catching them without expensive tackle.

There are useful hints on how to make serviceable items of tackle and equipment at home, how to prepare the fish you have caught, the fundamentals of good sportsmanship and other things that every aspiring fisherman should know.

Something about this book tells you that "boys" long past their childhood are going to catch more fish and have more fun fishing because of it.

## GARDENING

"America's Garden Book," by Louise Bush-Brown and James Bush-Brown. Scribner's. \$3.50

HERE is a well planned comprehensive book on gardening, apparently so well done that there is room for it on the already long list of books devoted to gardening. We say "apparently" only because the test of a book like this is not in a reading of it by an expert but in the use of it by those for whom it is intended. This book having arrived late in November, the real test of it will have to be temporarily postponed.

Nor is that quite correct. There is a lot in this book—particularly the chapters devoted to design and con-

struction problems—that are of immediate interest. Our guess is that the book ought to be bought at once by every garden lover.

"New Pronouncing Dictionary of Plant Names," compiled by E. R. Robinson. Florists' Publishing Co.

SIXTY-FOUR pages of plant names and how to pronounce them. Useful booklet for experts and tyros.

## AGRICULTURE

"Agriculture in Modern Life," by O. E. Baker, Ralph Borsodi and M. L. Wilson. Harper & Brothers. \$3.50.

THIS book presents an interesting approach to agricultural problems. Its supervising editor, Baker Brownell, simply turned three agricultural authorities loose and let each present his viewpoint independently of what the other two were saying.

"The evidence indicates that the destiny of the nation, indeed of modern civilization, lies primarily in the hands of the rural people," says Mr. Baker. With the aid of numerous charts, tables, and maps, he discusses the two most significant trends in agriculture—the gradual loss of land ownership by farming people and the declining birth rate—points out the future consequences of these trends, and suggests what steps should be taken to improve rural conditions.

Mr. Borsodi, widely known for his practical experiments in self-sufficient living, describes the parallel aims of agriculture and modern life and shows why the resolving of conflict between two concepts—the traditional concept of agriculture as a science on the one hand, and the modern concept of agriculture as a business on the other—may be the solution to unsatisfactory conditions existing in agriculture today.

Mr. Wilson adopts a wide cultural approach, believing that any effort to solve this problem on purely economic grounds is sure to go astray. He makes a strong plea for consideration of the native values in rural life.

Though writing independently of one another, each of these experts arrives at a broadly similar conclusion: emphasis on agriculture as a commercial enterprise is destroying the security of agriculture as a way of life.

In the final chapter the authors discuss in dialogue the points of agreement and disagreement and the future of rural life.

Any book dealing with any phase of country living may be obtained direct from COUNTRY LIFE, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, at the regular price.

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He prepared successfully the Swedish and Belgian Teams for the Olympics (Paris and Antwerp). In recognition of his work he was awarded the medal of the Swedish Riding Federation for the merit of his teaching.

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		*Trossach Girl	{	*Cerito
			{	Polymelus
			{	Fortuna
			{	Lomond
			{	On les Aura

#### RACING RECORD

Year	Age	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Won
1936	2	4	1	2	1	\$ 1,725
1937	3	10	3	3	2	52,050
1938	4	3	1	0	0	850
						<hr/> \$54,625

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MR. BONES  
Brown, 1933

*Royal Minstrel	{	Tetratema	{	The Tetrarch
		Harpsichord	{	Scotch Gift
Rinkey	{		{	Louvois
			{	*Golden Harp
			{	Peter Pan
			{	*Royal Rose
		Pennant	{	Ben Brush
		Ballet	{	Coppelia

#### RACING RECORD

Year	Age	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Won
1935	2	6	2	0	1	\$ 1,750
1936	3	8	3	4	0	24,575
1937	4	5	1	1	0	1,280
						<hr/> \$27,605

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thirty dollars. They call a fifty dollar bet a plunge.

Most of the trainers who are employed by the big eastern stables do little betting these days any place. A majority of them confine their investments on a race to the smallest possible amount. They know better than any other group of turfmen that betting on the races is not profitable. They declare that no person can beat the races and while they admit that some men and women may have a lucky streak and win lots of money for a short period they insist that the money will go from whence it came when lady luck turns her back.

Jim Fitzsimmons, one of the foremost horsemen in America and trainer for Mr. Woodward, Mrs. Phipps and Howard W. Maxwell, bets on practically every horse he starts but his usual play is \$2 and it is only on rare occasions that his wager is as large as \$5. He never attempted to beat the races. He worked hard for his money, saved it and is now financially well fixed. He says betting two dollars, if you can afford it, is lots of fun but betting large sums is like throwing money away.

HENRY MCDANIEL, venerable trainer who has charge of the horses owned by Mrs. Clark and Mr. Sage, is another very successful horseman who does not now and never did attempt to beat the races. Like Fitzsimmons he bets on almost all of his charges, though. Sometimes he chances five dollars but ten dollars is his high wager on any horse.

Willie Brennan, who handled Mrs. Payne Whitney's thoroughbreds for many years and is now in charge of Mrs. Payson's select stock, takes a flyer on some of his favorites when they race but his bets are of the modest five, ten or twenty variety. He told me that when the mutuels operate in New York his biggest bet probably will be two dollars across the board.

Louis Feustel, the man who developed and raced Man O'War and scores of other great horses and now trains for Mrs. Lewis, chuckled when asked if he bet on his horses.

"Sure I bet on them," he chirped. "Every time one of my horses works exceptionally well and I race it against horses of its class I risk five or ten dollars on it. I lost, too, more often than I win. It's fun to bet but it's hell to lose if the bank roll is short."

Other noted trainers who confine their bets to the ten and twenty variety are Jack Joyner, Tom Healey, Bert Milholland, Tom Welsh, Frank Kearns, Jack Goldsborough, John McPherson, Holly Hughes. Pete Coyne and Tommy Rodrock.

These trainers know as much about a thoroughbred as any man and while the masses are dreaming about the fortune they will win next year these expert horsemen are shouting from the house tops that no man or woman knows how a horse is going to run in a race and that betting more than a few dollars on one to win is bad business. Like their employers they say the change from the bookmakers to the mutuels will not affect their betting.

## RACING

(Continued from page 23)

important must concern ourselves primarily not with the public which comes to be entertained but with the horses that make the entertainment, with the men and women who own these horses, even more with those who produce these horses.

Breeding is the basis of racing. And the breeding of horses means life on the land, means and understanding of both business and science, means an outlook on life quite different from that of the ordinary promoter or politician who seeks to control the sport at its public end.

If the winning of huge sums is the sensational side of racing, and the attracting of great crowds is the business side, then the breeding of horses is the romantic or pastoral side of the sport: some wise man described the raising of horses as "the culture of agriculture."

There are successful breeding farms in practically every state of the union; Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, and Virginia are generally considered best, thanks to blessings of superior pasturage, bluegrass, limestone, but horses of the first class have been bred in California, in New Jersey, in New York.

In those states you will find the best Thoroughbred stallions and the top mares; best because proven so on the race-course. Some are exceedingly valuable. Man o' War is priceless; now 22, with a stud fee of \$5,000 he could easily have earned \$2,500,000 in his years at stud in addition to the \$249,465 he earned on the track. Blenheim 2nd was imported from England a few years ago at the apparently staggering cost of \$225,000; if he remains healthy he should earn a profit above \$1,000,000.

A stallion serves annually from 15 to 40 mares; 25 would be average. His value to the breed, which is something else again from his value in dollars, depends on his bloodlines, his record on the track and at stud, the luck and ability of his progeny, his size and shape, his temperament, his opportunities, his health, the advertising he gets, the care and tact with which he is handled—and the whims of the public taste.

The acquisition of first-class broodmares is an act in itself. Some breeders own hundreds; others only one or two. One great English sportsman, who was highly successful, never had more than five. "If you only knew," he said, "the hundreds I discarded to get these five!" And mere acquisition doesn't solve the question of breeding; it merely begins it.

When foals arrive, early in the spring, a new set of problems arises. The foals must be carefully attended, handled, taught to lead, fed and watered properly, brushed into a gloss. They must be, if one is a breeder for the market, competently sold. They must be broken, trained, tended like children.

There is, in brief, a phase of agriculture important to the nation at large in horse racing. It would be very sad if this were lost sight of in the hubbub attendant on the more public phases of this useful sport.







won the "All-Comeers" and took the national tennis champion into camp in straight sets.

Radnor's point-to-point was a Thanksgiving Day fixture that year as usual. Bill had but one horse, White Oak, a splendid jumper, fortunately, for that year's course had the biggest fences in the history of the race.

**D**ETERMINED to win, in spite of overweight, Bill's clothes were weighed to cut down the last ounce. In the end his breeches seemed to be the heaviest article, so they were discarded in favor of long white cotton drawers. Whether they were the deciding factor can not now be determined, but White Oak won the race.

In 1910 the Clothiers decided that they wanted a place in the country. The country near Valley Forge seemed ideal from the point of view of scenic beauty, fox-hunting and farmable soil and the thousand acres which are now Valley Hill Farm were bought. Adequate stabling was arranged, kennels were built and a lodge constructed, where the Clothiers and a few guests might spend the night before or after hunting.

The Roberts brothers still had their Sunday pack, so Bill bought their hounds and horses and installed them at the new farm with Orville as huntsman and the brothers as whips. One brother was killed riding at the Widener race meeting the next year and the other died in 1916

but Orville continued to hunt hounds until his retirement following the season of 1937-38. Few chance meetings have paid such splendid dividends in the sport provided.

Orville had been a jockey for Joseph E. Widener and his training under Howard Lewis provided an excellent education in the conditioning of horses. In addition he had that intangible thing called "tact" in dealing with animals, horses or hounds, and seemed to have a positive genius for getting the utmost out of them.

His knowledge of foxes was uncanny and it was always an open question whether Master or huntsman was most disappointed when darkness or the condition of horses or hounds necessitated a return to kennels.

The Pickering Hunt was founded in 1910, Clothier becoming the Master the following year. For nearly 20 years it was conducted as a private pack. The lodge was enlarged so that the sleeping quarters consisted of a room for the Clothiers and two dormitories—a small one for the girls and a large one for the men.

Woe betide the unfortunate new arrival who chanced to go to sleep in a bed sacred to the slumbers of one of the "regulars."

Having early become interested in racing, the Pickering races were a natural evolution. For a long time Bill rode many of his horses himself and did much of his own schooling. Once when breezing over fences with

Hunter Lucas, Bill's mount fell. Going back to see what the damage was, Lucas found Bill on the ground. "Are you hurt?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Bill, "I can't get up."

Investigation proved that the horse was standing on Bill's coat-tails.

The increasing speed of hunt races and the lowering of weights necessitated getting riders who were smaller, so that, except for point-to-points, where the weights were up, he could no longer ride. Yet regardless of who was up, the Clothier horses left their names on most of the challenge cups competed for between 1910 and 1930.

**B**ROSSEAU, ridden by Gilbert Math-er, won the Maryland Hunt Cup in 1917. The time was 9:38, the second fastest time in which the race had been run prior to Brose Hover's record win in 1930. Only the Conqueror—Talisman duel provided a faster time and then both horses were ridden out.

BROSSEAU, according to his rider, was allowed to set his own pace, jumped like a show horse, and caused his opposition untold grief. Only four of the 15 starters finished! What time he would have made if really pressed one can only conjecture. He was a great horse.

"If you ride enough horses over enough fences you'll have plenty of falls." The old saw certainly applies in Bill Clothier's case. One Thanksgiving Day, when he had tickets to

the Cornell-Pennsylvania football game in the afternoon, he was hunting in the morning. On the Franklin McFadden farm his horse came down. Result: a snapped collar-bone. But on to the game and a pleasant afternoon. At dinner that night, while seated at the table, Bill fainted from the pain.

Several years ago I was just going sound after breaking five bones. Bill and I were sitting on the edge of the swimming pool at Valley Hill Farm when he suggested a new game, matching broken bones. His count ran to more than 40.

The country near Valley Forge provided plenty of foxes and sport but in 1915 Clothier realized that there was a section up country near Eagle which might some day be needed, and certainly would be a serious threat in unfriendly hands. Accordingly it was investigated, the consent of the farmers obtained and a small pack installed there.

The Eagle country was regularly hunted by the Pickering until 1928 when it was released to Joseph Neff Ewing with the restriction that it should always be open to the Pickering, the entire area of both hunts having been registered in 1917. It is now known as the Eagle Farms Hunt.

The lodge at Valley Hill Farm had been converted into a year 'round home about this time, the girls' dormitory being broken up into bed rooms but that for the men remaining as of old. From the immense window opposite the front door a de-

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	<small>Back Full</small>
<b>CHANCE SHOT</b> , bay, 1924. By Fair Play—*Quelle Chance, by Ethelbert.....	<b>\$1,000</b>
<b>BREVITY</b> , bay, 1933. By Chance Shot or *Sickle—Ormonda, by Superman.....	<b>\$500</b>
<b>UNBREAKABLE</b> , brown, 1935. By *Sickle—*Blue Glass, by *Prince Palatine.....	<b>\$500</b>
<b>*CASTEL FUSANO</b> , bay 1935. By *Ksar—Red Flame, by Vermilion Pencil.....	<b>\$500</b>
	<small>Back Full</small>

THE ABOVE STALLIONS WILL STAND AT ELMENDORF FARM

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lightful view is obtainable, out over the race course and the fields and hills.

Here it is that Mrs. Clothier dispenses a brand of hospitality that has no exact duplicate. There is a gentleness and a kindness in the welcome extended each visitor that marks it as a home where real people live.

For all her beauty and charm, it takes a good man to hounds to follow Mrs. Clothier for a day in the field. She rides side, knows every inch of the country and despite her slight build is as hard and wiry as her husband.

A unique feature of Bill Clothier's origination is the Chester County Game Protective Association. With the advent of pot-hunters, assisted by the automobile, land owners had little chance to preserve game for their own enjoyment. Bill organized the association in 1919, arranged for posting and patrolling the land of the members.

Without a member's or guest badge no one can shoot over the more than 10,000 acres of this protected land and the game has increased enormously. Each season a small area is set aside as a refuge where no shooting is done, to the result that most of Chester County is better stocked than the wilder parts of the state.

There is an annual meeting at the lodge, Bill is the treasurer and one of the dirt farmers is president. The cost to each member is purely nominal and the rewards, in improved farmer-hunt relations, incalculable. Incidentally, it has materially helped to preserve foxes in the country. The farmers are always welcomed in the field and a few of them hunt with regularity.

Athletic exercise was taken up by Bill Clothier as a means of keeping fit enough to do a full day's work. That he enjoys every minute of it is his good fortune, but not his reason for indulging in it. Where most tired business men come home from the office to relax by sitting near the fire and reading a paper or a book, Bill takes a stick and walks about the farm. Not just wanders from place to place but really walks about on an inspection tour.

It is no uncommon thing for him to briskly walk home from the Pao'i station, a distance of between five and six miles, to enjoy the air and exercise. Fresh air is a fetish with him and now, a grandfather, he has the same slim waist and erect carriage that he had while in college.

### INDOOR POLO

A NEW top ranking player of indoor polo is named in the handicaps for the new season of play, which opened in December.

The handicaps, announced by the handicap committee of which Thomas Brady is chairman, have left the American internationalists of the outdoor game, Winston Guest and Michael Phipps, at the top of the indoor rating with 10 goals apiece.

The new player moved up in the ratings is the brilliant Clarence

Combs of New Jersey. Combs, for the past two seasons mainstay of the high goal Pegasus Club of New Jersey, has been lifted from 7 to 8 goals and joins Stewart Iglehart, another outdoor internationalist, at that figure in the ratings.

Combs is the only top rated man changed in the new listings. He and Iglehart are the only 8-goal players, with only the 10-goal men above them. Billy Nicholls, veteran New York Athletic Club player, is alone at 7 goals and there are three who remain at 6. These are Merrill Fink, Elbridge T. Gerry and Cyril Harrison.

Not many changes were made through the lists at this year's meeting, but several of those are interesting. Two team mates of Combs on Pegasus have been lifted in the ratings. Del Carroll, No. 1 of their high goal team, is now at 2 goals and Tom Lawrence, the back, joins the three other 6-goal men on the ratings, having been raised from 5 goals.

Peter and Walter Hayden, young members of the Blue Hills Farm team of Philadelphia, for the past two seasons national Sherman Memorial champions, have both been raised from 1 to 2 goals. Walter Nicholls, younger brother of Billy, who plays for Squadron A is now at 2 goals and Townsend Winmill, former Harvard star and now with Watertown of Connecticut, was lifted from 2 to 3.

A complete list of the changes follows:

Name	Club	From	To
Anderson, G. N., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Avery, W. H., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Baker, R., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Bassham, Frank, P. M. C.	.....	New	0
Bassham, Lawrence, P. M. C.	.....	New	0
Bates, Norman, Pegasus	.....	Rein.	0
Bauer, Eugene C., 124th Field Artillery	.....	1	2
Baze, Callaway, Yale	.....	New	0
Benjamin, George, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Beveridge, Don, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Bove, Edward S., Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Bowers, John C., 124th Field Artillery	.....	Rein.	1
Boyle, Leo, Danvers	.....	3	4
Briggs, R. F., Norwich U.	.....	0	1
Carroll, Del, Pegasus	.....	0	2
Colbert, W. S., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Combs, Clarence C., Jr., Pegasus	.....	7	8
Constant, S. V., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Cramer, Lt. L. W., Ft. Sheridan	.....	New	0
Damon, Lt. Wm. F., Jr., Ft. Sheridan	.....	New	0
Daniels, John H., Yale	.....	New	0
Dierauff, F., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Dudley, William E., P. M. C.	.....	New	0
Ehlers, 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	1
Farr, Louis L., 3rd, Culver M. A.	.....	0	1
Finch, Howard, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Forden, 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	1
Fortune, K. P., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Fox, L. C., Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Grant, 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	0
Grant, Mauri, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Hayden, Peter, 104th Cavalry	.....	1	2
Hayden, Walter, 104th Cavalry	.....	1	2
Healy, Michael, 124th Field Artillery	.....	1	2
Hogan, Edward, P. M. C.	.....	New	0
Hotchkiss, O. L., Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Howden, Donald, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	2
Jernigan, Capt. H. S., Ft. Sheridan	.....	1	2
Johnson, Lt. R. L., 124th Field Artillery	.....	0	1
Johnson, Robert de L., Yale	.....	New	2
Kemper, James M., Jr., Yale	.....	New	0
Krouse, Jack, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Lawrence, Thomas, Pegasus	.....	5	6
Leavitt, T. J., Jr., Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Lymann, R. P., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
McDonald, J. Gordon, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
McGrath, Paul, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Mackey, Claude, 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	2
Marsillus, P. R., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Mason, J. M., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Nicholls, Walter A., Squadron A	.....	1	2
Noyes, F. E., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
O'Donnell, Barney J., Pegasus	.....	Rein.	1
Parcells, Albert, Pegasus	.....	0	2
Pidgear, James, Cleveland Riding	.....	New	0
Pilling, William, Pegasus	.....	Rein.	1
Rasmussen, R. J., 124th Field Artillery	.....	Rein.	2
Robinson, L., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Ross, Jack, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Ruffner, Capt. C. L., Norwich U.	.....	New	2
Savoldi, J. E., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Smith, Wendell, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Sommer, G. R., Norwich U.	.....	New	0
Vanek, Val, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	1
Wagnon, Alton, P. M. C.	.....	New	0
Walsh, Tom, Monmouth	.....	New	3
Wagelen, 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	1
Williams, David R., Jr., Yale	.....	New	0
Winmill, A. Townsend, Watertown	.....	2	3
Young, Tom, Michigan P. A.	.....	New	0
Young, Capt. W. A., 124th Field Artillery	.....	New	1

# Greentree Farm Stallions

(1939 Season)



## QUESTIONNAIRE

Bay, 1927, by *Sting*—*Miss Puzzle*, by *Disguise*

Questionnaire is the sire of 11 2-year-old winners this year from his second crop to race, including the stakes winner Valley Lass and Third Degree, third in Belmont Futurity. Questionnaire himself won the Brooklyn, Metropolitan, Paumonok, Kings County, Broadway, Mount Vernon, Yonkers, Yorktown, Twin City, Scarsdale Handicaps, Empire City Derby, Mount Kisco Stakes. He was second in the Suburban, Ardsley, Edgemere Handicaps, Lawrence Realization (beaten a head by Gallant Fox), Whirl Stakes, third in Jerome, Metropolitan Handicaps, and Belmont Stakes.

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## \*ST. GERMANS

Bay, 1921, by *Swynford*—*Hamoaze*, by *Torpoint*

\*St. Germans has sired the stakes winners Twenty Grand, Bold Venture, St. Brideaux, The Darb, Carry Over, Easy Day, Rose Cross, Jungle King, Memory Book, Sparta, Clotho, Gean Canach, Reminding, Tatterdemalion, Giant Killer, Collateral, and many others. \*St. Germans won the Doncaster, Coronation Cup, Burwell, Craven Three Year Old, Hampton Court Great Three Year Old, Limekiln, Royal, Lowther Stakes, Liverpool, St. Leger, second in Derby, St. James Palace, Criterion Two Year Old, Jockey Club Stakes, third in Eclipse Stakes and Ascot Gold Cup.

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## ST. BRIDEAUX

Bay, 1928, by \**St. Germans*—*Panache*, by *Broomstick*

St. Brideaux has had four crops to race. He is the sire of many winners, including Nightmare, Kendall Green, Lame Duck, Say Do, Rollicker, Bad Dreams, Scottish Mary, Birthday, Armoi Bearer, Alpen-glow, etc. St. Brideaux won the Latonia Championship, Broadway, Saratoga, Thanksgiving Handicaps, and Whitney Stakes. He was second in Bowie, Brooklyn, Havre de Grace Cup, Queens County Handicaps, Latonia Derby, Travers Midsummer Derby, and third in Helpful Stakes, Bryan and O'Hara Memorial, Riggs Handicaps, and Whitney Gold Cup.

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**LIVESTOCK**



Lucky Boy 2nd, owned by Mayfield Kothmann, Grand Champion steer of the International Livestock Exposition

COOK & GORMLEY

**E**ACH year, when the first part of December rolls around, thousands of country people get caught up on their farm chores, and, with their families, pack up trucks and cars for the annual pilgrimage to the International Amphitheatre in Chicago to see the great International Livestock Exposition.

From the north, south, east, and west they come, some of them from humble dirt farms—this the only vacation from hard toil that the year allows them; others from the great prairie grain tracts, or cattle dynasties, or the smaller rock-bound farms of the East.

One man may work his acres with a single mule, another be the proud owner of a famous draft horse breeding establishment but all of them—breeders, feeders, shepherds, 4-H boys and girls, gentleman farmers, and all-around farmers come to the International with the same eagerness to renew old friendships, for competition, to see the best of those things that make agriculture the backbone of our life, and above all to find out what the other fellow has been doing and how his prize-winning exhibit got that way, so that the same principles may be applied to their own endeavors.

The exhibitors arrive early and keep careful watch over their solid, sleek, beef cattle, so heavily fleshed that they can hardly waddle; their powerful draft horses with glossy coats, ornamented manes and tails and tremendous, docile, strength; sheep and swine, with the fleece and meat-bearing qualities that only pure blood-lines and skilful care can produce; samples of hay, grain, carcasses, wool—all those fine fat things that grow close to the soil.

Then the milling crowds come from the city as well as the country. They flock through the passages between the rows of Herefords, Aberdeen Angus, Shorthorns; and past the rumps of the Percherons, Belgians, Suffolks, Clydesdales, and Shires standing in their stalls, and the pens of Shropshires, Southdowns, Chester Whites, Berkshires and all the rest.

They fill the seats of the great

Amphitheatre to overflowing (you have to apply days in advance to get seats for the matinee and evening "shows") and cheer at the very excellent light horse show; the parades of draft horse hitches entered by some of the big packing houses and breweries; the sheep shearing contest; the sheep herding contest in which a little mongrel Collie, with intelligence all out of proportion to his looks, is the star; the parade of champions; and last and most important of all the judging of the animals.

Those who came to the fortieth anniversary of the International this last December (and so many people came that they set a new high for attendance) saw the amphitheatre and its surrounding barns and pens full to overflowing. It didn't seem possible that so much as a single shoat could have been crammed in anywhere, and as a matter of fact it probably couldn't have been.

There were 13,322 animals representing 30 breeds on exhibition, from 34 states and three Canadian provinces; 1701 more animals than last year, and last year's show was a big one! And to give you an idea of their quality the breed associations were asked to be sure that only their best animals were entered—no place for seconds here!

Of all the things to be seen at the International the draft horses are probably the most popular. Even people who don't know the fine points, or for that matter the difference between the breeds, seem to thrill to their symmetry and strength of bone and muscle; their majestic bearing and the sure, even, graceful, way they pick up and put down their great feet when walking and trotting.

Whether thundering around the ring in one of the six-horse hitches or going through their paces in competition the draft horses are a sure-fire attraction.

In numbers, the draft breeds were about the same as last year—a few less actually—but they more than made up in average quality what they lacked in quantity. This seemed to be particularly true of the mares. They appeared to be better than the



BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

stallions right through the breeds. There was a good demand for mares too, most of the buyers coming from the East.

The Percheron people had the biggest show of all, a total of 166 stallions and mares, 23 of which had previously been grand champions at other shows. The 47 exhibitors came from 10 states, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The accent on mares was probably more pronounced in the Percherons than in any of the others. Indeed, some said it was the best mare show that the breed has had in twenty years and one of the best they have ever had from the standpoint of breed improvement.

So, needless to say Julie, the almost-white mare that topped the aged mare class and went on to win the grand championship for Conner's Prairie Farm is pretty close to the perfect Percheron type. She is a good mover and has among her many attributes a low-set, deep body, good bone and feet. She is also a broodmare, having produced a colt this last year.

The grand champion Percheron stallion was Nesus from the four-year-old class, shown by Fairholme Farms, Lewisville, Indiana.

Incidentally he is the first imported Percheron stallion to go to the top at the International since 1922. Nesus was selected in France by David P. Haxton, manager of Fairholme Farms.

Hesitation Leon, last year's grand champion, was reserve and champion American-bred. He was exhibited by Ohio State University and sold to Frank B. Foster, Montcalm Farms, Phoenixville, Pa., at the show.

While there weren't as many Belgians this year as there were last the quality was as good or even better and the stallions averaged as high as the mares. The aged stallion class was one of the outstanding features of the Belgian show. Of its seven head five were as good as any you've ever seen.

Good old Jay Farceur, the 1938 winner, did it again in '39; he is owned by H. C. Horneman of Danville, Illinois.

The aged mare class was a good one too. It was won by Sugar Grove Farm's Aida de Bierbeek, the grand champion mare. Aida de Bierbeek was also grand champion at the International in 1937.

In '38, you may recall, the Suffolks had a tremendous increase at the International and they held their own this year. These compact clean-cut sorrels have a lot to recommend them. They are on the small side but easy keepers and a "lot of horse." You will hear a lot more from this breed as time goes on.

The leading winners in the breed were Hawthorn Farm, Libertyville, Ill.; L. B. Wescott, Clinton, New Jersey; Donegal Farm, Phelps, N. Y.; and Pine Tree Farm, McHenry, Ill. Hawthorn Farms' Two Knocks Commandant was junior and grand champion stallion.

The Clydesdales had their best show in many years, with an increase in numbers and a definite jump in quality. On the other hand, the Shire show was unfortunately the smallest the International has ever seen, though it produced a few good animals.

The International Ampitheatre is on the edge of the Stock Yards with "Packingtown" over beyond. So, situated as it is in the midst of the meat packing capital of the country, it is no wonder that meat-producing animals should be the principal interest of many of the people who come here, nor is it surprising that beef cattle should be the most important feature of the show. Beef is king in this country.

Indeed, you'll see no dairy cattle at an International, with the exception of Milking Shorthorns.

The cattle show was one of the best in years. There was the biggest entry in the history of the show, and the (Continued on page 66)



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THE show condition, or rather lack of show condition, of many dogs examined recently at a number of widely distributed shows suggests a discussion of this subject with the object of explaining to exhibitors—particularly to novice fanciers—just what constitutes correct show condition, how their dogs may be improved and thereby their chances of winning enhanced, what to guard against in entering dogs in competition.

In the first place, I found that in the East, dogs were usually in better show form and more cleverly handled to appear at their best than in the West or South. This is easily understandable, as in the East there are more shows within a limited area and more experienced professional handlers who know just how to put their charges down in the pink and show them to the greatest possible advantage.

However, of recent years, due to the ever increasing number of shows, the more extensive traveling of exhibitors and entries and the greater number of professional handlers everywhere there has been a vast improvement in the condition and handling of dogs all over the country, particularly the West and South.

Let us consider some of the more prevalent failings, those which may be readily remedied with time and care so that a dog's appearance may be materially improved and his chances of success increased.

For years I have found that probably the most frequent and flagrant offense against correct show condition, one which impairs a dog in his daily life, is bad feet condition due to an utter disregard of toe-nail care. Nothing tends to ruin a dog's feet faster.

Certainly, no human with any re-

gard for personal appearance and comfort would allow his or her nails to grow indefinitely! Yet some of the most fastidious people show their dogs without ever having given any attention to the toe nails, even when in other respects the dogs are in fine form.

In many instances this disregard of toe-nail care is merely an oversight, which I learned from questioning many exhibitors in the ring and cautioning them. But too many exhibitors are prone to overlook the fact that dogs kept under confined kennel or home conditions have no opportunity to wear down their nails naturally and must have them manicured artificially, whereas dogs allowed full freedom or in their original wild state need no such aid.

Under the usual kennel or home conditions, uncared for toe nails will soon grow to an overlength resembling the talons of a bird of prey. They are not only unsightly but hamper a dog's action, are apt to curve inward and chafe or pierce the pads and are a chief cause of splay feet, thin pads, sunken pasterns and other feet faults which may seriously handicap a dog in competition with other good footed ones of no better general type.

At the recent shows there were a number of instances where this very thing occurred. On a number of occasions slightly less typical dogs were placed over others solely because of better feet and naturally sounder and freer action. So, attention is specifically directed to the correct care of dog's feet.

This may seem a small matter but it also may mean the difference between a best of breed and a best of winners, a winner or a reserve winner, a blue or a red ribbon and so on. Careful attention to all such



The celebrated miniature Schnauzer, Ch. Minquas Marko from the Narcrest Kennels, Teaneck, N. J., 18 times Best of Breed in 1939



## BY VINTON P. BREESE

seemingly minor details when considered collectively will mean a considerable improvement in the all-round merit of the dog and may swing the balance in his favor against a superior but carelessly conditioned animal.

As a general rule, professional handlers keep their charges' toe nails manicured down even with the pads by the use of clippers, nail file and emery board. This requires no special knowledge or dexterity and the novice exhibitor, with a little practice, can do quite as creditable a job.

As in many other things a sound start means more than a fast finish. Therefore this care of the toe nails should begin during puppyhood when the points of the needle-sharp nails should be taken off with clippers and the growth kept under control with nail file or emery board.

**I**F this procedure is regularly adhered to it will not only keep back the quick and insure better formed feet, pasterns, front and freer action, but the growing youngster will become quite used to the operation and accept it gracefully.

All dogs are especially sensitive about their feet and a mature animal which has never had any manicuring done is apt to resent it strenuously. Then, the only procedure, if the nails are overgrown, is to truss the jaws together with a wide gauze bandage muzzle tied under, then backward and upward around the neck and do the job properly.

Use regular dog nail clippers, of which there are several very good ones upon the market, but be careful not to clip back to the quick so that the nails bleed. Rather than a single clipping it is preferable to do several with a couple of weeks' time intervening. This will gradually drive back the quick and cause the dog no discomfort. After clipping smooth off the nails with a file or emery board.

In bygone years, when it was customary to cover show ring floors with two or three inches of saw dust, overgrown toe nails and defective feet were quite apt to go unnoticed, except by the most exacting judges. But nowadays when bare floors, some sort of fiber matting or other fairly smooth coverings are being used they cannot pass muster.

Usually less feet faults are to be found among the terriers and other sporting breeds while such are quite prevalent in some of the non-sporting breeds—especially so in the toys. The latter are exhibited chiefly by ladies who seem to be averse to causing their pets any discomfort by clipping their nails; consequently the feet become splayed and the pasterns and front defective. This is particularly true of the Pekingese, although it is usually fairly well hidden by the heavy coat, also of Toy Manchester Terriers and Chihuahuas.

At a recent show an intensely typical Pekingese, save for faulty feet and front caused chiefly by lack of care to the toe nails, managed to go through to best of breed only because his closest competitors were similarly defective and slightly less typical. This, of course, made him eligible to compete in the toy group. However, despite his intense type and profuse coat, which, with a sound front and gait might have carried him to the top, these faults forced the writer to place him fourth below three other sound, good-going dogs of no better type.

An amusing instance is recalled of a lady exhibiting a tiny Chihuahua with badly malformed front, pasterns, feet, and talon-like nails so extremely long that it was hardly able to walk. I advised her that all of this was not quite the thing in the show ring and probably would not have occurred had the nails been kept properly clipped.

She rather condescendingly informed me that my knowledge of Chihuahuas was next to nil, that in Mexico where the breed originated these dogs were not supposed to walk and that the nails were left purposely long so that they could climb trees. Learning of this arboreal accomplishment formed the germ of an idea that Chihuahuas might be crossed with Coonhounds so that the resulting progeny could trail the quarry on up into a tree and save the hunter the burden of carrying a gun!

Discussing toe nails in connection with toys is remindful of teeth as, like the former, the latter are usually found to be more faulty in the miniatures than in any of the larger breeds. This may be attributed chiefly to neglect in removing the puppy teeth before the second teeth are well grown, thereby causing the latter to assume an irregular formation.

Of course the dentition in toys is of comparatively minor importance to that of terriers and other larger breeds, which must depend solely upon their mouths as weapons of offense and defense, but nevertheless it is of some importance. In the larger breeds the feeding of harder foods, gnawing on bones *et cetera* at an early age serves to shed these puppy teeth before the second teeth appear but the usually pampered toys, fed on soft food and with little opportunity or inclination to gnaw, carry their puppy teeth until impacted by the second growth.

It is a fairly easy matter gradually to loosen and remove these puppy teeth with the fingers when the second teeth begin to appear.

Before departing from the toys, because it is more in connection with this group and occasionally with Boston Terriers and a few other breeds of a pet or house type that the infraction of show ring etiquette oc-



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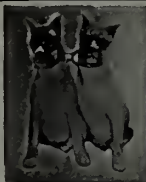
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curs, a word should be said in con-  
demnation of the use of dog harness.  
Neither in the show ring, on the  
street nor at any other time should  
harness be used for various reasons.

Primarily among these is that the  
fulcrum or point of purchase of the  
leash to the harness is just back of  
the withers or top of the shoulder  
blades, allowing the dog to spin  
around at will, thus affording the  
owner little opportunity to control  
direction. With a collar or slip leash  
around the neck well forward of the  
shoulders it is almost as easy to guide  
the animal as a horse with bit and  
reins.

Harness on growing dogs is apt to  
pull out and loosen the shoulders, in  
long coated dogs to wear off or mat  
the hair, in the show ring to detract  
from the symmetry and general ap-  
pearance of the animal, difficult to  
remove when so requested by the  
judge and altogether a useless and  
cumbersome accoutrement.

For ordinary use on the street  
plain, single piece, leather collars  
and leashes of light weight consistent  
with strength are the most practical  
(collar from one-half to one inch and  
leash from one-quarter to one-half  
inch in width proportionately for  
breeds ranging from the small terriers  
to the large hounds, bird and work-  
ing dogs) and serve to enhance the  
appearance of the animal. Fancy  
studded and stitched gee-gaw effects  
detract and are usually lacking in  
strength and wearing qualities.

For the show ring when the dog  
is loosed from his collar and bench  
chain, a quarter inch hand-made,  
raw-hide, slip leash is recommended  
as it can be easily slipped on and  
off, will stand a pull of over a hun-  
dred pounds and the unused length  
can be gathered together in the lead  
hand. Most of the professional han-  
dlers of terriers never use anything  
else, likewise several prominent han-  
dlers of bird dogs. At two recent  
shows where I judged, several Great  
Danes were brought into the ring  
under the same control.

The foregoing covers several im-  
portant points in the conditioning  
and handling of dogs in and out of  
the show ring which with a little  
practice can be accomplished by the  
merest novice. Further information  
on the more intricate phases of this  
subject will appear in future issues  
of this publication.

## FIELD TRIAL STARS

(Continued from page 36)

been able to compete in all the Re-  
triever trials, he might well have  
given the big red dog a run for his  
money.

F. T. Ch. Blind of Arden, the  
grand old campaigner owned by  
Averell Harriman, of Arden, N. Y.,  
and handled by Tom Briggs, might  
have been another to make a close  
bid for glory had he been allowed to  
compete throughout the full circuit.  
However, Blind of Arden's record  
speaks for itself.

His placings this autumn, in the  
few trials he ran in, have been: first  
in the Amateur Stake and second

in the Open All-Age at the Labrador  
Retriever Club Trial; second at  
Charles Lawrence's unique trial,  
where Retrievers worked as Spaniels;  
first in the Open All-Age at the Long  
Island Retriever Club trial.

Next there is Meadow Farm Night,  
owned by Charles Lawrence, of East  
Islip, N. Y., and handled by me. Here  
is a dog who is capable of great  
things—but he seemed a double-  
crosser this autumn. He held the  
trump card at three different trials—  
right up to the last bird in the final  
test. Upon reaching this point he  
simply blew up—there are no other  
words for it—and for no apparent  
reason.

Night won the Open All-Age at the  
Wisconsin trial, he was second in the  
Open All-Age at Rolling Rock, and  
fourth in the Open All-Age at the  
Woman's Field Trial Club.

I must not forget to mention Ves-  
tal's Norge, and F. T. Ch. Shagwong  
Gipsy. Norge is a Labrador Re-  
triever owned by H. D. Vestal, of  
Minneapolis, Minnesota, and was  
handled by me throughout the au-  
tumn. Here is a dog of great possi-  
bilities. He is fast and keen in his  
work, and is also an A 1 marker. His  
extreme keenness has handicapped  
him, for he has a tendency to break  
shot. This dog, when steady, I believe  
will go far. Gipsy is a Chesapeake  
Bay Retriever, owned and handled by  
E. Monroe Osborne, of Amaganssett,  
a very consistent worker who usually  
places in whichever trials she runs in.

The 1939 field trials have now  
passed into the records. Field Trial  
Champions have been made and are  
in the making. Winning dogs of  
1939, watch out for the dogs of  
1940!

## LIVESTOCK

(Continued from page 63)

best lot of steers ever seen at  
an International. According to W.  
J. Kennedy of the "Chicago Daily  
Drovers Journal," there were at least  
12 steers in this show as good as, or  
perhaps better than, fifty per cent. of  
those that have been grand champions  
at the International during the past  
39 years.

The Texas Hereford, Lucky Boy  
2nd, fed and exhibited by 18-year-  
old Mayfield Kothmann of Mason  
went to the top of the steer show.  
He came up from the 1,150 and un-  
der 1,400 lbs. class, weighing 1,240,  
and is the first grand champion at  
this show to weigh over 1,200 pounds  
since 1933.

George Gordon-Davis, of Buenos  
Aires, Argentina, who judged this  
class, said afterwards that he was the  
best steer he had ever seen. Lucky  
Boy was bought for \$1.35 per pound,  
an unusually low price for a grand  
champion steer. Last year's champion  
went for \$3.35.

Though all the beef breeds made an  
unusually good showing the greatest  
improvement of all was in the Here-  
fords. In the first place there was a  
95 per cent. increase in entries over  
1938. Four hundred breeding cattle  
from 16 states were on exhibition,  
and numbers wasn't their only strong  
point. Tremendous progress was

shown in uniformity of type and ex-  
cellence of quality. Indeed, it was  
said that there were more top speci-  
mens in this show than in any three  
previous Internationals.

The grand champion Hereford bull  
was Gorden Rupert 3,000,000, shown  
by Turner Hereford Ranch, Sulphur,  
Oklahoma. This bull, under the name  
T. Prince Rupert 45th, has been un-  
defeated in a class everywhere he has  
been shown this year. The champion  
Hereford female was Miss Silver  
shown by Silver Creek Farms, Ft.  
Worth, Texas.

The Aberdeen Angus show aver-  
aged better than ever before, from  
the standpoint of high average qual-  
ity, and was 25 per cent. above last  
year in numbers as well, but there  
was no outstanding individual as  
there was last year. The grand cham-  
pion bull was Envious Blackcap B.  
6th, shown by John and Elliott  
Brown, Rose Hill, Iowa.

The grand champion Angus female  
was Black Cap Bessie 23rd of Page,  
shown by Otto G. Nobis, Wilton  
Farms, Davenport, Iowa; she was  
senior and grand champion wherever  
shown this last year. The grand  
champion steer was Ohio's Type  
(1,150 and under 1,400) topping the  
best heavyweight steer class ever seen  
at the National to get to the cham-  
pionship.

There was also a lot of quality and  
finish in the Shorthorn classes and  
these too showed a lot of improve-  
ment over other years, with 17 per  
cent. more entries. The grand cham-  
pion bull was Shiek of Leveldale  
shown by Mathe Brothers, Mason  
City, Ill., a grand champion wherever  
shown. The best female was Miles of  
View Secret owned by George B.  
Longan, Miles of View Farms, Ken-  
neth, Kansas, and the top steer was  
Sunrise Browndale (875 and under  
1,000 pounds) shown by the Univer-  
sity of Wyoming.

## PUERTO RICO

(Continued from page 25)

theory that temperature and geog-  
raphy are twins by building his  
country estate in the mountains at  
Caparra. Don Manuel calls upon the  
weather man to prove that the Puerto  
Rican countryside in summer—espe-  
cially in the mountains—is cooler  
than most northern climes.

The records show that the average  
daily temperature of the island the  
year 'round is 76° and Don Manuel,  
and others like him, assert that they  
sleep under blankets—even on sum-  
mer nights—at their mountain *fincas*.

The towns and cities of the island  
have a fascination for Don Manuel  
and his kind but the real charm of  
living in Puerto Rico is to be found  
in the country, he will tell you. On  
the *fincas* wealthy, and moderately  
wealthy islanders, take their leisure  
and enjoy horseback riding, mountain  
climbing, tennis and golf at nearby  
courses.

Beaches on the Atlantic and Carib-  
bean may be reached by short auto-  
mobile rides and many estates boast  
swimming pools high in the moun-  
tains. Informal cockfights—chief



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sport of the island's peons—are held almost daily at most *fincas* and at night it is easy to recruit a rumba band from among the peons or go by car to night clubs in San Juan, Ponce or Mayaguez.

A fiesta at a Puerto Rican *fincas* calls for the island's favorite dish *lechón asado* (roast pig), prepared on a spit over a charcoal fire. Guests at a fiesta are sometimes transported to the nearby beaches, where the feast is usually held, on small narrow-gauge railroads which are maintained on most estates to haul sugar cane and other products.

FOR Puerto Rican *fincas* are generally utilitarian as well as decorative. Sugar cane, orange and grapefruit groves, coffee and similar products are usually raised on the *fincas*. For fiestas the plantation house, and even the tiny train, are decorated with palm leaves and vari-colored lights. A swim in the blue waters of the Caribbean or Atlantic comes before and after the feast.

*Fincas* differ widely according to the tastes or means of the owners. Many of them are pretentious buildings, usually in the Spanish style of country house, but many others are large, one-story frame dwellings with huge verandas and high-ceilinged, airy rooms—a favorite type of Spanish colonial architecture.

Former Gov. Blanton Winship, an ardent nature lover, encouraged the planting of flowers along the roads leading through the mountains where the *fincas* are situated. The road leading to Cayey, where the summer home of the island's governors is located, is a thing of beauty especially in summer when the flame-colored flamboyant trees which arch it, are in bloom. Impressed by the spectacle an anonymous visitor once paraphrased Kipling to praise this highway as follows:

*"Over Puerto Rico's mountains where the world is all ablaze,  
With the glories of the tropics,  
framed in fleecy, floating haze,  
There's a twisting, twining roadway,  
and it's there that I would stay,  
Riding on through sunlit splendors  
from Guayama to Cayey.  
'On the Road to Mandalay' is a well-known Kipling lay,  
By the man who knows just how to tell the thing he has to say,  
But the road to Mandalay wouldn't coax you out that way,  
If you've ever made the journey  
from Guayama to Cayey."*

## FURNITURE

(Continued from page 27)

block front chests and desks. JOHN GILLINGHAM (1735-1791) was a Philadelphia chair maker of renown, who created the Gillingham chairs with trefoil backs.

SAMUEL MCINTYRE (1757-1815) was an architect, designer and wood carver of great ability. His most noted work is now in the Peabody House of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

THOMAS AFLECK (1763-1795) was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland. He

was a leader in the Philadelphia clique and furnished Congress Hall in mahogany.

BENJAMIN RANDOLPH (—1792) was a Philadelphian, who ranked with the best. He created the mahogany chair (Fig. 16) that recently was sold at auction for \$33,000.

DUNCAN PHYFE (1768-1854) was born in Scotland, came to America in 1784, and to New York about 1790. From 1800 to 1825 he was the foremost designer and builder of furniture in America. After the latter date, because of a changing public taste, he produced very little of merit. Of his work, that displaying the French Empire influence (Fig. 22) was his best. His finest furniture shows a beautiful balance and excellent construction. He used the lyre and brass ferrules, acanthus leaves and Pompeian designs for decoration, with sweeping outward curves (Fig. 22) on the carved chair and table legs. He undoubtedly was the most original of all the early American furniture designers and builders.

Perhaps the less said the better about the furniture of the period from 1830 to the end of the first decade of the 20th Century. America was too busy consolidating and expanding the nation to give much thought to art. England, and Europe generally, were occupied with other things. Such good furniture as was produced in that period, followed earlier patterns and very little original design was brought out.

The typical furniture of the time was substantial but not beautiful. This period witnessed the Victorian era, the Empire revival, Mission, English arts and crafts, and Golden Oak. None of them has left a lasting mark on furniture design.

About twenty years ago, a new trend in architecture appeared, in which classical lines and ornamentation gave way to sheer surfaces, with little or no embellishment. As usual, furniture designs of corresponding character promptly made their appearance, many of them bizarre and without meaning. However, out of it a new style is slowly being developed (Fig. 23), the best of which has charm and is possibly the first real contribution to the art of furniture design in a century. Undoubtedly, this new style will live and take its place among historic designs, when some mechanical difficulties have been overcome and it has been in existence long enough to be stabilized. Two commendable things it is accomplishing:—first, an abandonment of the muddy stains and finishes of the preceding period; second, the bringing out of a flood of new, light-colored, figured, fine veneers, that could have no place in the somber Victorian furniture.

The modern furniture so far produced, as a rule, does not complement classical settings. On the other hand, historic furniture patterns glow in a modern interior, like a gem in its setting. These facts it would seem must work against general acceptance of modern designs for some time to come.

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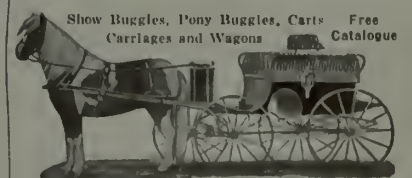
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# The Young Sportsman

Now that cold weather is here. Every young sportsman who lives or goes to school in the country should realize that the welfare of the wild birds and animals is his or her personal responsibility.

Most of the animals are pretty well able to take care of themselves, though they have a pretty lean time of it when there is deep snow for a long time.

But some of the birds, especially the ground feeding birds that do not migrate, such as pheasants and quail, may have to depend on you to keep them from starving to death when there is snow and ice. All the birds will appreciate a free lunch whether there is snow or not.

It's very easy to make a few feeding stations, and once the birds find them you will have regular customers. You will be surprised how many there will be, and what a variety!

In the next column are a few questions you should be able to answer before you start feeding the birds that winter.

THE Story Contest is over and Sarah Bullard has her pony. Would you all wish COUNTRY LIFE to have another story contest and, if so, what would you want the prize to be? Write and tell us, for only if great interest is shown will we undertake this.

The January prize of \$5 goes to Larry McCollister for his story, "Susie, the Donkey." Larry is one of the very few who can tell a story without using unnecessary words, and by the very simplicity of his style of writing his story is crystal clear, a pleasure to read.

A silver dollar goes to every other person whose work appears on this page. Try for one yourself and you may win the \$5 prize. Subjects suggested are "My Hobby," "Why I Like to Live in the Country," "Feeding Birds in Winter."

Remember. Contributors have to be under 18 and all contributions must bear your name, address, age and the signature of parent, guardian or teacher that it is your own original work.

## THE POSTMAN'S ESCAPE

I HAD never thought of the matter before, but now as I come to think of it I guess all postmen are timid. At least the new one that delivers mail in our neighborhood is. But maybe it is because I met him on such a queer experience that he seems that way.

It happens that my horse is a great pet. He is just like a dog and follows me all around even though I have only had him a year. He is so tame that one time I got him to come into the house, but unfortunately mother was not in the mood for any visitors so she chased him out.

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER?

1. Should you scatter food on top of the snow, or clear a place down to the ground?
2. In constructing a shelter for feeding birds, should it have only one opening on the sheltered side or should it be open on at least two sides?
3. If you were going to feed quail or other game birds would you choose the middle of a field or make your feeding station close to dense evergreens or other cover?
4. Is it necessary to feed the birds when there is no snow on the ground?
5. What would be a good way to attract ground feeding birds to your feeding station?
6. What should your shelter be made of?
7. When the ground is covered with ice and snow some people scatter coarse sand or gravel about with the food; is this done to keep the birds from slipping on the icy surface?
8. What would you feed the birds?
9. Would it be best to have only one shelter or several?
10. How often would you have to visit your feeding stations?

Answers will be found on page 12

We have just enough room to keep him right in back of our house, but as there is nothing for him to graze on we turn him loose down in the vacant lot below and let him eat the grass.

We didn't tie or even hobble him, he always stayed right there, until one day I had no more oats for him and so I had taken him down to the lot to let him eat grass.

That very morning the postman started his first day on his new route. The other postman never cut across the lot but always went around it, but this new postman was going to make things easier and just as I happened to look out of our window he started to cut across the lot in which Dusty, my horse, was eating and thinking of the oats he should have had for breakfast.

Now everyone knows that the sack that is on the postman's back is full of letters and etc., but Dusty did not know this. He was very sure that the sack contained his breakfast of oats and so he was determined not to let this strange man get away with his breakfast, so as the mailman started to walk past Dusty, my horse started to follow him, keeping about six or eight feet behind.

I was watching all this from the window, but I thought that Dusty would get discouraged and give up the thought that the man had his oats, but this was not the case. Even when the postman stepped into the street and went over to a mail box Dusty still followed him. Now so close that he could look into the postman's sack, which is exactly what he did, but even after he had peered into the sack he was still not convinced that it did not contain his breakfast of oats.

So as the postman started up the street Dusty started also, now right behind the postman's heels. All this time the postman gave quick looks behind him, and looked as if he didn't quite know what was going on. Then when they, Dusty and the mailman, had gone about a block more, I finally stopped laughing and ran out of the door and down the hill to get Dusty.

When I got down to them the postman was practically running and Dusty was patiently trotting behind. I apologized to the mailman and said that Dusty thought he had oats in the bag and the mail man tried to smile and said something like "Yes" and hurried on.



Woodcuts made by William C. Steinkrous, Westport, Conn.; aged 13

I guess mail men don't like dogs to chase them, not even a little Pekinese. but when a horse chases them up the street they don't know what the world is coming to.

Often when I am riding I see the mail man and Dusty puts back his ears and looks very mad as if to say, "There's the man that got away with my breakfast," and I try to keep from bursting out laughing and murmur a very polite "Hello" and the post man replies very quickly, "Hello", and hurries on, stopping only to pet the largest and most ferocious dog in the neighborhood.

I imagine he tells the rest of the post men that dogs aren't any thing to be afraid of, but when a horse starts to chase you, . . . WOW!

CAROL CAMPBELL, Aged 13,  
Paso Robles, Cal.

## SUSIE, THE DONKEY

THERE was a man named Fred Smith who had a donkey. He lived in Columbia, South Carolina, where the cotton grows. His donkey was Susie, a wise old girl.

One day when Mr. Smith was taking his cotton to the markets, they came to a railroad crossing. Susie was doing all right until then. She got a notion in her head to stop and she did right in the middle of the track.

Mr. Smith started to get her up when he heard a train whistle. That made him hurry all the faster. He tried with all his might but couldn't budge her. He almost went crazy. Susie was calm. She just sat there with her long ears back.

Mr. Smith tried again, but didn't get her up. The train was getting near. It was about one hundred feet away when Mr. Smith shouted to the driver. But he couldn't hear. The train ran into the cart and smashed it all to pieces. It left Susie sitting there without any cart. Mr. Smith went to get her up. But he didn't need to help her as she was already raising herself.

Mr. Smith had to ride old Susie home and she didn't like it. The railroad was about two miles from home and it took them forever to get home, as Susie would stop and sit down. When the house was in sight she moved very quickly and made a dash for the barn.

Mr. Smith gave her oats and hay. He decided he wasn't going to have a balky donkey. He got a board, nails, and a pot of red paint. He went out to the old oak by the highway, hammered up the board, and dipped in the paint. "Mule for sale cheap" is what we saw as we went by the next day.

We bought Susie. If you pass our place, sometime, you will see an old white donkey lazily chewing grass in the paddock.

LARRY MCCOLLISTER, Aged 13,  
Painesville, Ohio.



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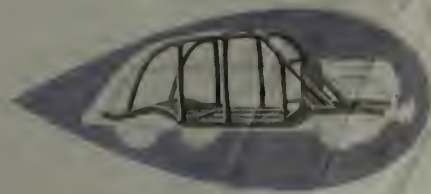
Windshield and windows, which contain 500 additional square inches of glass. Luggage compartment in the Sedan is 30% larger.

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At left: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams — from a near-by farm — a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

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Q. “And Luckies get this better tobacco?”

MR. H: “Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did.”

Q. “That’s a strong statement.”

MR. H: “Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that’s why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that’s why I’ve smoked them myself for 21 years.”

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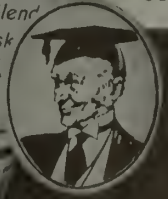
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- To March 2 HIALEAH PARK, Fla.
- To March 3 HAVANA, Cuba.
- Mar. 4-Apr. 10 TROPICAL PARK, Fla.
- To March 9 SANTA ANITA PARK, Cal.
- Mar. 18-Apr. 22 SAN BRUNO, Cal.
- April 1-13 BOWIE, Md.
- April 15-27 HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.
- Apr. 27-May 25 AURORA, Ill.
- Apr. 29-May 11 PIMLICO, Md.

**HUNT RACING**

- March 16 SANDHILLS, Southern Pines, N. C.
- March 23 AIKEN MILE TRACK, Aiken, S. C.
- March 30 CAROLINA CUP, Camden, S. C.
- April 6 DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB, Richmond, Va.
- April 13 MIDDLEBURG HUNT RACE ASSN., Middleburg, Va.
- April 13 MY LADY'S MANOR POINT, Monkton, Md.
- April 20 GRAND NATIONAL POINT TO POINT, Hereford, Md.
- April 27 MARYLAND HUNT CUP ASSOCIATION, Glyndon, Md.

**HORSE SHOWS**

- Feb. 2 and 22 METROPOLITAN EQUESTRIAN CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 24 VIRGINIANS, Camden, South Carolina.
- Feb. 17 KIMBERLY AMATEUR, West Orange, N. J.
- Feb. 16-17 110 FIELD ARTILLERY, Pikesville, Md.
- March 26-27 SANDHILLS, Pinehurst, N. C.
- March 29 METROPOLITAN EQUESTRIAN CLUB, New York.
- March 30 WALL STREET RIDING CLUB, New York.
- April 6 BOUND HILL, Greenwich, Conn.
- April 17-18 EASTON, Rocky Mount, N. C.
- April 19-20 HAMPTON, Va.
- April 26-27 LYNCHBURG JUNIOR LEAGUE, Lynchburg, Va.

**INDOOR POLO**

**Senior Indoor Metropolitan Polo League Games**

- Feb. 2 ROVEBS VS. PEGASUS, Pegasus, N. J.
- Feb. 3 N. Y. A. C. VS. WINMONT FARMS, Squadron A Armory, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 9 PEGASUS VS. N. Y. A. C., Pegasus, N. J.
- Feb. 10 ROVERS VS. SQUADRON A, Squadron A Armory, N. Y. C.

**Junior Metropolitan Indoor Polo League Games**

- Feb. 3 RAMAPO B VS. SQUADRON A BLUES, Squadron A Armory, N. Y. C.
- HEMPSTEAD A VS. SQUADRON C BLUES, Squadron C, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- SQUADRON A YELLOWS VS. ESSEX TROOP, Essex Troop, Newark, N. J.
- GOVERNORS ISLAND VS. RAMAPO A, Ramapo, Tallman's, N. Y.
- WEST ORANGE VS. HEMPSTEAD B, Aylesworth's Riding Academy, N.Y.C.
- PEGASUS VS. SQUADRON C YELLOWS, West Orange, N. J.
- HEMPSTEAD B VS. SQUADRON A YELLOWS, Squadron A Armory, N.Y.C.
- ESSEX TROOP VS. SQUADRON C YELLOWS, Squadron C, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- RAMAPO A VS. SQUADRON C BLUES, Essex Troop, Newark, N. J.
- GOVERNORS ISLAND VS. RAMAPO B, Ramapo, Tallman's, N. Y.
- HEMPSTEAD A VS. SQUADRON A BLUES, Aylesworth's Riding Academy, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 11 PEGASUS VS. WEST ORANGE, West Orange, N. J.
- Feb. 17 PEGASUS VS. SQUADRON A BLUES, Squadron A Armory, N. Y. C.
- WEST ORANGE VS. SQUADRON C BLUES, Squadron C Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- GOVERNORS ISLAND VS. ESSEX TROOP, Essex Troop, Newark, N. J.
- HEMPSTEAD A VS. RAMAPO A, Ramapo, Tallman's, N. Y.
- HEMPSTEAD B VS. SQUADRON C YELLOWS
- RAMAPO VS. SQUADRON A YELLOWS, West Orange, N. J.
- HEMPSTEAD A VS. SQUADRON A YELLOWS, Squadron A Armory, N.Y.C.
- SQUADRON C BLUES VS. SQUADRON C YELLOWS, Squadron C Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- PEGASUS VS. ESSEX TROOP, Essex Troop, Newark, N. J.
- RAMAPO B VS. RAMAPO A, Ramapo, Tallman's, N. Y.
- HEMPSTEAD B VS. SQUADRON A BLUES, Aylesworth's Riding Academy, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 25 GOVERNORS ISLAND VS. WEST ORANGE, West Orange, N. J.

**DOG SHOWS**

- Feb. 2-3 MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB, Baltimore Md.
- Feb. 10-11 PASADENA KENNEL CLUB, Pasadena, Cal.
- Feb. 11 AIREDALE TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 11 AMERICAN POMERANIAN CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 11 AMERICAN SEALYHAM TERRIER CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 11 BEDLINGTON TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 BOSTON TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 BULL TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 CAIRN TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 IRISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 SCOTTISH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 UNITED STATES KERRY BLUE TERRIER CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 11 WELSH TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA, New York.
- Feb. 11 WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, New York.
- Feb. 17 ELM CITY KENNEL CLUB, New Haven, Conn.
- Feb. 17 GREATER EASTERN INDIANA KENNEL CLUB, Richmond, Ind.
- Feb. 18 MUNCIE KENNEL CLUB, Muncie, Ind.
- Feb. 18 EASTERN DOG CLUB, Boston, Mass.
- Feb. 21 TENNESSEE VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Rochester, N. Y.
- Feb. 21 SOUTHERN TIER KENNEL CLUB, Elmira, N. Y.
- Feb. 24-25 KENNEL CLUB OF BUFFALO, N. Y.
- Feb. 25 SAN BEBNAARDINO VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, San Bernardino, Cal.
- March 1 GENESEE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Flint, Mich.
- March 2-3 DETROIT KENNEL CLUB, Detroit, Mich.
- March 5-6 MCKINLEY KENNEL CLUB, Canton, Ohio.
- March 7-8 WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA KENNEL ASSN., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- March 9 PROVIDENCE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Providence, R. I.
- March 9-10 OAKLAND KENNEL CLUB, Oakland, Cal.
- March 9-10 WESTERN RESERVE KENNEL CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio.
- March 11-12 AKRON KENNEL CLUB, Akron, Ohio.
- March 14-15 DAYTON KENNEL CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
- March 16 KENNEL CLUB OF ATLANTIC CITY, Atlantic City, N. J.
- March 16 MANCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Manchester, N. H.
- March 16-17 CINCINNATI KENNEL CLUB, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- March 17 TUCSON KENNEL CLUB, Tucson, Ariz.
- March 20-21 APPALACHIAN KENNEL CLUB, Kingsport, Tenn.
- March 20-21 RIO GRANDE KENNEL CLUB, Albuquerque, New Mex.
- March 22-23 PORTLAND KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Oregon.
- March 23 ASHEVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Asheville, N. C.
- March 23-24 EL PASO KENNEL CLUB, El Paso, Tex.
- March 23-24 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.
- March 23-24 SANTA ANITA KENNEL CLUB, Arcadia, Cal.

(Continued on page 6)

*It's an  
advantage  
to know*

DRINKS NEVER  
TASTE THIN  
WITH  
GORDON'S GIN



*and an  
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remember*

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THE ADVANTAGE  
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AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY . . . SINCE 1870

**CALENDAR** (Continued from page 5)

- March 25-26 TENNESSEE VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Knoxville, Tenn.
- March 26-27 COLORADO KENNEL CLUB, Denver, Colo.
- March 27-28 CHATTANOOGA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- March 29-30 ATLANTA KENNEL CLUB, Atlanta, Ga.
- March 30-31 INTERNATIONAL KENNEL CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
- April 1-2 NEW MEXICO KENNEL CLUB, Sante Fe, New Mex.
- April 4 GREENVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Greenville, S. C.
- April 6 COLUMBIA KENNEL CLUB, Columbia, S. C.
- April 6-7 SPRINGFIELD KENNEL CLUB, Springfield, Mass.
- April 8-9 TRI-CITY KENNEL CLUB, Rock Island, Ill.
- April 13 MACON KENNEL CLUB, Macon, Ga.
- April 13-14 KENNEL CLUB OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, Teaneck, N. J.
- April 14 TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB, Toledo, Ohio.
- April 16 UNION COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Elizabeth, N. J.
- April 20 MEMPHIS KENNEL CLUB, Memphis, Tenn.
- April 20 FIRST COMPANY GOVERNER'S FOOT GUARD, Hartford, Conn.
- April 21 UNIVERSITY KENNEL CLUB, Charlottesville, Va.
- April 21 RIVERSIDE KENNEL CLUB, Riverside, Cal.
- April 21 SAW MILL RIVER KENNEL CLUB, White Plains, N. Y.
- April 21 TRI-STATE KENNEL ASSN., Wheeling, W. Va.
- April 23-24 VIRGINIA KENNEL CLUB, Richmond, Va.
- April 25-26 NATIONAL CAPITAL KENNEL CLUB, Washington, D. C.
- April 27-28 MAHONING-SHENANGO KENNEL CLUB, Youngstown, Ohio.
- April 28 BALTIMORE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Pikesville, Md.

**FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVER)**

- March 28-30 AMERICAN CHESAPEAKE CLUB, Benton, Md.

**FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)**

- Feb. 3 MARION CONSERVATION CLUB, Ocala, Fla.
- Feb. 5 NATIONAL AMATEUR QUAIL CHAMPIONSHIPS, Sumter, South Carolina.
- Feb. 8 ASSOCIATED FIELD TRIAL CLUBS OF TEXAS.
- Feb. 10 WASHINGTON STATE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Tacoma, Wash.
- Feb. 12 UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Holly Springs, Miss.
- Feb. 16 CALIFORNIA QUAIL CHAMPIONSHIP, Bakersfield, Cal.
- Feb. 19 MEMPHIS AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Hernando, Miss.
- Feb. 19 SOUTHEASTERN STATES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP, Sumter, S. C.
- Feb. 24 OREGON FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Harrisburg, Ore.
- Feb. 26 NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL CHAMPIONSHIP ASSN., Grand Junction, Tenn.
- March 1 CUMBERLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Fort Bragg, N. C.
- March 3 OKLAHOMA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Fort Sill, Okla.
- March 16 GLOUCESTER COUNTY FISH AND GAME ASSN.
- March 16 JERSEY IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIAL DOG CLUB, Pemberton, N. J.
- March 18 SPOKANE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Spokane, Wash.
- March 22 VIRGINIA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Camp Lee, Va.
- March 23 ORIOLE FIELD DOG ASSN., Towson, Md.
- March 23 BABYLON HUNT CLUB, Babylon, L. I.
- March 23 KEYSTONE POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.
- March 25 KENTUCKY POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Fort Knox, Ky.
- March 28 NORTHERN INDIANA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Winamac, Ind.
- March 29 SOUTH JERSEY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Runnemede, N. J.
- March 30 SEWICKLEY KENNEL CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
- April 3 ENGLISH SETTER CLUB OF AMERICA, Medford, N. J.
- April 5 SUSSEX COUNTY SPORT AND CONSERVATION LEAGUE, Sparta, N. J.
- April 6 NEW BRITAIN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, New Britain, Conn.
- April 7 PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, NATIONAL GROUSE DOG CHAMPIONSHIP, Marienville, Pa.
- April 12 MID-JERSEY FIELD DOG CLUB, Clinton, New Jersey.
- April 14 EASTERN STATES BIRD DOG ASSN., Springfield, Mass.
- April 19 SOUTHERN NEW YORK FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Bedford Village, N. Y.
- April 20 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB.
- April 20 NORTHWEST FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Anoka, Minn.
- April 20 WALLINGFORD FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Meriden, Conn.
- April 27 IRISH SETTER CLUB OF AMERICA, Clinton, New Jersey.
- April 27 NORTHERN STATES AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Solon Springs, Wis.
- April 28 CENTRAL NEW YORK PHEASANT DOG ASSN., Lakeport, N. Y.

**OBEDIENCE TRIALS**

- Feb. 2-3 MARYLAND KENNEL CLUB, Baltimore, Md.
- Feb. 18-19 NEW ENGLAND DOG TRAINING CLUB, Boston, Mass.
- March 9-10 WESTERN RESERVE KENNEL CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio.
- April 13-14 TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB, Toledo, Ohio.

**FLOWER SHOWS**

- Feb. 1-2 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Cameilla Show, Boston, Mass.
- Feb. 4 NEW ORLEANS CARNIVAL AND GARDEN TOUR, New Orleans, La.
- Feb. 21 NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 23-25 ANNUAL TROPICAL FLOWER SHOW, Miami Beach, Fla.
- Feb. 28-Mar. 6 SOCIETY AMERICAN FLORISTS, Annual National Flower and Garden Show, Houston, Tex.
- March 2-23 PILGRIMAGE GARDEN CLUB, 9th Annual Pilgrimage, Natchez, Miss.
- March 3-10 SPRING FESTIVAL, New Orleans, La.
- March 7-10 WORCESTER HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Spring Show, Worcester, Mass.
- March 9-17 ANNUAL GREATER ST. LOUIS FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW, Mo.
- March 11-16 INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AND NEW YORK FLOWER CLUB, N. Y. C.
- March 11-16 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New England Spring Flower Show, Boston, Mass.
- March 11-16 PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Philadelphia Flower Show, Phila. Pa.
- March 16-31 WOODSIDE GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE, Woodside, Miss.
- March 23-31 MICHIGAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Detroit Spring Flower Show, Detroit, Mich.
- Mar. 24-Apr. 7 NATCHEZ GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE, Natchez, Miss.
- Mar. 30-Apr. 4 CHICAGO SPRING FLOWER SHOW, Chicago, Ill.
- April 25-26 HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AND WESTERN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Narcissus Show, N. Y. C.

**SKET Tournaments**

- Feb. 18 LOANTAKA SKET CLUB, Morristown, New Jersey.
- March 2-3 LOANTAKA SKET CLUB (Mid-Atlantic States Ch.), Morristown, N. J.
- March 17 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila P. I.
- April 27-28 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila P. I.
- April 27-28 MEADOW PARK GUN CLUB, Carlstadt, New Jersey.

**ART EXHIBITIONS**

- February: WORK FROM ART SCHOOL OF POLAND, Arnot Art Gallery, Elmira, N. Y.
- MIDWESTERN ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Kansas City Art Institute, Mo.
- JOHN WHORF WATER COLORS } Dayton Art Institute,
- LU DUBLE SCULPTURE } Dayton, Ohio
- TAOS GROUP FROM HARWOOD FOUNDATION } Dayton, Ohio
- ZEISS PHOTOGRAPHY }
- 100 PRINT SALON PHOTOGRAPHS, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- Feb. 1-14 ONE MAN SHOW BY FRANCESCO SPICUZZA, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- Feb. 1-15 PRINTS BY ROUALT, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.
- Feb. 1-25 WOOD WORK BY JAMES PRESTINI, Lake Forest Academy, Milwaukee.
- Feb. 1-29 NEVILLE PUBLIC MUSEUM, Green Bay, Wis.
- Feb. 1-29 IOWA ARTISTS, Iowa State University, Iowa City.
- Feb. 1-29 WATERCOLORS BY GEORGES SCHREIBER, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.

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**CALENDAR** (Continued from page 6)

- Feb. 1-29 PAINTINGS BY GRIEGORIEFF, Milwaukee Art Institute Milwaukee, Wis.
- To Feb. 2 THEODORE STRAWINSKY, Perls Galleries, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 2-15 MARGARITE ROSETTE BISHOP AND AARON SOPHER, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- Feb. 2-Mar. 1 PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY DAVID AND INGRES, Cincinnati Art Museum, Ohio.
- Feb. 3-24 CARVING IN WOOD, G. W. V. Smith Gallery, Springfield, Mass.
- To Feb. 1 EXHIBITION BY YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS, Uptown Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 WATERCOLORS AND GOUGHES BY PELLEW, ROSA, AND KLONIS, Contemporary Arts Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 LOAN EXHIBITION BY ALESSANDRO MAGNASCO, Durlacher Galleries, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 PAINTINGS BY GEORGE RENOUARD, Fifteen Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 WORKS OF FREDERIC TAUBES, Midtown Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 SCULPTURES BY ANITA WESCHLER, Robinson Galleries, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 WATER COLORS BY ROY VINCENT MACNICOLL, Newhouse Galleries, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 3 PAINTINGS AND MONOTYPES BY FEDERICO CANTU, Charles Morgan Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 4 PAINTINGS BY RAMOS MARTINES, RIVIERA DRAWINGS, MEXICAN LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ HENLE, SPANISH PAINTINGS BY WELLS M. SAWYER, VITOUSEC WATERCOLORS, PAINTINGS BY GEORGE YPHANTIS } Seattle Art Museum, Wash.
- Feb. 4-29 SCULPTURE BY CORNELIA VAN A. CHAPIN, Whyte Gallery, Wash., D. C.
- Feb. 4-18 ALL TEXAS SHOW, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
- Feb. 4-Mar. 2 MARGO ALLEN SCULPTURE, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- Feb. 4-Mar. 2 PRINTS FROM COLLECTION OF MRS. A. E. ZONNE, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- Feb. 4-25 THOMAS BENTON, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- Feb. 4-26 SOUTHERN STATES ART LEAGUE, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- To Feb. 5 JAPANESE PRINTS, Columbia University, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 5 ETCHINGS, AQUATINTS, LITHOGRAPHS, BY WILLIAM SHARP, PM Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 5 ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- Feb. 6-Mar. 7 MASTERPIECES OF ART FROM N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- Feb. 6-Mar. 1 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORK IN ALL MEDIUMS, Studio Club, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 7 DURER AND HIS PREDECESSORS, Mills College Museum, Cal.
- To Feb. 7 SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS OF ST. LOUIS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- To Feb. 8 WATER COLORS, DRAWINGS, DRYPOINTS, BY HOBART NICHOLS, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- To Feb. 8 PAINTINGS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- Feb. 9-Mar. 31 ETCHINGS BY RUDOLPHE BRESCHIN, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- To Feb. 10 CHILDREN'S EXHIBITION PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, American Academy of Arts and Letters, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 PAINTINGS BY TROMKA, A.C.A. Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 PAINTINGS BY ERNEST FIENE, Assn. of American Artists, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 WATERCOLORS BY ALFRIDA STORM, Morton Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 EXHIBITION WORK BY ALICE THEYER, Passeduit Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 LOTOS CLUB GROUP OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, Reinhardt Gallery, N. Y. C.
- To Feb. 10 ROMANTIC PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS BY PATSY SANTO, Marie Harriman Gallery, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 10-Mar. 3 SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON ARTISTS, Corcoran Gallery, Wash., D. C.
- Feb. 10-Mar. 3 EXHIBITION OF MINIATURE PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND GRAVERS SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- Feb. 10-Mar. 17 PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND PRINTS BY FISKE BOYD, Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass.
- Feb. 11 MODERN PAINTING ISMS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- Feb. 11 PRINTS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- Feb. 12 BUFFALO ARCHITECTURE, Allbright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Feb. 14 VIRGINIA ARTIST SERIES, Nora Houston, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond.
- Feb. 15 PRINTS BY PETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER, MacDonald Gallery, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 15 A CYCLE OF AMERICAN DRESS, Museum of Costume Art, N. Y. C.
- b. 15-Mar. 30 PAINTINGS BY PATTERN SOCIETY, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.
- b. 15-29 FLOWER PAINTINGS BY NINA GRIFFIN, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- Feb. 16 WATER COLORS AND DRAWINGS BY KENNETH STUBBS, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- b. 16-Mar. 17 HOME SHOW, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- b. 17-Mar. 23 MEDIEVAL ART, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
- Feb. 18 TEN AMERICAN ARTISTS, Barbizon Plaza, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 18 SPRINGFIELD ART LEAGUE MEMBERS, George Walter Vincent Smith Gallery, Springfield, Mass.
- Feb. 18 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART, Whitney Museum, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 19 PAINTINGS BY MOSES SOYER, Macheth Gallery, N. Y. C.
- . 19-Mar. 3 DORIS CAESAR, Fifteen Gallery, N. Y. C.
- . 19-Mar. 2 SCULPTURES BY EUGENIE GERSHOV, Robinson Galleries, New York.
- . 19-Mar. 2 OIL PAINTINGS BY MORRIS DAVIDSON, Charles Morgan Gallery, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 20 "AFTER PICASSO", Julien Levy Gallery, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 23 RECENT PAINTINGS BY HARRY F. WALTMAN, Eggleston Gallery, N. Y. C.
- 24-Mar. 17 EXHIBIT FROM KNOEDLER GALLERIES, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
- Feb. 25 PAINTINGS BY EASTMAN JOHNSON, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- Feb. 25 THE BAUHAUS EXHIBIT, Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Feb. 26 ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION, New York Historical Society, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 26 TEN ARTISTS OF CARNEGIE HALL, N. Y. C.
- Feb. 26 ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION, ART OF ARGENTINA, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond Va.
- Feb. 28 DEVELOPMENT OF IMPRESSIONISM, Los Angeles Museum, Cal.
- 28-April 7 CHINESE CERAMICS, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- Feb. 28 MEXICAN EXHIBIT, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- 28-April 7 MILLARD SHEETS, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- Feb. 28 PAINTINGS BY JAY CONNAWAY, OHIO WATERCOLOR SOCIETY, WORK BY STUDENTS OF EDMUND LEWANDOWSKI, 20TH CENTURY BANNED GERMAN ART, ZEISS PHOTOGRAPHY, } Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.
- March 1 "FIRE ENGINES ON DRESS PARADE", Museum of the City of New York.
- ch 1-31 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WATER COLORS, Iowa State University,
- ch 1-31 GEORGES SCHREIERER WATER COLORS, Iowa State University, Iowa City.
- March 2 OIL PAINTINGS BY AUGUSTUS WEBBER, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, W. Va.
- ch 2-31 ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, W. Va.
- March 3 HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF WOODCUTS, SCULPTURES AND WATER-COLORS BY ANTOINE BARYE, AND HEADS IN SCULPTURE, Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y. C.
- March 3 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.
- ch 3-16 LONE STAR PRINT MAKERS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- ch 3-30 WPA CRAFTS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- ch 3-30 MARSDEN HARTLEY, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- ch 3-30 WPA PRINTS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- ch 3-30 SCHOLASTIC AWARDS EXHIBIT, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
- ch 4 24 PAINTINGS BY EUGENE VAIL, Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Del.
- March 17 ARCHITECTURE OF PAINTING BY EDWARD HOPPER, Andover, Mass.
- ch 17-31 TEXAS GENERAL EXHIBITION, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- March 27 PRINTS PRESENTED BY THE PRINT CLUB, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- 1: GEORGE ELMER BROWNE OILS, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.
- 1 1-27 MRS. GLEN MITCHELL PASTELS, Dayton Museum of Art, Ohio.
- 1 1-25 EMIL HSTTRAM, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- 1 1-14 AMERICAN OILS, Milch Galleries, Iowa City.
- LITHOGRAPHS, KATHE KOLLWIG, DAUMIER, AND GAUARNI, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, W. Va.
- ril 1-27 DELAWARE WATER COLOR SHOW, Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Del.
- ril 5-28 WORK BY BROOKLYN ARTISTS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- ril 7-28 STATE HIGH SCHOOL ART, Iowa State University, Iowa City.
- ril 7 May 4 ANNUAL DALLAS ALLIED ARTS EXHIBITION, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- ril 7-28 STUDENT SALON, Iowa University, Iowa City.
- 16-Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Met. Museum, N. Y. C.



**Where the impossible is a matter of course**

The traditional hospitality of an Hawaiian luau is just as casual as it is prodigal. And that's Hawaii... regally casual about the entertainment she spreads before the visitor. Anywhere else, such hospitality, celebrated with so many flowers of so many colors, would be impossible. But, in Hawaii, along with twelve months of June, it is a matter of course.

There's no magic about it. Nature merely turned prodigal and casually showered Hawaii with more things conducive to human happiness. Showered her with such incomparable attractions as a sea warmed to split-degree perfection, whole hillsides spattered with an exploded rainbow of color, and matchless Waikiki.

And, while she was about it, Nature turned out other island perfections... Hawaii, Maui, and Kauai, which with Oahu form the four-island group comprising Hawaii... all easily reached by plane or steamer, each delighting with a rising climax of enchanting contrast.

Taken in any season, Hawaii delights the visitor with more variety, exciting entertainment, rest, and rejuvenation than he will find anywhere else... and does it so casually.

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An ideally situated home, bordering with a long frontage directly on Indian Creek. Extensive and beautifully landscaped gardens between the house and the street assure seclusion and quiet. Because of its simplicity, it is a distinctive home, substantially built and thoughtfully planned for comfort and convenience. Accommodations and number of rooms are ample for a good-sized family. Its price is far below the original cost and true value. Offered through **WALTER B. WILSON, Realtor, 938 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach.** (Picture No. 2)

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*Cont. next page*







A very fine and thoroughly complete residence, bordering on delightful Indian Creek overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. Near expensive estates, but due to size of its lovely landscaped grounds, the cost of upkeep is modest. Walled-in gardens and large, charming patio assure real privacy. With its many bedrooms, baths, spacious first floor arrangements, servants' quarters, four-car garage and complete appointments, it offers everything to enjoy life. Fine dock on property.

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PENNSYLVANIA



# LETTERS

## POLO

TO THE EDITOR:

The article, "New Rules for Polo," in your January, 1940, issue of COUNTRY LIFE, points out on page 33, lower part of first column, that "The goal posts shall not be less than 250 yards apart and each goal is to be 8 feet wide." We are in doubt about the 8 feet wide part of the sentence. Perhaps the polo rules people intended to narrow the goal so as to cut down the scoring, decrease the handicaps and give a low goal team a better break.

When you have the time, can you tell me what the width of the goal, between the posts is to be?

Since the change in your magazine, I have not had the opportunity to tell you how good it is. I really like the other subjects of interest to people who live in the country and are interested with things allied to horses, gardens, farms and sports.

I wish you all good luck and success with COUNTRY LIFE.

LT.-COL. PAUL R. DAVISON,  
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

*The sentence quoted by our correspondent should have read eight yards, not eight feet. Our face is red, but our thanks go to Col. Davison for the opportunity to make this correction, afforded by his courteous letter.*

## COVER

TO THE EDITOR:

I have just seen the November issue of COUNTRY LIFE and I wish to congratulate you on the very beautiful cover by Randall Davey. To my mind it is "tops" and I hope that you will run more of this artist's work. . . . Wishing you all success with the new combination, I am

C. H. REQUA, JR.,  
Chicago, Ill.

*The painting by Mr. Davey, "Canada Goose and Mallard," which he kindly permitted us to reproduce, may now be seen at the Grand Central Art Galleries, in New York. Previous to our use of it, it had won the Arthur W. Woelsle Memorial Prize as the best still life in the showing of American Art Without Isms, sponsored last summer by the Grand Central Galleries.*

## TROPHY

TO THE EDITOR:

Mrs. Garlock and I want to thank you and your associates in COUNTRY LIFE for the pleasure we have had in the possession of the Country Life Trophy for the past year.

I am also glad that Rocket, after winning this famous trophy, went on and proved his right to the Derby title by so promptly winning his field trial championship.

In the fall field trial season for 1939, we entered Rocket in four trials: Milwaukee, Omaha, Chicago, and the Labrador Club trials at Arden. Out of the four trials, he won first place in the Open All-Age in three of them, including the Mid-West Club trial, which is usually considered the most important in the West, and the Labrador Club trial, which some consider the most important in the East.

In addition, during 1939, in the spring trials, he won first place in the Mid-West Club trials and second at Minnesota.

I wonder if Old Man Rover can continue to produce many more like him.

F. FLETCHER GARLOCK,  
Chicago, Ill.

*This year, on January 3, we were proud to present the COUNTRY LIFE Retriever Trophy to Russell N. Crawford of Delavan, Wisconsin, owner of the outstanding young Chesapeake, Gunnar II, winner for 1939. Gunnar has a grand total of 45 points. His nearest competitor was a Golden Retriever, Whitbridge Vixen, owned by John K. Wallace of St. Louis, Mo. Pictures and the story of the COUNTRY LIFE awards will be found on page 37.*



The shad-belly coat astride

TO THE EDITOR:

Perhaps yesterday while in your office I did not express my personal thanks for what you and your staff are doing for the dog game, but I certainly do appreciate the fine work that you are so well carrying on.

SAMUEL MILBANK,  
New York.

*To Dr. Milbank go our sincere thanks for his kind note.*

## RIDING CLOTHES

TO THE EDITOR:

I am taking the liberty of congratulating you on the fine article and illustrations on women's riding clothes (by Betty Babcock in COUNTRY LIFE).

What took me three years to introduce took her practically one day.

I always said that if someone would bring over a coat similar to mine but made in "dear old London", it would then be readily accepted. So I am positive now that her article has stimulated hunting enthusiasts and that they will follow her.

I will try to take her advice and not make many, but will try my best to make a few occasionally. By the way, I have in stock the English Melton mentioned in the article.

As conditions do not allow many people to travel today (to London), I will certainly be pleased if I can be of service in case some of your friends would like to have this style made.

P. NARDI,  
New York.



Betty Babcock in the women's shad-belly she designed

TO THE EDITOR:

Can't tell you how many appreciative remarks I have heard about the article (by Betty Babcock on women's riding clothes.)

While you are in the mood and have all the cuts, publish a brochure. I think it would more than pay for itself.

I will write a foreword for you, as for two years I have been after the girls at Foxcroft for wearing their hair loose and running wild on their backs. Now all but one have their locks safely ensconced in what I term beaver-tail nets and they look so neat and sporting.

Congratulate you on the splendid essay. It shows careful thought, deep investigation, proper references, true comparisons, and now should be authoritative. . . . The hunting women of America should bless you.

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH,  
Middleburg, Va.

TO THE EDITOR:

The article "What to Wear" by Betty Babcock was read with a great deal of pleasure. Judging from the many funny looking turnouts I have seen in shows and on bridle paths it was greatly needed.

May I suggest that a like article referring to what the correctly dressed horse-man should wear would be very greatly appreciated? What is needed is not so much a description of what is proper in the hunting field as what is strictly proper on the bridle path and in the show ring.

JAMES L. BARNGROVE,  
St. Louis, Mo.

## RACING

TO THE EDITOR:

This is a selfish world and I had begun to worry thinking COUNTRY LIFE was devoting more space to other sports than racing. May I thank you and congratulate you on your issue of January 1st and add that I have had several rather amusing conversations on one of the subjects mentioned in your article with newspaper men. I also wish to congratulate you and John Hervey on the '39 issue of American Race Horses. I think it is one of the best Hervey has yet done, the photographs are clearer and better than any I have seen and I also especially liked Jock Whitney's foreword.

With personal regards, I am  
ALGERNON DAINGERFIELD,  
New York.

## PRIZE

TO THE EDITOR:

School Bell arrived this morning. Dad and I have just returned from our first visit and I am thrilled.

She came through beautifully and does not seem nervous. She placidly nibbled my buttons and I am debating Buttons for a nickname. It will either be that or Belle.

I simply can't wait to ride her, she seems so sweet.

I couldn't have found a more perfect horse for my use if I tried.

Many thanks and a very Merry Christmas!

SALLY BULLARD,  
South Dartmouth, Mass.

*The young horse Miss Bullard won in COUNTRY LIFE's essay contest for children was delivered just before Christmas. We hope she gets many years of genuine pleasure out of this prize.*

## ANSWERS

to questions on page 72

- |              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| 10. Squirrel | 5. Fox     |
| 9. Cat       | 4. Grouse  |
| 8. Rabbit    | 3. Skunk   |
| 7. Pheasant  | 2. Muskrat |
| 6. Dog       | 1. Deer    |

DO NOT READ NOW



# "Don't forget your plow, General!"



THE GREAT BATTLES OF PEACE—AS OF WAR—ARE WON WITH  
MATERIEL IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO DIRECT IT WISELY



By PAUL B. SEARS



COUNTRY FOLK are peaceful people, but strange to say they have seldom been able to keep out of a fight. Cincinnatus, the old Roman, left his plow in the field and hurried off to war. In April, 1776, there was a skirmish at Concord Bridge big enough to rate one line in a press dispatch from the Western front; but it got immortal publicity in the lines:

*"Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

In older wars, the farmer fought as a soldier. Today, he fights by staying at home and growing crops. Even if his country is neutral he is mixed up in every war. General affairs are as much interested in wheat and beef as they are in guns and dynamite.

Today, Europe is fighting for the sort of thing we have wasted in this country. The first sign of a coming war was the tightening of restrictions on food, lumber, clothing, and other necessities. How to continue the commerce in such supplies is a problem for keen brains and stout hearts in neutral as well as in warring countries. A shipful of grain, fat, or wood pulp is a fair prize of war for anybody.

Our country people today work with machines. Because they do, they are able to produce much more material with the same amount of labor than was possible in an older day. They feed the fires of war faster, but in doing so they make abnormal demands upon their own land.

Whatever good war may do, it destroys the thing for which men fight. A single shot from a large naval gun costs enough to support a family of five people for a year. A single modern battleship costs fifty times the entire annual amount spent on research by the Soil Conservation Service, and enough to endow a very good college.

Great Britain is said to be spending tens of millions of dollars a day to maintain the present conflict on land and sea, while even a minor war costs around a million dollars a day to each nation involved.

None of these expenditures produce creative wealth in any sense. Instead they represent the consumption and destruction of what has been produced by human effort from natural resources. You can add to this the disturbance of peaceful pursuits and the long, costly, often anguished process of readjustment.

If men are fighting for the possession of material wealth, surely war is the supreme folly, for it destroys the very things they fight for.

Every American ought to know how costly the last war was to us. Thanks to a number of books and the excellent film by Pare Lorentz, "The Plow that Broke the Plains," many of us do know. By means of high prices every inducement was offered to the American farmer to work his land under forced draft without reference to the future. All sorts of machinery were put into operation; land was ripped up that never should have been plowed; everything was geared to the production of crops.

THIS was bad enough because it took fertility from our land. But what was worse, we got started and could not stop. The mischief continued until there was an over-production of farm supplies and distress on every hand. Farming had ceased to be a way of living and become a highly industrialized modern business—and a poor one at that. It could not escape the hazards of modern industrial enterprise as it had in earlier years when farming was not such a high pressure affair.

Then came the great drought and the farmer, for all of his modern equipment, could not keep enough crops growing to protect his soil—let alone produce what he needed. Millions of acres were ruined as a result. To my mind, this is a war debt far more serious than any which can be measured in bank notes and unpaid promises. Battle destroys the bodies of one generation; a ruined land levies its toll against generations of the future.

Our opponents in the last war had been

much more far-sighted than we. For years they had been our best customer for the cheap rock phosphate of our Southern states. There are hundreds of thousands of square miles of our own farmland that needed this phosphate, not only to produce profits, but to produce healthy crops, livestock, and human beings. Yet somehow there was not enough demand in America in 1918 to pay for unloading interned German schooners filled with rock phosphate and anchored in our ports.

Meanwhile, too, we had been using our rivers for sewers, while modern industrial Germany was carefully reclaiming the wastes of cities and of industries, putting them back on the land where they were needed. In short, Western Europe, for the past 150 years, has been steadily building up the quality of its soil—often by laborious hand work.

During the same period, we have been as busily tearing ours down and missing no chance to use modern machinery in the process. Three times last year, the Scioto River at Columbus was poisoned with city sewage; the last time countless thousands of fish were killed—the water was too rotten even for crawfish to live in.

This sounds like something for the sportsmen and city officials to fight out among themselves. Actually it concerns every person in the state of Ohio; and not least of all, the farmers. The sewage and the fish which it killed represented valuable organic material which came from the fields of the state. In all fairness this material ought to be so managed that its residues or their equivalent will be returned to those fields.

Good farming, like good banking or good chemistry, is built on the fact that you can never get something out of nothing. Bad farming, for the most part, consists of taking away and never putting back. For a farm is a great deal more than so many acres of space on the earth's surface, in a certain location. The farm consists of the soil which has formed, through countless centuries, upon its surface. (Continued on page 50)



# When not unduly alarmed

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

THE modern wing shot with his tables, graphs and computations can scarcely realize the difficulties encountered by Lt.-Col. Peter Hawker and others who strove for mastery of the shotgun in the years before science came to the aid of the gunner.

Those old, long-mouldered lads hadn't the ghost of an idea of the velocity of a charge of shot—it was "sharp" or "slow" to them. The minimum speed of the birds they fired at was described in their pitifully unscientific parlance as "going like hell," or if somewhat faster than that term implied, "like a bat out of hell." The highest attainable speed, the superlative, was always "quicker than a streak of" whatever liquid it might be that the gunner had in mind at the moment.

One purblind old innocent whose only available table was that which supported his elbows, his beef and his ale, "went out at nine o'clock, surrounded by other shooting parties who had been hard at work since break of day. He had, this season, a far inferior breed of birds, and he had only one, and that a very old dog. He took refreshment and rested from twelve till two; shot again till six, and then went home to dinner, having killed fifty partridges and a hare, with only missing two very long shots, though he invariably used both his barrels whenever the coveys rose within gunshot."

That was in 1827, but even now, 113 years later, no honest sportsman can read those pathetic lines unmoved. He missed two birds out of fifty-two, when a touch of modern data could have saved them for him. When those two partridges rose, he in his careless, haphazard way, figured that "they're clean to hell and gone," and fired.

OUR modern tables would have given him more precise information. Thus: "The gray partridge has a flight speed of 38 miles an hour when not unduly alarmed." The table of shot charge velocities would have told him that at 50 yards it requires 0.017 seconds for the shot to pass from muzzle to target. To that he would then have added 0.05 seconds, the personal reaction time, led his birds 37.319 feet and gone home to dinner with fifty-two partridges instead of a skinny little fifty.

Two score years pass; a considerable portion of Mexico has joined the Union; the Civil War has been fought, but still no one has put wing shooting on a scientific basis, with charts and things showing trajectory curves, velocities and target speeds. We find Capt. A. H. Bogardus on April 7, 1868, seated on a log on Salt Creek, which is a tributary of the Sangamon, with a double barreled muzzle-loading shotgun and No. 9 shot. The air is thick with mallards, but the Captain

has no one to tell him that "the mallard when not unduly alarmed, flies at the rate of 46 miles per hour."

"Sitting upon that log," he tells us miserably, "and shooting as they flew until all my ammunition was expended, I killed and secured ninety-five mallards, . . . with plenty of cartridges and a breech-loader, I believe I could have killed two hundred ducks."

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Perhaps a personal element enters into the picture, but in any case no member of the Country Life Staff can cite a time when the game birds he has encountered have not been quite duly alarmed and conducted themselves accordingly

Though he had the good taste to say nothing of it, we, reading his plaintive narrative of a spoiled day, can understand how poignant was his need for a couple of good charts, a goniometer and a sliding scale.

The United States Government went to work with a stub pencil a year or two ago and worked out some calculations showing that the average bag of the individual wild-fowler, for the entire season, is six ducks. There are perhaps 2,000,000 wild-fowlers in this country and there'll not be a dry eye in the lot when they read about Capt. Bogardus and his measly 95 birds killed in one day without benefit of science.

My own eyes are a bit misty as I turn from the Bogardus tragedy to that of one F. Kimble, who invented the choke bore system, or perfected it, anyhow, and when last heard from, was still living in California. Mr. Kimble had bored a single-barreled 9 bore muzzle-loader that put the entire shot load into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, but without anything better than the old "going like hell," "going like a bat out of hell," and "quicker than a streak of" flight speed tables, he found himself terribly disadvantaged on March 12, 1872, when he shot 128 mallards over timber and ran out of powder. One can only conclude that if science had furnished Mr. Kimble with the graphs, charts and

speed tables we modern gunners find so helpful, he might, with their aid and a little practice, have become at least a mediocre sort of duck shot.

NOTHING is more cruelly futile than to reflect on the agonies endured by those who underwent surgical operations prior to the use of chloroform and ether. In the same sense we modern wing shots may as well cease our fretting over the tribulations of Hawk Bogardus, Kimble and the thousands upon thousands of others who had ducks and partridges, but no tables to guide them.

We may as well forget their trials and revel in our own enlightenment. We crouch and squirm and roll in statistics, for the chronograph and spark photography inform us of the speed and conformation of a charge of shot, and we have two sets of tables showing the flight speed of game birds. Wing shooting has been brought to bed by Scier at long last, and there need be no more flying, frustrations, or heartbreaks.

I've forgotten who got out the first table of game bird flight speeds that I ever saw. Whoever he was, he was a gentleman and sportsman, a man of generous nature who realized that life is too short to waste any of it in picking up the small change. No climaxes for him. He held in high contempt anyone who'd shoot at a bird poking along at 40 m.p.h. He certainly didn't do it himself, for according to his tables nothing flew slower than 50 m.p.h., and some, like the canvasback and teal, went as high as 200. We can only hope that his satisfaction in the splendor of his shooting skill was not disturbed by later disillusioning evidence.



"Prettiest double I ever made," you remark, pouring another finger or two of usquabaugh into your tumbler. "A bull and a hen canvasback, forty yards up and coming over the corner of the stool at 120 miles an hour. Heard 'em before I saw 'em - - s i s s - s - s - s, just like one of those damned Austrian 88's, you know. Sevens in my right barrel, sixes in my left. Old Joe says, 'Don't!' but I took 'em. Dead in the air, both of 'em. Hit the



# THE FLIGHT SPEED OF GAME BIRDS IN FEET PER SECOND

5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95 100 105 110 115

- CANADA GOOSE
- CACKLING GOOSE
- BRANT
- SNOW GOOSE
- MALLARD
- BLACK DUCK
- PINTAIL
- CINNAMON TEAL
- REDHEAD
- CANVASBACK
- GOLDEN EYE
- RUFFED GROUSE
- SHARPTAIL GROUSE
- EUROPE. PARTRIDGE
- BOB-WHITE
- CALIFORNIA QUAIL
- VALLEY QUAIL
- GAMBEL'S QUAIL
- PHEASANT
- TURKEY
- MOURNING DOVE



ater not more'n ten feet apart. Bellies up. Old Joe says, 'Hell's a-fiah!'"

"Splendid shot! I saw it," remarks the lateral-minded person. "But you fall into the common error of over-estimating the flight speeds of the game birds, my dear fellow. For example, as a matter of fact, the camber of the canvasback's wings limits his speed to about 60 m.p.h.—except when unduly alarmed."

So you show him your tables.



**G**UNNER'S tables," he remarks. "Divide 'em by two. Can't trust a man with a shotgun—gets excited and is subject to hallucinations just like a dry-fly angler. Matter of rudimentary psychology, my lad. No offense, of course."

"Now," he says, pulling out a Government Printing Office bulletin from his pocket, "here are the facts. 'Flight Speed of Birds,' by May Thatcher Cooke, a scientist, as was her father before her. Wouldn't shade a fact to save her soul. *She* says the flight speed of the canvasback is 60 m.p.h., unless unduly alarmed. But, go on with your story."

How can you, though? You tilt the wicked flagon and fall weakly back on the old fiddling formula that comforted Hawker, Bogardus and Kimble.

"Well, be that as it may. Those birds were coming in quicker than a streak of."

The difficulty experienced by yourself and your friend springs as usual from ignorance. Neither of you knew that Herr Meinertzhagen, in 1921, found out something about flight speeds of birds that would have straightened the situation out and left each of you in undisputed possession of his own favorite table. Here it is: "Birds," says Herr M—"have two speeds—a normal rate, which is used for every day purposes . . . and an accelerated speed, which is used for protection or pursuit and which, in some cases, nearly doubles the rate of their normal speed."

So your canvasbacks, unduly alarmed, of

course, when you riz up to take 'em, were really clocking it at 144 miles per hour, plus or minus, and not just idling along serene and unafraid at 72 m.p.h., plus or minus, as they were the day the scientist observed them.

My own exhaustive research into the matter has brought additional information to supplement that of Herr Meinertzhagen. Instead of two speeds, any game bird worth his ounce or so of lead, has four speeds ahead; some, like the grouse when diving off a mountain side, or a second-barrel, blue-wing teal, have up to six and perhaps more. One, the woodcock, has three forward, two sidewise and one reverse. Strangely enough, the woodcock's transmission gears are so arranged that he can fly all six speeds simultaneously.

It may be that there is a speck of truth in the notion that so far as the gunner and his shooting is concerned, knowledge of the actual speed of a target in m.p.h. or f.p.s. is of no more use to him when his bird is up than a pair of green jade earrings.

It is interesting information, but of no practical value to the man who is doing the shooting. Knowledge of the fact that a crossing duck flies so many feet in the time elapsing between the instant the trigger is pulled and that when the shot charge intersects the bird's course would be of value only if the gun were fired from a fixed position. Even then the gunner would have to do the impossible by estimating accurately the moment when his bird's bill was exactly  $x$  feet

from the point at which the gun was aimed. He'd have to perform the feat at any range from twenty yards, perhaps, to sixty. If the duck elected to change the direction of its course the gunner would have to figure the correct reduction of forward allowance. It couldn't be done.

It doesn't need to be done, thanks to the mysterious processes of individual coordination. When we learn how to shoot on the wing, we exercise a marvellous power that we began to acquire in earliest infancy and have spent all our days in perfecting. Without it we couldn't walk, drive a car, or even feed ourselves, except perhaps from a basin. It is our individual, unconscious ability to coordinate muscular movement, direction and force, with our perception of distance or space and the movement or immobility of objects about us.

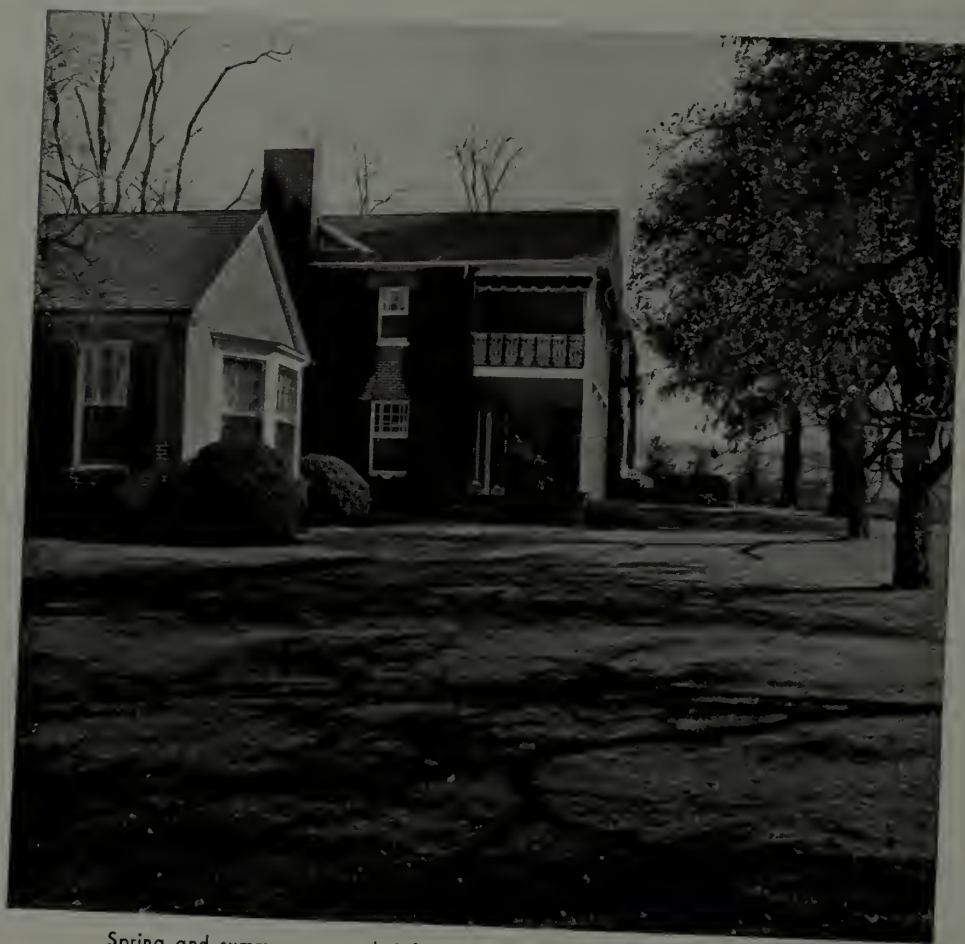
**W**HEN we drive the car into the garage, we never think—"The front wheels are now ten feet from the rear wall. I must throw the clutch, put on the brake and stop." Nevertheless, the eye has sent a message to the brain informing it of the distance. The brain has made a delicate, instantaneous computation and issued orders to Heaven knows how many muscles. The car stops where you wished it to stop. It would be foolish for a gunner to attempt to dispense with a range-finding device so perfect, and turn to laborious calculations.

There is only one way to establish the correct allowance for a shot at a moving target and that is to swing the gun barrels along the line of the target's flight and pull the trigger at some point after the muzzles have passed the bird. The distance forward at which you fire is learned from practice. It may seem to be longer or shorter than the allowance your companion takes. Obviously, however, the actual mathematical lead in each instance is exactly the same in feet and inches. It looks different (Continued on page 66)



# Good Will Farm

by DOROTHY NICHOLAS



Spring and summer see much informal entertaining under these lovely trees



AN IDEAL country home for the sportsman is the one owned by the James Parks, in Maryland. Set in the heart of the Elkridge-Harford hunting country, the house commands a lovely view, not only of its own pastures and woods, but of those of neighbors for miles around. When the Parks bought this property some years ago, they named it "Good Will Farm," after the tiny old church of that name that stands on one corner of their land. The original structure was a small farm house, partly frame and partly brick, charmingly located a little below the top



The Elkridge-Harford Haunds meet at Good Will Farm; proprietor "Jamie" Park is Field Master of this well known pack



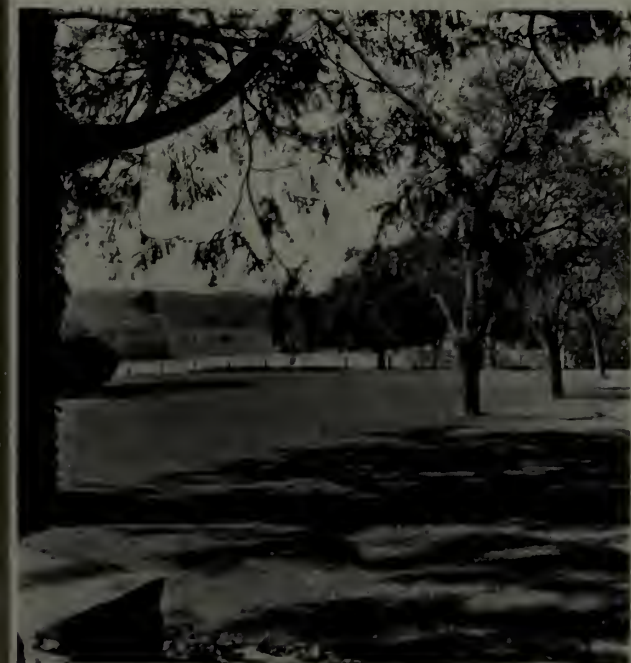


Beginning with a small brick and frame farm house, the Parks slowly developed this gracious and hospitable all-year home

of the hill which rises behind it. It has been added to gradually and with great taste, and today is delightfully arranged and large enough for entertaining in hospitable, open-house fashion. The new wings, with lovely detail of wrought iron, follow the brick construction of the older building.

The gardens and grounds were planned and planted by Mrs. Park. One instance of her happy imagination and good fortune occurred when she found, not far away, some particularly fine specimens of box. These she had transplanted and placed so that now they look as though they

F. M. DEMAREST PHOTOS



The house commands a view of woods and paddocks

Some of the magnificent box-wood which Mrs. Park transplanted from a near-by stand



had been growing there for half a century.

Everyone who enjoys hunting and racing knows, or knows of, "Jamie" Park. He represents the finest type of sportsman. For years he schooled and rode his own steeplechasers; was joint M.F.H. of the Meadowbrook Drag hounds in the days of the big drags with the famously high fences, and is now Field Master of the Elkridge-Harford Hounds.

He and Mrs. Park maintain a successful, though small, racing stable, and never miss a good day's racing within striking distance of Harford; and few farther afield for that matter.

In the stables are hunters—a few old timers and some promising young prospects; racing candidates, young stock, brood mares, and work horses.

Adjoining the stables is the cow barn for the dairy herd which represents the business side of "Good Will Farm."

"Good Will Farm" is a year-'round home. Not just a hunting lodge, or a summer residence, but a place that is used and cared for through the twelve months of the changing seasons.

In spring and summer, tea is served under the big trees on the lawn, with the setting sun going down over the fields and the young stock playing about in the paddocks; in autumn and winter, a "goodlie companie" gathers around the fire for rest and sustenance after a day's hunting with the Elkridge-Harford.



The dining room was the first large addition; it is a copy of an old Colonial room



Looking toward the dining room through the hall

Two old rooms thrown together provided two fireplaces for the living room





# RACING AT THE CROSSROADS

by SALVATOR

AS ONE endeavors to preview the racing season of 1940, so manifold are its possibilities and so diverse, that the impression gained is singularly mixed, confused. The temptation is to observe that what it may bring forth is altogether "upon the knees of the gods"—if such there be.

Amid the troubles and uncertainties which made 1939 a year the country is considered to have struggled through, emerging very much in a heap, the record turned in by the American turf was one which, outwardly at least, looks like a remarkable certificate of success and stability.

New figures were registered in many departments, among them some of the leading ones. Public interest continued unabated. On the whole, it was a year of prosperity, so far as debits and credits went when expressed in terms of statistics. It was also a year graced by one of the most brilliant groups of performers that well might be desired.

And yet—

And yet, it closed upon an uncertain note, with anxiety upon the brows of many of racing's best friends and those most anxious to see it firmly and enduringly established in a form which will command not only the interest but the respect of which a sport intrinsically so fine is deserving.

IT matters not, in the final audit, whether a season sees more races run than ever before in a single twelve-month; whether more horses than ever before were saddled to take part in them; whether more money was paid out in stakes and purses, and more wagered upon their results; whether new attendance records were established; a larger number of Thoroughbred foals dropped; a more reverberant fanfare of publicity shook the air, or a more thrilling réclame surrounded the season's champions . . . if, beneath all this apparently imposing and resplendent surface corrupt forces and unsavory elements are attacking the foundations and, like unto the Biblical "moths fretting a garment," threaten to bring ruin upon it.

All past history enforces the truth of these statements, as those familiar with it are but too well aware. Again and again the American turf has passed through periods of storm and stress that, for the time being, left it prostrate. And almost invariably, just preceding, there had been other periods of, apparently, immense success.

The most memorable of these disastrous eras was that which culminated in the anti-racing crusade of the first decade of this century and brought both the turf and the breeding industry nearer the *articulo mortis* than



ever before or since. And it had been immediately preceded by an era of the greatest expansion and surface success that had ever been known.

Disaster, like death, loves a shining mark—and when the lustre has an unhealthy glitter, it seems just that much surer to strike.

The political maxim, "every nation has the government it deserves", has been accepted as true; with the corollary that when misfortune afflicts it (saving unprovoked attack by a foreign power), the cause lies at its own doorstep. Racing, being one phase of human activity, proceeds under the same laws of cause and effect.

As those intimately acquainted with it are aware, its ills, in the last analysis, are almost always of its own making, chargeable to those inside and not outside the breastworks. Which statement was never more apropos than at present when, outwardly so towering and firmly-founded, the earth is beginning once more to heave ominously beneath, and cracks and fissures to threaten its security.

The great American tendency to overdo things, especially those which may be done on the grand scale, has nowhere been more conspicuously exemplified than upon the turf. Top-heaviness has become the mode and seems bound to continue until the inevitable shakedown occurs.

"Racing is being overdone" has been the standing observation of its best friends for several years past—but the only reply has been a still greater expansion. As we look forward into 1940 perhaps the most striking thing that meets the view is the number of new racing plants that are, on paper at least, about to be added to an already too-densely populated terrain.

The situation in New York and along the Atlantic seaboard discloses, among other things, these conditions:

In New York, the popular declaration for the introduction of the totalizators is certain to bring heavy pressure upon the State Racing

Periods of great success in racing have often been followed in the past by disaster to a noble sport; its present rapid expansion means grave dangers and great opportunities

Commission for the operation of new racing plants in the commonwealth. It is just possible that prolonged legislative struggles to dictate new governing laws may go so far as to put over the introduction of the betting machines until 1941; yet they are bound to come, and, once on the statute books, the struggle for new licenses and dates will be immediate, fierce and unrelenting.

IT may be said, therefore, that never before has so much depended upon New York, as the chief protagonist of the sport and its welfare, as does today. Upon the outcome of the racing there under the new dispensation its future depends to an almost overwhelming degree. The political slogan: "If we can carry New York we can carry the country!" is just as true in turf as it is in national affairs.

Should a large and solid success follow the adoption of the totalizator in the Empire State, it may confidently be predicted that it will vitally affect the status of racing from ocean to ocean, and that not just temporarily, but permanently. To the contrary, should the reverse prove the case, it will prove a staggering blow.

There seems reason to believe that those who will steer the ship out upon the uncertain seas are thoroughly aware of this and will bring it into port with pennons flying.

In New Jersey the struggles for power have already been in train for a year past, with the contending parties still, at this writing, deadlocked. So big is the prize at stake, so determined are the rival factions to "get in on the ground floor", that just when Jersey is to get racing, just where, and under whose aegis, is still a guessing match. But one thing is certain. The moment the uncertainty is dissipated, a group of new plants of the first, or nearly the first, magnitude will be added to the map.

In New England the situation is very much of the touch-and-go order. In Massachusetts, the focal state, while local option has blotted Agawam from activity, it required the most resolute and uncompromising action upon the part of Gov. Saltonstall last spring to thwart a promoter's scheme for another racing plant at Boston, also caused him to clean house in the State Racing Commission with a vigorous hand; and at the present writing he is behind a movement to investigate thoroughly the entire set-up of the sport as it now exists in the Bay State.

When, about five years ago, Massachusetts passed a racing law and created a State Racing Commission, the friends of the sport, in their anxiety to compass these ends, submitted to the demands of legislative buccaneers who,



as the price of their concurrence, tacked onto the racing law that most malodorous appendage, provisions for dog tracks as well.

Perhaps of all so-called iniquities that have ever assumed a sporting guise, the dog tracks are the worst. Almost everywhere throughout the Union they have been stamped out legislatively in response to outraged public opinion's demand. But they muscled into Massachusetts as a "rider" to the enactment legalizing horse racing.

The result has been inevitable; a combined web of crime and scandal has involved them; and when it has been thoroughly exposed to the light of day, it will be lucky for horse racing if it can escape serious besmirchment.

A new political regime in Rhode Island brought to an end the situation that prevailed there, with which the racing at Narragansett Park had been hooked up and an unendurable state of affairs precipitated. The influence of Gov. Vanderbilt has been, and is, very similar to that of Gov. Saltonstall in Massachusetts. He has used an iron hand in a velvet glove.

But more or less machination on the part of the old regime constantly goes on and it is the dream, as well as the determination, of the down-and-outers to restore the past conditions. Should another political upheaval

the promoters, so a secondary circuit of half-mile tracks has, within the past few years, been built up there, comprising Hagerstown, Bel Air, Cumberland, Marlboro and Timonium. The bases of operation are what were originally county and other fair plants, built for harness racing but remodeled for the selling-platers and leaky-roofers performing on their own.

THIS was at first hailed with great pleasure, especially by the tax-gatherers, who perceived new sources of income. But the past season produced loud outcries from the four major tracks, which proclaimed that the minor group had cut into their support very disquietingly; that Maryland was now having altogether too much racing; and that if they were to continue to pay the heavy taxes exacted from them on the basis of their past prosperity "something must be done about it."

In recent years there has been constant friction between the Maryland "Big Four" and the State legislature which, for the most part, has adopted as its slogan that familiar economic maxim: "All the traffic will bear," relaxing it only when the said traffic seems about to get into a jam.

In Pennsylvania, various movements for a state racing commission and turf legislation

lotted seventeen days and will, as usual, continue through into March, to end in a coruscation of fireworks with the \$50,000 Widener Handicap the blazing number; after which Tropical will stage the usual finale.

Florida continues to run true to form. Here again politics has assumed some questionable shapes, especially as regards its liaison with the turf. From one year to another, one meeting to another, almost one month to another, once the season gets under way, almost anything is likely to occur—making everything unpredictable. Its racing legislation was also hooked up with the dog tracks (as in Massachusetts, the "blood money" exacted) and all that they imply. The Floridian racing landscape is more thickly thronged with defunct race tracks than that of any other state in the Union, the latest exhibit having been the one which sprung up like a mushroom a year ago in the shadow of Hialeah and then expired, with banshee-wailings, after a few days of hectic life. Nevertheless, we constantly hear of still others that aspire to membership in the club.

Most of them, very naturally, nest along the East Coast, but just at present there is a renaissance of promoters whose happy hunting ground is the Gulf Coast, with the environs of St. Petersburg most affected.



occur there, it is not unlikely to happen.

Moving on southward to Maryland, we find a curious *status quo*. One of the strongholds of the sport, with the support from Pennsylvania, the two Virginias and the District, all without racing of their own, she was abundantly supplied with major tracks in the shape of her "Big Four," Pimlico, Laurel, Bowie and Havre de Grace.

This, however, as seems inevitable in similar circumstances, did not satisfy the appetites of

have thus far resulted only in more or less dramatic excursions and alarms; but, should those ends be attained, we may be certain that still another group of racing plants will be the result and strenuous competition ensue with those already existing in New York, New Jersey (prospectively), Delaware and Maryland.

The winter campaign in Florida is now on, having opened at Tropical Park December 21. Hialeah opened after it ran its al-

Since the obsequies (very ghastly) at Tampa, in the crêpe-embellished past, the Gulf Coast has not had horse racing, and this has pained many a promoter's throbbing breast. According to current report some of these pains are likely to turn into birth-pangs in the near future.

Texas remains a blackout—at least until the end of its present political regime, for the Governor of the Lone Star State is distinctly no friend (*Continued on page 60*)



# GREAT TRAINERS

by ALDEN HATCH

*IN EACH generation there appears a man, who, in his chosen profession, seems to embody all that is best in the spirit of his age. Counting the long list of American trainers, two men stand preeminent, each in his time.*

*Their careers overlapped, but James Rowe reached the apogee of his glory in the 1900's, when he was sweeping the turf with the immortal Keene horses, while James Fitzsimmons is now at the height of his career.*

*In the matter of results their records are uniformly successful, but in their methods each man belongs to his own time.*

*This is the first of two articles by Alden Hatch.*

## JAMES ROWE



CULVER

**H**ORSE-AND-BUGGY trainer; in a very literal sense James Rowe was just that. But his methods yielded results never since approached by even the most streamlined stables.

It is 1907, the year Rowe's horses won \$397,342, a record never equaled by any other trainer here or abroad. The long line of the Keene's Thoroughbreds is on the trek from Sheepshead Bay to Belmont Park. Exercise boys, afoot and on ponies, are leading them over the cobbled streets and dusty country roads.

That big brown two-year-old, so dark in color that Rowe always refers to him as "the black," is unbeaten Colin; and right behind him comes Celt, who would have been the leading juvenile of the year had it not been for his stablemate's superior speed. Farther back is Peter Pan, leading three-year-old, and Ballot, who is almost his equal. Superman and Delhi are among the older horses.

At the rear of the long cavalcade, his blue eyes watchfully straining to follow all his precious charges, James Rowe is driving in his ancient, dusty buggy. . .

No man knows when Rowe was born. Perhaps he did not know himself, for he came of poverty-stricken people who lived in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Once a fellow Virginian asked why he, a Southerner, hated corn-bread so much. Rowe answered, "Because, until I was grown, I never knew there was any other kind of bread."

Rowe's father kept a livery stable, and it was there, helping to look after the miserable, overworked plugs, that Rowe got his grounding for the profession that was to put him in charge of generations of the greatest horses America has ever seen.

When the mists of obscurity which sur-

round Rowe's early life are finally dissipated by the rising sun of fame, we find him riding Col. Joseph McDaniel's Harry Bassett to victory in the Jerome Handicap of 1871. The following year he won the Belmont on Joe Daniels and the Saratoga Cup on Harry Bassett. In 1873 he piloted Springbok to victory in the Belmont.

After he became too heavy to ride, Rowe's career suffered a temporary eclipse. He continued on for a while as cook in Col. McDaniel's stable. The Colonel was notoriously careful of the money he spent feeding his employees, and it was corn-bread again for Rowe. He had both to cook and eat it.

When he left Col. McDaniel, he joined a circus, where he had charge of the horses and occasionally rode them in the ring. His old racing associates used to love to tease him by attending a performance and calling out loudly when Rowe rode in on a fat milk-white mare. "Here comes James Rowe, twice winner of the Belmont and the Saratoga Cup!"

Rowe soon got back into the racing game. He was given charge of the string owned by Davis and Hall, a sportsman's outfit from Maryland which included so good a horse as Oriflamb. Andrew Jackson Joyner, now dean of the trainers' profession, just finished as a jockey, too, because of increasing weight, was his foreman.

His first big chance as a trainer came when he was engaged by the famous Dwyer brothers. He had charge of their great horses Hindoo, Luke Blackburne and a score of others that were knocking off the important stakes in the early '80's.

A little later Rowe, in partnership with Ed Heffner, started a small stable of his own. They kept their horses at Sheepshead Bay,

and Rowe, who always liked to live with the horses, built himself a small shack with a large kitchen next to the stables. After the day's work was over, there was generally a poker game in the kitchen. The stakes were high, and many of the sporting bloods of the time came down to the Bay to play with the famous young trainers.

Their stable, though small, boasted considerable quality both as to horses and employees. Tom Welch, later a famous trainer, was rubbing for them, and Will Stewart did the cooking. When Will had finished the dishes, he would put on his glad rags and go courting pretty Lucie Knox, who lived nearby. He afterward married her and the result of that mating was Anita Stewart of movie fame.

**R**OWE'S next engagement was with the elder August Belmont. When the death of this great sportsman brought about the dissolution of the Nursery Stud, Rowe became a starter. For three years he wielded the flag, but this was the least successful thing he did. His heart was not in it; he wanted to saddle horses, not to start them.

After this interlude, Rowe trained the Brookdale Stable cracks for those splendid sportsmen, Col. William Payne Thompson and his sons, William Thompson, Jr., and L. S. Thompson. Their place outside of Red Bank, N. J., had once belonged to D. D. Withers, after whom one of our historic races is named.

In 1899, the Keene horses were offered to him. He was at the time training for L. V. Bell, a Wall Street operator who was one of the big bettors of the era. The Keenes, on the other hand, never bet—they were in racing for the sport of it—and the switch was most attractive to (Continued on page 56)





# Country Life in HAWAII

by WALTER J. MACFARLANE



**T**HE land is living. The land is a mother that never dies."

It was no crowned immortal, but an unknown sage of old Hawaii who thus set forth with classic simplicity the very essence of country life. For it is the feel of that truth in his heart that marks the true country gentleman. Wherever in the world there is a landed gentry, their sports, their culture, their duty, their whole way of life, spring from their ancient homage to this "mother that never dies."

In Hawaii, she commands a peculiarly single-hearted devotion. For with no mineral or timber wealth, all that Hawaii is she owes to the hard-won fruits of her soil. As a result, her culture is as deeply rooted in it as her economy. Nowhere in the world is there a more perfect atmosphere to ripen country life with a robust yet mellow and gracious flavor.

It is a country life that is uniquely Hawaii's. Even though few of her sports and social customs are entirely indigenous, she gives them an interpretation that is entirely her own. Set-



Hawaiian cactus provides food and drink for cattle

tings, seasons—or rather the lack of them—and tradition combine to explain it.

For instance, horses, as everywhere, provide the premier sport. But bridle paths are bordered by ginger lily, or by night-blooming cereus that is plucked in full-flower by those who ride at dawn. There is polo—in fields

limned by palms, and hunting—for wild sheep that are flushed from jungle groves and lead exciting chases over slippery lava beds. Since they all can be enjoyed every day in the year, each sport is always in season.

Still another factor helps give country life in Hawaii a distinctive character and diversity. A cluster of islands, she is surrounded by the sea, steeped in its traditions, the love of it part of her being. And, since few country estates are more than an hour or so by motor from the coast, you often see ocean sports—yachting, surfing and deep-sea fishing—as intimately woven into the recreation scheme as sports of the land.

These estates are the homes of people whose first interest is in the land, who love country living and all that it implies. Their life is an interesting composite. It has the urbanity of the East, the graciousness of the South, the vigor of the West. In sum, blessed with a milieu of extraordinary beauty and scope and freedom in which to flower, country life in Hawaii has inherited and is expanding a singularly broad and happy tradition.

That fact is delightfully revealed to you as a guest of Kahua Ranch. If you had no specific information about the place, and did not know your Hawaii well, you might naturally visualize the ranch home as surrounded by broad acres of sugar cane, or pineapple, or perhaps Kona coffee and banana trees. Which makes it all the more surprising to learn that, although all these types of tropical agriculture flourish within a narrow radius, Kahua is none other than a Wyoming cattle ranch—South Sea version.

Its atmosphere is as Hawaiian as its name.





PAN PACIFIC PRESS PHOTOS

And so also is the background of your hosts, the Ronald Von Hols. For both are Hawaii-born, of families that are among the oldest in the Islands. A graduate of Yale, Mr. Von Holt resisted all the blandishments of a professional or business career. He has been identified with livestock, both dairy and ranch, ever since he left college. He fits as perfectly into the life of Kahua as a koa tree into its native forests.

Assuming that your invitation to visit Kahua ranch reaches you at Honolulu, you can catch a plane that sets you down at the village of Kailua, metropolis of the Kona district on the Island of Hawaii, within an hour. Or, more leisurely, you can take the smart steamer that threads the archipelago, and enjoy one of the pleasantest over-night trips that any sailor could ask.

Mr. and Mrs. Von Holt will be waiting for you at Kailua, and they'll probably take you over to quaint Kona Inn for a welcoming beaker. It's a good curtain raiser, here in this delightful inn, adjoining the old summer palace of the Hawaiian kings, both almost buried in flowers as they face the deep-blue crescent bay.

At Kailua, you are only a short distance from Kahua Ranch, and the great cattle country of Hawaii. Not far away is the famous Parker Ranch, one of the two or three largest on American soil. Comprising half a million acres, it dates back to a kingly grant more than a century ago. Another neighbor is the Puuwaawaa Ranch, owned by Leighton Hind, son of the late Senator Robert Hind. One of the finest estates on the Kona Coast is that of Francis Brown, Hawaii's celebrated

sportsman who, at one time, ranked close to Walter Hagen as a golfer.

The road that winds up to Kahua Ranch is fragrant with sage. It, and the lowing herds of Herefords, remind you of Wyoming. You note, too, as you gain altitude, that the gentle breeze which languorously stirred the palms of Kailua has freshened. There is a crispness to the air and that, too, might be Wyoming.

But what are those black, motionless rivers



Early riders find the night-blooming cereus; below, there are no cold sandwiches served at a Hawaiian picnic





winding down from the distant mountain peaks? O, yes, lava hardened in its course; those peaks are dead volcanoes that in another age left their tear-stains on Hawaii's hillsides. No, this vast cattle country through which you are riding is definitely not Wyoming. It is an island out in mid-Pacific, a fact which every now and then you find it hard to believe.

For instance, as you approach the Kahua ranch house. The big, rambling structure, with its colonial pillars and extra eels for extra hospitality, and with its green lawns and flower beds, might just as well crown a Connecticut hill overlooking the Saugatuck. But, quickly to the eye comes a definitely South Sea touch—the broad lanais or verandahs that have such a welcoming expanse. And the Saugatuck River never looked up at such riotously colored flowers, and so many of them. But, then again, notice that chimney, rising out of the center of the pile. There must be a family hearth inside that would fit into an ante bellum plantation home in Virginia. There is. You can read the mingled origins of Hawaii's country life in the architecture of that house.

When you enter the living room, your eye is certain to be caught by that ante bellum fireplace. It's big enough to hold a cot. On the mantel is an ancient poi board, leaning against a handsome specimen of tapa cloth hung on the wall, and flanked by a stone tapa pounder and Hawaiian stone adz. Here, too, is an excellent bit of carving—a pig done in koa wood. These are only a few of the outward reminders of how picturesquely Ha-

waiian lore colors life on the Kona Coast.

Do you like to get up early? Whatever mental reservations you may have that it is "better to lie in bed" are certain to vanish after a morning or two at Kahua Ranch.

You will probably be awakened even before dawn has cracked, by the excited barking of the Von Holts' white German shepherds. You descend with the other guests to find your host and your mounts waiting for you. Off you go at a brisk canter. You're already 2,000 feet above the sea, but you begin climbing still higher. The hills crowd about you from every direction, parting occasionally for a vista of turquoise ocean.

AND then, suddenly, you cut around a sharp-edged lava slope and are in a deep-green valley, the sides of which are swept with white flame. Your host reaches forward and plucks a handful of the flame—the white blossoms of the night-blooming cereus. You have surprised the rare flower before it has completed its night's vigil and folded its petals for the day.

You ride on. In waves comes the fragrance of ginger lily. The blossoms brush your horse's flanks. You reach down, capture one of them and bury your nose in its scented mystery. What a ride!

And what an appetizer for the tempting breakfast that is waiting upon your return. What is this inviting brown delicacy that is set before you, that looks so good, smells so good, and tastes so good? You ask, and your host answers "Moi" and enlightens you.

Long before your first yawn, a score of

Hawaiian lads down at the shore dropped their "surround net" into the waters of the little bay, and hauled in hundreds of these delicious fish. They were still jumping when they were hurried up the hills to the Von Holt kitchen.

After breakfast, you ride down to watch a herd of cattle near the shore. If this were Wyoming, they would be waiting in a corral by a siding for a train of cattle cars to come and haul them away. But here the only means of transport in view is a cattle boat, out in the bay.

The cattle stand drowsing in the sun, the boat rides lazily on the soft swell. Nothing in the tranquil scene suggests the excitement that will soon break loose.

Because of shallow water, the steamer cannot come close in shore. And so, Hawaiian cowboys, from sombrero to spurs almost the counterpart of their Texas fellows, swim the cattle out to the ship. They ride horses which are much larger than the average mustang, and which by virtue of incessant scrambling over tricky lava slopes are as sure-footed as Pyrrhene donkeys.

There they go, cattle, horses, riders all into the sea. Steers plunge wildly to get back to terra firma, only to be headed off by an amphibian centaur and driven farther towards the deep. Lariats sing through the air, horses churn the surf, bellows train off into ineffectual gurgles, and it's all over . . . with one steer! Securely lashed to the gunwales of a small boat that noses in, he is towed away to the anchored steamer. Now multiply the one-steer episode by (*Continued on page 43*)



Aquatic cattle wrangling is an island specialty; cowboys lasso and tow the steers to ships lying beyond the shoal water



SKIING is skiing, whether at home on your own hill-pasture, or through a neighbor's woods; in the great state and national parks of this country, or over the border in Canada. But each locale develops its own technique, and its own appeal and devotees.

Previous articles in COUNTRY LIFE have dealt with this great sport as it may be enjoyed in the home countryside, and in the magnificently developed ski areas of the national parks of the western states. This one invades a small section of that sister country that was the mother and the father of winter sports on this continent.

While Americans, in skill and numbers, now hold their own with their fellow sportsmen and sportswomen from Canada, in



Moonlight over the new village of the foot of Mont Tremblant's ski-lift, in Canada's Laurentian Mountains

# Canadian Skiing

by W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

hockey, snowshoeing and the various ski events, it was not so long ago that our active outdoor winter diversions were confined largely to some decorous skating of a Sunday afternoon, and an occasional moonlight bob-sledding party.

The phenomenal growth of interest in all snow sports, and especially in skiing, has spread to regions which never, in the memory of man now living, have felt so much as the kiss of a single flake. The pleasant inflections of Southern speech, sharpened a little by the cold, are to be heard today on many Northern hills.

THIS year, with travel to the famous European resorts either an impossibility or, at best, a hazardous undertaking, more American ski enthusiasts than ever are coming to appreciate the possibilities of their own and the more adjacent Canadian runs.

In Eastern Canada, in the lovely Laurentian Mountains, north of Montreal, is a group, or, rather, a string, of bases from which skiers of all degrees of proficiency may take off. Mont Tremblant, Lac Tremblant, St. Jovite, Ste. Agathe, Val Marin, St. Sauveur, Lac Masson, Ste. Marguerite and Ste. Adele are all within a hundred miles of Montreal, and each offers splendid sport.

Mont Tremblant, particularly, is interesting. It is the newest, most elaborate ski resort on either side of the border, and was hacked and carved out of a wilderness in less than a year's time.

And, strangely enough, it was the enthusiasm of an American skier that was responsible for it.

That skier was Joseph B. Ryan, of Philadelphia. A short time ago he bought 2500 acres of hills and woods of government-

owned land, and went immediately to work according to plans previously approved by Canadian authorities and passed upon by the skiing great.

Now, a row of steel towers marches up the long slope of Mont Tremblant. These support the chair-lift which carries the skiers to the top of a 4900 foot run down a wide, cleared trail, which has a drop of more than 1300 feet in its descent. Altogether, there are three different runs, graduated in difficulty and sportiness, designed for the fun of everyone from tyro to expert. There are, too, many cross-country trails for those who like to mix a little exploration with their skiing.

A whole village, with an inn, a lodge, a ski shop, a central dining room and a cluster of two-, four- and eight-room cabins nestles at the foot of the ski-lift, and one skis from, and back to, one's own door-sill.

All of the fifty or more buildings were designed upon the *habitant* architecture of the region. With their brightly painted gable ends, they make as warm and cheerful a looking abode as a tired ski-runner could wish for at the day's end. The furniture, too, is all hand-made in the French Canadian manner.

There are many other points in Canada where skiing has risen to the status of a national pastime. The Dominion Championships will be held the latter part of this month at Banff, down the swift slopes of Mount Norguay, while great numbers of local events take place wherever winter and terrain provide the necessary combination.

Here, then, is a grand sport, to be enjoyed from December to March; one which affords an opportunity for international visiting and competition, without benefit of State Department or passport, and in which few are too old or too young to take part.



Exploring with dog teams provides variety



The arrival; experts and novices alike



4900 feet of cable carry a skier to the take-off





The author checks on the starting time

# MERRY LITTLE

# Hounds

by HENRY B. THOMPSON, JR.

Ex-M.B.H., Buckram Beagles



The field takes a fence; no fair-weather sportspeople, they meet rain or shine



A kill in the open; the ideal quarry is the hare, running straight and far



Beagles, like turkeys, are easy to raise when they don't all get sick at once



There are now 28 such packs of beagles in this country, most of them privately owned

WHY are there, scattered through this country, little groups—three score each of men, women and children—who hurry through their lunch on Sunday, dressed in stout clothes, intent on spending three or four hours following packs of beagles across country?

Some go for the exercise and fresh country air, some to see their friends, and some because they love to see the hounds work at their job of hunting cotton-tails, jack-rabbits and hare. As Pope put it in 1704:

*"To plains with well bred  
Beagles we repair  
And trace the mazes of the  
Circling hare."*

At any rate these people—the field—meet, rain or shine, from October to April and hunt over the lovely farmland that this country is blessed with from Massachusetts to Virginia and out to the Middle West. As a matter of fact, I should think beagling is a form of hunting that would appeal enormously to the Californian, whose terrain may be so honeycombed with holes that following hounds on horses is impractical.

There are 28 beagle packs in this country and there were 68 in England and Wales prior to September.

The Anglo-Saxon has always been a great fellow for field sports and has carried on his hunt-



ing for centuries. Near Sheffield, the Peniston Harriers were established before 1260 and in 1895 the Royal Rock Beagles at Liverpool published a fascinating history of the first fifty years of their sport.

In England, beagles were hunted before sportsmen found out that the red fox was a great quarry, but fox hunting only came into its own after the fox-hound had been developed and the draining of marshland and the invention of clippers had made it possible for a man on a horse to stay with his hounds.

In America, fox hunting came first and beagling later.

The ideal quarry is the hare, because of his speed, stamina and intelligence, and because his inclination is to run rather than go to ground. Hares exist around Far Hills, N. J., and Millbrook, N. Y. Last October when the Buckram Beagles from Long Island and Reddington Foot Beagles from New Jersey hunted at Millbrook for three days, I was fortunate enough to have tea with the late Eugene Reynal and noticed the mask of a hare which had been killed after a four-hour run.

Most packs must content themselves with jack-rabbits and cotton-tails. Just why the hare does so nicely in the way of breeding in England and Canada, and just why he contents himself here with small families and with living only in Millbrook and Far Hills, I'm sure I don't know, but I should dearly like to.

Beagle packs here are, for the most part, privately owned—that is, owned by the master. But in late years three subscription packs have sprung up—one outside Philadelphia, the Treweryn, of which Bunny Sharp is the master, hunts the Radnor country; on Long Island, the Buckram Beagles hunt the Meadow Brook country; in Connecticut, the Kingsland Beagles hunt at New Canaan.

Oddly enough, all three were started by men devoted to fox hunting.

These hunts are supported by subscriptions, an individual subscriber paying \$10 to \$15 per season, a family \$20 to \$30 and a guest being capped a dollar by the honorary secretary.

Each month, beginning with October when the season opens, the master makes a fixture

card setting the time and place for each day's hunting. The secretary has this printed and sent out to each member of the hunt. The field, at the beginning of the season, is not particularly large—some are still playing golf or tennis or following other summer diversions, but as the foliage turns red and gold and the frost begins its work on grass and underbrush, and the days shorten and scent begins to improve, the fields grow from 30 and 40 to 80 and 90.

And if some hospitable member happens to give a tea for the field after the day's hunting is over, there may be more than a hundred happy and hungry men, women and children on hand.

The best hunting as a rule comes in February and March, when a run may last well over an hour. But I must admit that one of the greatest runs I ever had was in early January, the last year Ted Weir had the Rockland Beagles. Bunny Sharp and one of his whips from the Treweryn Beagles were out that day, too, and we ran in the mud for an hour and thirty-five minutes with a kill in the open and the temperature at nearly sixty.

ON Long Island, where there are not too many farmers to be annoyed, where much of the country we hunt is down in grass, and where cotton-tails thrive in fields and woods, the young hounds, the young entry, with enough old ones to show the way, are taken out in July at sun-up. At first they are taught to walk politely in a pack along a road for three or four miles, but as the mornings become cooler and July fades into August, the rubbing begins.

To those who love hounds and particularly young ones, it is marvelous fun. At first only the old hounds take interest in the cotton-tail that hops up to run from one cover to another, but gradually the young join in the sport and it is not long before some real hunting takes place.

During this season of July and August only the huntsman and master and a few hardy whips are out. Hounds are timid and shy. But in September, as the sun comes up a bit later, some of the field begin to take interest, and on a Saturday morning with crispness in the air and a good dew on the grass and



MORGAN, KARGER-PIX, AND ZORIC SHOUMATOFF PHOTOS

the chance of some real sport, there may be a dozen out.

In other parts of the country, such as Pennsylvania and New Jersey, because of the cultivation of the farm land, the season may begin several weeks later.

People often ask what size a pack should be. The irreducible minimum for a pack is, of course, one couple of hounds. One can have lots of fun in an old pasture, where saplings and briars have begun to reclaim the land from man for nature.

In the same way, a dozen people may get enjoyment from three or four couple of hounds hunting over a hundred-acre farm. For good, driving runs with a field of, say, 20 or more people, it is usual to have nine couple or more.

A friend of mine told me about hunting with the Vernon Somerset Beagles the last day of December at Far Hills. Twenty-eight couple were out. It was a bitter day with snow on the ground and a fine run of over an hour was had.

The size of the pack is often determined by the size of the pocketbook, and most



Building muscle and bone for next season



A fine turn-out on an early-season day; the field wears what is most practical and comfortable

masters hunt whatever hounds in the kennel are fit to go out.

The size of the country is also an elastic quantity. If only cotton-tails are hunted, a dozen acres or so might give an hour of fun, but for jacks and hare the larger the country the better. This big quarry runs far and straight.

Last spring I was fortunate enough to be at dinner with the Master of the Devon and Somerset stag hounds who told me his country was 35 miles square. It made me green with envy, but after I had told him how we feed some of the beagle packs over here with little or no horsemeat or pudding or oatmeal; simply by (Continued on page 70)





A fine old Pennsylvania Dutch version; right, an Austrian stove graces a country home in New Jersey



# Hearthstones

*Steam heat or no, it is still the fireplace that draws the friendly circle*

Left, a delicate mantel in an old Aiken, S. C., house; below, a plantation hearth near Charleston; a Connecticut adaptation; a Swedish corner fireplace also in Connecticut







Winter afternoon in the farm kitchen; what better?

Above is Grandpa's delight, the pride of the Victorian house; at the right is shown the calm beauty of the best modern design





# INDOOR POLO

**I**N ALL the world only a few people play this game. Yet so extraordinary has been its contribution to sport, so ardent are its devotees, so enticing is its future, that it is quite unique.

The description could fit no other game than indoor polo.

From the enthusiasm it arouses in a few places—mostly centers of huge populations like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit—one might infer that indoor polo is a game widely played. That is not so; only 510 names appear on the roster of the Indoor Polo Association of America and I doubt if there are twenty more players anywhere.

Yet this does not mean that the game is insignificant. Nothing could be further from the truth. The game has a quite extraordinary hold on many, mostly men who would not otherwise be playing polo at all; they go at it with savage devotion, energy, relish. And they are the heroes of a very considerable crowd that night after night packs the limited capacities of the few places in which the game can be played.

Deservedly, too. There are few games so exciting as indoor polo when it is well played. The action is fast and agile, the speed is often breath-taking, the hitting is superb—but, best of all, the whole thing happens, as it were, in your lap. It's like standing at the inner rail when Thoroughbreds go pounding by, or hanging on the third fence of the Maryland Hunt Cup when the jumpers come jamming in.

Indoor polo's greatest contribution to sport is historical. Without it we might never have had any polo at all.

The story is, of course, well known to all indoor polo players, who recall it with pride. It is that the first polo ever played in America, in 1876, was at the riding academy run by a gentleman named Dickel, which used to stand in New York at what is now Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street. There the late James Gordon Bennett brought a handful of mallets and balls which he had obtained in England and there he demonstrated the game to a few of his friends, to such effect that we are today the greatest polo-playing nation in the world.

Indoor polo's contribution did not end with that incident; there are other factors that must not be overlooked. For one thing, the indoor game has kept many people interested in polo who might otherwise have gone to some other sport; for another, it keeps interest in polo very much alive during the winter months in the frozen cities of the North. Again, it has played no small part in the development of a number of brilliant outdoor players.

But more than that. Indoor polo has on a number of occasions taken the leadership in advancing the best interests of the game. Just now indoor polo is conducting its second school for referees; last year, after a series of lectures at Squadron A, in New York, attended by an average of 22 men, and a long series of practice matches, competent referees travelled 5,138 miles to officiate at 191 exhibition and tournament games for the good of the sport.<sup>1</sup>

As a further evidence of its independence, indoor polo for years extracted a certain penalty for every foul committed. This has been changed within the past year, so that now the referee's whistle calls for a free shot at the goal for the side fouled, just as it does outdoors. But there are many who wonder if the principle behind a definite penalty for every misdeed committed, whether intentional or not, isn't right after all.

And the story is not yet finished. Indoor polo is such a compact, neatly packaged, easy-to-deliver sport that it has already caught the eye of at least one professional promoter, who envisions a series of arenas in various cities, a league of closely-matched teams, competition more exciting than ice hockey—and profits even larger. As every observer of polo knows, such professionalizing of the sport is something that may have to be given consideration in the not too distant future.

Thus, indoor polo started the galloping game in this country, is doing a great deal to keep it active . . . and may yet lead it into quite a different path from that to which we are all accustomed. The indoor game is obviously a factor of no mean importance in polo's past, present, and future.

**F**ROM the foregoing it is obvious that indoor polo is not the little brother of the outdoor game, as so many imagine it to be, or that the two necessarily go hand in hand. Though essentially the same, there are marked differences.

Outdoor polo is a game played on a huge field, 300 yards long and 160 wide, generally of grass. Indoor polo is played in covered enclosures of all sizes, with 300 by 150 feet a convenient size for the playing surface, a mixture of sand, clay, loam and shavings.

The former game depends for its beauty in no small measure on its long gallops; the latter is a game in which wide-open galloping is impossible except on a horse that can

stop instantly, and its thrill, therefore, depends on cleverness and finesse.

Outdoor polo is a great boxer, whose graceful footwork and long-range hitting are a pleasure even to the distant galleries. Indoor polo is a knowing infighter, inside his opponent's guard, always doing something you'd miss if you weren't right there at a ringside seat.

**O**UTDOOR polo is played with a small hard wooden ball, 3¼ in. in diameter. Indoor polo, because of the danger that comes from such close quarters, is played with a larger leather-covered inflated ball, 4½ in. in diameter, not unlike a half-sized soccer ball. The bigger ball looks easy to hit, but unless it is cleanly and properly hit, it will go off in any direction except the one intended. The mallets are the same.

Outdoor polo has plenty of room on all sides. Indoor polo is hemmed in by a wall about the height of a horse's withers, slanted to keep men from breaking their knees and legs. (This wall is the cause of the only important difference in rules between the two games, for in indoor polo the man on the wall has the right of way and you must leave him room to come through.)

Outdoor polo is a game in which four men make up a team; two may be men of offensive minds, two defensive, for while they must be able to exchange places easily it is discomforting to see a back for any length of time in the No. 1 position. Indoor polo is played by three men on a team; they are so close together physically that they must be the same mentally; they are constantly changing positions at lightning speed.

Perhaps the point is best illustrated by pointing out that a star outdoors is not necessarily a great player indoors (with Winston Guest and Michael Phipps notable exceptions.) And that great indoor players are not necessarily in the first rank outdoors.

For example, the outstanding active players indoors this year are probably Clarence C. Combs, Jr., and W. H. Nicholls; both are rated at 8 indoors but Combs is only 6 outdoors and Nicholls 4. Stewart Iglehart, 10 goals outdoors, is only 9 in. And Gerard S. Smith, who was rated at 10 indoors for years, had the devil's own time changing his game to the point where he is now rated at 6 outdoors; he was so accustomed to stopping and starting indoors, changing direction, never letting his pony out of hand, that it took him years of concentration and practice to let his ponies run.

It might be added that for a long time there was a prejudice against playing good horses indoors; there was a feeling that there was so much snatching about that a good pony would be ruined in no time. That was before some of the outdoor players discovered what great fun the indoor game is. Now any pony except a highly nervous one, which wouldn't be much good outdoors either, is played indoors and is the better for it; the indoor game sharpens horses as it does men.

If you are interested in polo and are not familiar with the indoor variety, take a good look at it. You will be very agreeably surprised.

<sup>1</sup> Indoor polo's committee on referees—consisting of Judge James D. Moore, Capt. C. E. Brady, Walter Devereaux, Thomas Brady and Larry Durkin, with especial praise for Tom Brady—has really done an admirable work not only for indoor polo but for the outdoor game as well, inasmuch as students of its school have officiated at Meadow Brook, at the games of the Eastern Polo League, and gone as far as Baltimore to help out. The school is to be continued this winter, with short courses scheduled for Chicago and Baltimore.





Major Henry Leonard, master of Elkhorn

## "Horse country, my lad!"

by JACK WIDMER

"THE Western horse is a joke! The Eastern horse is a pampered pet!" How often have we heard these and like statements whenever sectional horsemen get together? Yet to this writer, at least, these discussions have always led to a stone wall, for the Eastern horse-producer is just as stubborn as his Western brother.

Recently I encountered a man who is producing horses both in the high-altitude area of the Colorado Rocky Mountain West and in the heart of the Maryland hunt country. This retired Major of the United States Marines, Henry Leonard, has for fifteen years operated successful stud farms in both localities, and gleefully announces his findings.

"Years ago," the Major, master of the Elkhorn Ranch near Colorado Springs, and of the Blythwood Farm of Maryland, announced, "I, too, was of the universally-held opinion that if you weren't located in Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, or Kentucky, you just weren't in the horse-business; but now, to me at least, it's a different story. I've proven that you can produce just as good a horse, perhaps even a shade better, right here in Colorado than you can in the Eastern states, and at a small fraction of the cost."

We had been talking in the tack-room, and the Major rose from behind his desk.

"Come on," he said, leading me out into the bright sunlight of the Colorado morning. "We'll take a look about the place, and I'll show you what I mean."

The next hour was spent inspecting the thousand acres that comprise the Elkhorn Ranch. Broad expanses of meadows lay between the hills, heavily covered with spruce, and trickling streams ran through these paddocks hock-high in summer grass. Small shelter sheds, most of them built of the native stone that is abundant on the ranch, offer shelter in each pasture, and mares and foals grazed in the paddocks fenced with native poles cut from the timbered hillsides.

I was particularly interested in the three-stall foaling barn that the Major had constructed. It, too, was built of native stone, with walls two feet thick. The stalls, 14 by 16 feet, were well ventilated, and gave evidence of being warm despite winter storms.

Directly north of this barn was the main brood-mare barn, built in a rectangle with a cobble-stoned court in the center. The stalls

here, 12 by 12 feet, were used to house the mares and their foals, and were also used as quarters for the show horses that have been constant winners at the Colorado Springs Horse and Colt Show as well as other Western competitions.

"Now here, for instance," the Major said, returning to our discussion of the Eastern vs. the Western horse. He opened the stall door and led out a grand bay mare. "She's by Danger Rock, out of a Blue Don mare. She has foaled both here and at Blythwood, in Maryland, and, if anything, her Colorado foals have been superior to their Eastern brothers and sisters. What's more, I can raise this present filly of hers to a yearling for less than a hundred dollars, while the same animal in the East would run up a bill of at least twice that."

The old mare nuzzled the Major while the little filly scampered around the cobble-stone court. She was an excellent example of the "to-be" hunter, and she showed splendid leg-muscle for her age. I remarked about that feature.

"OF course," the Major smiled. "Here they have large pastures to run over while in Maryland the mare and filly would be confined to perhaps ten acres. Here they run and climb over the rolling foothills, while in the East a majority of the pastures are level. They "leg-up" well in this country, have better wind, more heart-girth, and as for natural coat-bloom, the West can't be beat.

"General C. R. Peter Winsor, D. S. O., who breeds horses for the market in England, was here just yesterday. He insisted that three months of constant brushing by his best groom couldn't improve the coat-bloom that the mares have here without a hand being put on

them. He said that if he were young, if he were starting in the horse-business again, he would move out here into what he termed the most natural habitat of the horse."

"But getting back to dollars and cents," I said, for this is one phase of the horse-business about which we read little, and is, to me at least, a most important phase. "How do you account for such a difference in cost?"

"Well, let's start with the most unpleasant item—taxes." The Major made a face. "Much higher in the East; matter of fact, almost prohibitive if one is to raise horses commercially with any hope of profit; labor next; then the original investment, making for higher interest on your money, and general operating expenses. All these items run at least fifty percent higher in the East, but even then we've not mentioned the most important—the cost of feed. Here in Colorado I can buy the best irrigated oats for about a dollar per hundred, (Continued on page 56)



Perilla, a Blue Don filly at Elkhorn



A general view of the ranch buildings and the rolling country of Elkhorn



# THE HORSEMEN MEET AGAIN

AS A RESULT, SOME NEW RULES WILL GOVERN THE COMING HORSE SHOWS

by TOM REILLY

THERE was one pleasant innovation at this year's annual meeting of delegates to the American Horse Shows Association in the Waldorf-Astoria. There were only two speeches at the luncheon which followed the business sessions.

President Adrian Van Sinderen read his annual report and thirteen-year-old Carol Jane Adler, of Portchester, N. Y., made a charming acceptance of the cup awarded her for winning the most Association horsemanship medals during 1939. In many ways these two talks set the tone of the entire affair.

The president's report was sincere, modest and slightly confusing. On the other hand, little Miss Adler's statement that "the American Horse Shows Association's competitions were an inspiration to all the children," sounded quite refreshing and hopeful.

There can be no doubt that the people who faithfully support the American Horse Shows Association—which, as you know is the governing body of the sport in this nation—are among the finest type of sportsmen to be found anywhere. They certainly cannot entertain any hopes of financial gain from their participation in the show ring.

Perhaps this may sound a bit naïve in certain instances, but I know I am right concerning the vast majority. All one had to do was glance over the audience of more than one hundred and fifty in the luxurious dining room to realize that these men and women were far from ordinary and accustomed to sport of the finest quality. It was when you listened to the reading of the president's report, however, that misgivings began to intrude.

FIRST, let me say again that considering the expense to which Mr. Van Sinderen has put himself personally to keep the Association running, his report was exceptionally modest. No man in the entire assemblage had done more to help the sport he enjoyed. It was just too bad that his report didn't do more to reflect that aid.

At the outset the president said: "I am happy to report a constantly growing interest in the sport and in the Association." A bit later he remarked, "Our budget is again out of balance. . . . It is necessary to state that the present deficit has been met by private contribution; obviously the economic life of the Association must rest on a more permanent basis. I hope all of you who have not yet done so will take advantage of the blanks on your tables and enroll again for the year 1940."

This seemed to me a rather unbusinesslike way for the governing body of a great sport which attracts enthusiastic crowds from coast-to-coast, to be settling its financial af-

airs. For many years the greatest horse show in this country—the National, in New York—was operated on the false premise that somebody always would pick up the check after the party. Then, one day, it had to institute a complete change of policy or die.

The Association's financial report showed that while its receipts for 1939 had totaled \$14,226.28, its disbursements added up to \$17,708.87, leaving a net loss of \$3,482.59. It was then pointed out that an attempt to remedy this situation was being made by cutting out one of the association's services—publication of the annual record book—and raising the dues paid by member shows.

Despite the reported "growing interest" only 198 copies of the book were sold last year. The only possible conclusion to be reached after that statement was that it must have been a dreadful book. It seems that there are people in this and other sports who make a fair living publishing record books.

However, that is beside the point. The real gist of the situation would seem to be that the Association plans to balance its budget by cutting out one of the services it gives members and, at the same time, raise their dues. Carried to its logical conclusion—cutting out more services and raising dues more—this sounds like false economy.

Now, there can be no question that the American Horse Shows Association is badly needed by the sport it serves. It does a magnificent job with the decidedly difficult problem of rules and regulations. In its recording of horses, selection and classification of judges and keen scanning of the rules of show ring practice it does a job for which every horse show in the nation should be grateful.

Anyone who has listened to the agonized squawks of exhibitors who think they have been fouled by the regulations, will realize that this is a job calling for the utmost in understanding, judgment and diplomacy. Perhaps it is the sound and fury of these squawks that makes the Association overlook the fact that there are other people besides the exhibitors at every horse show.

I think the 1940 meeting of the American Horse Shows Association set some kind of high indifference record in that not once during the entire day did anyone arise to remark on what might be done to encourage the reported "growing interest" of the public. There is not another phase of sports today—with the possible exception of squash racquets and court tennis—which has a governing body which would meet without giving some thought to the public which helps support it.

The American Horse Shows Association does absolutely nothing to encourage the public to attend the great sport it governs. In this respect it is unique among all sporting

organizations. Furthermore, the plea that the Association hasn't the money to indulge in this absolute necessity is not altogether true. Efficiently and properly managed, such service would more than pay for itself. It is not money that the Association needs to do this, so much as brains and a little imagination.

ASIDE from this amazing oversight the meeting revealed many improvements, particularly in the field of rules and judging. Through the hard work of committees appointed last year, the entire rule book had been carefully studied and in many places improved considerably. Among the changes which stood out were the following:

A rule which prohibits any exhibitor from showing a horse before a judge who at one time owned the animal and sold it:

A rule which prohibits equestrian competitors from appearing before judges who taught them to ride:

A rule which makes it mandatory that any show wishing to retire a horse from further show ring appearances apply to the Association for permission. And a supplementary rule that bars any horse which has been officially retired from appearing in the show ring again. This rule calls to mind the fact that Mrs. W. P. Roth's Sweetheart On Parade, the Canadian Military Team's late Squire and Miss Patricia du Pont's Kingvulture, among others, all have been retired at least twice:

A much needed rule concerning jumping classes at outdoor shows which have been interrupted by stormy weather. This rule provides that in a class which has been interrupted and put over to the following day all the horses shall be required to jump, including those which had covered the course before the storm. In cases where the storm abates and the class is continued on the same day, however, horses which have jumped the course prior to the interruption shall stand on their accomplishments and not be required to jump again.

One of the most interesting developments was the new rule concerning the judging of championship hunters. A new class has been devised to be known as "the preliminary championship." The only horses eligible for this class will be the four hunters which are leading the point score at the conclusion of the regular classes. Then these horses will be judged on walk, trot and canter, just as though they were in a hack class. Points will be awarded as in the other classes. Then the hunter champion will be decided on his point score alone.

This rule does away with the possibility that a horse which may be a superior walk, trot and canter animal might steal the eyes of the judges in the (Continued on page 51)



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

January 3, 1940

Wednesday.

There was a party in the Country Life Editorial Offices to-day and the guests of honor were three alert little Cocker Spaniels. They are brothers and each in turn has won our field trial Cocker Trophy the three years it has been in competition. Spot, the oldest, won three years ago and came back to get his championship cup. He's a field trial champion now, and rather reserved as befits a dog of wide reputation. However he obligingly retrieved his own ear to his master. Spats, the kid brother, won for 1939, and Soot, the 1938 winner, came along to complete the picture. All three proved their steadiness to shot by not batting an eye when a flash bulb burst. Several humans were gunshy!



Russell Crawford's Gunnar II, Country Life Retriever Trophy winner, shows how a bird should be carried



This is part of the day's work for Cinar's Soot the '38 winner



Spot, Soot, and Spats, the Cinar brothers, were bred by Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman who still own the latter two



Dr. Milbank's F. T. Ch. Cinar's Spot is the oldest of the Dan of Cinar - Merlin Mistletoe puppies



Cinar's Spats brings a pheasant to Tom Briggs, his trainer and handler



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

January 13, 1940

Saturday.

To-day saw the end of the annual New York Motor Boat Show. The crowd of yachtsmen, and those who would like to be, who surged in when the doors opened a week ago have gone their various ways, many of them proud owners of brand new boats. It was as always a good show, and the fleet of assorted power boats, sail boats, and dinghies that dropped anchor in Grand Central Palace this year seemed better than ever. Certainly the luxurious appointments of even the smallest cruisers and the increased efficiency of marine motors is most remarkable. There was a high proportion of buyers among the "lookers" this year, which of course pleased the exhibitors no end.



Part of the main floor from the balcony with a couple of cruisers and some of the sail boats



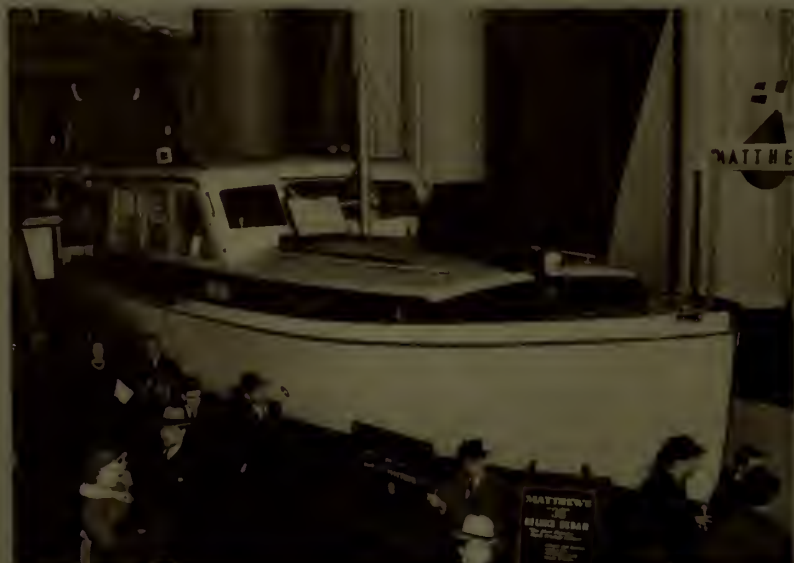
All three floors were packed with people the whole week



A speedy and graceful white enamel and chromium Chris-Craft



You could see your face in these glistening Gar Wood hulls



The crowd gathered around this luxurious and seaworthy looking Matthews "38"



A new type bow which the Higgins "Eureka" people say will ride up on reefs and snags without harm



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FRANK F. THORNTON

### *From Zero to Zenith*

**A**FTER A THRILLING—and chilling—day on trail or slope, many a skier will tell you that the zenith of comfort and good cheer is to be found in a steaming-hot Four Roses toddy.

Certain it is that a hot drink made with Four Roses is endowed with the same magnificent flavor, mellow richness and infinite smoothness for which Four Roses long has been celebrated in cocktail and highball.

If you have not become acquainted with Four Roses' surpassing excellence, may we suggest that a pleasant discovery awaits you?

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*The Sp*

“... AND now my friends, it is my privilege and pleasure to present this magnificent trophy to the gallant winner of the late gruelling contest.”

The gallant winner receives the trophy, replies with a few well-chosen lies and sits down.

Until this moment, victory had been sweet. Now, what in heaven's name is he to do with the trophy—it resembles nothing so much as a Victorian foot-bath. The very sight of it curdles his blood; his wife will surely demand its instant removal

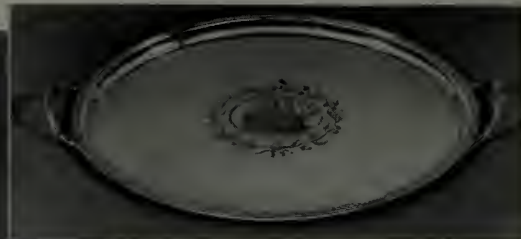
standing ones in this category in New York are Tiffany & Co., Cartier, Inc., Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham, and Peter Guille, and only the last named, being a young firm, may not be internationally known.

What have these houses in common, in what ways do they differ, what does each offer that is distinctive, and is it worthwhile for the average trophy committee on a limited budget to visit them?

In common these four have a reputation for honor, fair dealing and fine workmanship. Also in each is



A tea tray with a nautical history; grand for the yachtsman



Old English hunting flask and silver pap-boat; from Guille

from the home. The engraving upon it makes its exchange impossible, and though it is as heavy as lead there is little doubt but that lead is the reason for its weight: the melting pot would yield but a pittance.

How the gallant winners of the U. S. A. solve such problems as these is a mystery, but even more mysterious is the fact that trophy committees keep on buying and presenting them.

ONE can hardly lay the blame for the present wave of trophy frightfulness at the doors of the run-of-the-mine silversmiths for, barring a few exceptions, they produce what the public demands.

The general demand of today is for size at the expense of all else, and as the average price paid for trophies is under \$20, even a child would be aware that silver of good weight and workmanship in large pieces cannot be had at this price.

It really is criminal when, for even so little as \$10, lovely pieces are to be had, quite lovely enough to be handed down from one generation to another.

There are certain firms which deal almost exclusively in trophies of silver, silver plate, metal, wood, leather and glass. They do offer liberal discounts and engraving at the lowest prices. Though trash is the only accurate description of their wares, they sell quantities of it.

There are other firms, firms whose names alone mean integrity, quality, taste and excellence. The four out-

a department of old silver and an appreciation and knowledge of the unequalled beauty and excellence of the work of the great silver and goldsmiths of past centuries.

There is no doubt that such knowledge and appreciation, plus the actual presence of fine old silver, does provide a standard of excellence which is reflected in even the smallest and most inexpensive modern pieces.

The difference in the kind of silver trophies to be found in this group of famed houses and the trash to be had is as wide as seven oceans.

Yet so long as people feel about trophies as the pleasant fat little man who spoke as follows to me last summer, so long will attics be cluttered with trash: “Now my idea about trophies is this, Mrs. Parker, get the biggest, showiest, cheapest stuff you can find. I have been doing this for years at our little horse show and folks seem delighted.” Of course they do, but the delight is in winning, not in the possession of these dreadful, worthless trophies.

It is evident from everything learned in the search for facts in regard to this subject that many people assume low-priced pieces in silver can only be found in the less well-known shops. The names alone of Tiffany & Co., Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham and Cartier seemingly strike terror to the hearts of the majority of trophy committees.

This is not true, for not only do these firms have a very choice selection of silver in the low-priced group but also the creative talent and



craftsmanship to meet the occasional demand for important and very fine trophies.

It seems almost needless to add that in dealing with the firms mentioned you are assured of fine workmanship and honest weight in silver—in the modern pieces and in the old silver of genuine, not spurious pieces.

Starting with the smallest and youngest establishment, Peter Guille, which deals almost entirely in old English and Irish silver, and which is guided by a young man whose knowledge is encyclopedic and who is resourceful and intelligent, we find much to please all manner of folk (barring of course my little fat friend).

Perhaps a trophy committee of a man's club has the task of selecting an important prize for the winner of a point-to-point, a tennis singles tournament, a golf tournament, a pigeon shoot or as a presentation piece to an illustrious member. The committee knows it desires something "different," but beyond this and the knowledge that they have \$150 to spend, they are pretty well at sea.

If by the grace of heaven they are not blind to everything but size, the old silver hunting flask, by Joseph Preedy 1777, would do their choice honor. It is illustrated here and even in the photograph one can get the feeling of its lovely texture and admire the workmanship and taste of the craftsman who made it. This flask is 5½ in. high and has a double bottom, the outer one of which pulls off to make a drinking

cup. This compact and handsome old flask would even please a permanent occupant of the water wagon, who looking at it would reflect with double pride on the strength of his resistive powers.

Mr. Guille has, for a well-known Southern hunt which desired a perpetual trophy for its annual timber race, taken an old hunting flask of gold, designed a fine oak box in which to house it and placed a gold plaque on the inner cover on which is engraved the date and name of the winner. The winner also receives a replica of this old flask.

**B**ESIDES the old silver hunting flask illustrated here, is a George I papboat, made in London by T. Tearle in 1724. In those far-off days, infants had no bottles and the papboat was the quickest and neatest conveyor of milk and porridge available. Oddly enough, it makes a useful and charming ash tray and as its color is delicious and its shape somehow reminds one of a plump baby, it should please many women. It is 4½ in. long and is priced at \$50.

The two dishes and the waiter which appear in another illustration of Peter Guille's are reproductions of interesting pieces.

The silver waiter, 8½ in. long is a copy of a Queen Anne piece, is of heavy weight, fine and unusual design. Its cost is \$45.

The silver fluted dish is 6 in. in diameter, is a copy of George I and is but \$10.

The small plain silver dish with the deep well, even in reproduction



## *Old English Silver*

The pair of Silver Tea Caddies in tortoise-shell case illustrated, were made in London in 1751 during the reign of George II by Samuel Courtauld. The dimensions of the Caddies allow them to be ideally used as cigarette boxes. A wide selection of old pieces with modern usages, and many extremely fine Modern Reproductions are now being offered.

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The trophy committee may select a lustrous antique, or something from among the modern reproductions, of Peter Guille's



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THERE'S A BIG PLUS in the new 1940 Pontiac Station Wagon that's sending it ahead in Station Wagon sales. Smooth looking and performing. Bigger-bodied—wider-seated—extra height from seat to ceiling. Rides *eight* plus luggage in relaxed comfort.

**\$1015** delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

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**Pontiac**  
FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

LET YOUR STATION WAGON  
ALSO BE A CREDIT TO YOUR  
JUDGMENT.

## DISCOVER THIS NEW TYROL OVERNIGHT FROM PARK AVENUE



DISCRIMINATING lovers of winter sport are discovering a new Tyrol—right in their own America! Join this congenial group at MONT TREMBLANT LODGE—where you step from your door to ski trails that the knowing compare with Europe's best!

Runs that recapture the thrills of the Fleckalm at Kitzbühel... the Galzig at St. Anton... invite you not only to fine skiing but to more of it! For, at MONT TREMBLANT, you needn't lose an ounce of energy or a second of time in uphill trudging. North America's longest Chair Ski Lift swings you up above the slopes of Eastern Canada's highest mountain to eight sporty trails, all graded and widened.

### "Mont Tremblant Offers Most!"

Plenty of open slopes and easy runs. Ski school headed by Hans Folkner—founder of the internationally celebrated Austrian school at Ober-Gurgl. Erling Ström manages the ski shop and rents equipment. Indoor diversions. Skating rink. Comfortable accommodations to suit every taste and budget. Automatic sprinkler systems protect both the new Lodge and the Inn.

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AMERICA'S FINEST SKI RESORT

is an arresting piece. The original dish from which this copy was made was part of an Elizabethan banquetting set, dated (1581-1601). "This service was originally the property of Sir Christopher Harris, and the later parts of it are supposed to have been made out of silver taken from the Spanish Armada, and presented to him for services rendered."

"About the year 1654 the service was buried on Dartmoor, in order to avoid seizure by the Parliamentary troops," and there it stayed until 1927 when quite by accident it was unearthed.

ANY trophy committee which took a long look at this small (6 in. in diameter) dish, held it in their hands and then in their minds' eye, compared it with all the other modern dishes of about the same size, could not but be tremendously impressed by the class of this dish. The price is but \$25.

In the other group of small reproductions of particular merit are a cream pitcher, 3 in. high, a copy of George I, the original of which costs as much as a good new car. It is another fitting trophy for the "weaker" sex and is priced at \$17.

The two-handled bowl, though but 2½ in. high and 4¼ in. in diameter, gives an impression of size and would be a suitable trophy for everything but the most important events. It is a George II copy and is \$25.

The diminutive quaich, 2¾ in. in diameter, is a copy of a Scottish piece of 1760. Its extreme simplicity, very heavy silverweight and reasonable price, \$10, make it a wise selection as a runner-up prize for gentlemen.

The two-handled cup on the base is

far and away the best and prettiest trophy for children seen anywhere. Children are daft about cups and here is one which for itself alone as well as its proof of their childish prowess, deserves to be cherished. When I saw this little gem and thought of the shoddy silver-plated pickle dishes and plaster filled, paper-thin cups and vases that have been won by my hard-riding little girl of eleven, I was as mad as a hornet. This cup is a copy of a George II piece and costs \$20.

I am not unmindful of the importance of the sport and art of sailing (nor of the misery of drifting backwards on a broiling day) nor of the trophy problem which vexes the yacht club dignitaries.

If any all too successful sailor has won the third and last leg of any opulent yacht club's challenge trophy this last year, and the commodore of same is tacking around the shops in search of another, he would be wise to set his course straight for Peter Guille's and there ask for the old silver tea tray, made by William Bateman, of London, in 1800.

This tray is illustrated and even in the photograph, you can read the inscription of the grateful owners of the brig Harriot to her captain and see the Harriot herself sitting comfortably at anchor. This very fine and unique presentation piece, made by one of the most noted of silversmiths, would be a sailing trophy of supreme importance and desirability.

There are many other charming pieces, both antique and modern reproductions which might meet the requirements of a trophy-hunting committee, as those selected for illustration only reflect the author's taste.

Block, Starr & Frost—Gorham offer this handsome reproduction



More reproductions, with two pieces of modern design





Leaving Peter Guille's and walking a few blocks down Fifth Avenue we come to Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham. The atmosphere is naturally quite different from the one we enjoyed surrounded by old silver in the small shop. The old silver department is on the second floor, the ground floor is full of jewelry, silver and activity. Row upon row of glass cases filled with silver of every size, shape and description line the walls. It soon becomes evident that to make a wise selection of trophies will require a great deal of time.

The silver funnel, illustrated, is an exact copy of an old English one and this fine reproduction, made by the English firm of Fred Bradbury & Sons, is \$28. The silver tray is a reproduction of a Queen Anne piece, is 8 in. long and is most reasonably priced at \$12.50.

The double silver stamp box is a nicely proportioned piece of restful simplicity, and with a well engraved inscription (in letters of old script) would be a very attractive prize for either men or women. It is 3 in. long and the price is \$20.

The heavy sterling silver golf tag would be a boon to many winners of the second, third and fourth sixteens who are weary of thimble-sized cups, and its price is \$12.50.

The small ash tray, only 2 in. in diameter, is the most inexpensive piece of quality found anywhere. For it costs but \$2.75, and a pair at \$5.50 would please anyone over 18 years of age.

Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham also create individual trophies, and have frequently fulfilled the particular desires and ideas of their customers, as proved by many standing orders for yearly replicas. These special trophies have been made in gold as well as silver and to commemorate such divergent themes as long service with an oil company and the late Andrew W. Mellon's seventy-fifth birthday, accomplished respectively by a miniature silver oil truck and a large loving cup of 14 kt. gold.

Judging from the photographic record of these individual trophies, which includes besides loving cups and Esso trucks, plaques, medals, trays, boxes and sculptured pieces, few there are which in my opinion rise above the level of mediocrity in both conception and composition. Nevertheless be it said clearly that Black, Starr & Frost—Gorham's attitude regarding trophies is open-minded, friendly, interested and truly cooperative.

N. PARKER.

(This is the first of two articles. The second will deal with the wares of Cartier, Inc., and Tiffany & Co.)

## HAWAII

(Continued from page 28)

thousands of cattle and you have some conception of cattle-wrangling off the Kona Coast.

"Tomorrow, we'll do a little hunting," is the announcement at dinner. Don't worry too much about your marksmanship. Think of herds of wild

goats, scrambling over the jagged lava flows. Add to that sheep and pigs, equally wild, and fast as greased lightning. They are so numerous that they are a blight to the rancher's crops in Hawaii. So, you're doing your host and yourself a favor, as well as having a lot of fun, when you accept the invitation.

A few of the plumper pigs are bagged for an event, distinctively Hawaiian, that always follows a hunt or a drive. It is the luau—which is like nothing else in the world.

IF YOU call it a picnic under tropic stars, you're off to a bad start. The stars are all right, but "picnic" suggests damp sandwiches in oiled paper, paper cups that melt in your hands, and all the rest. Think instead of something between King Richard gnawing a succulent shank in Sherwood Forest and the bringing in of the boar's head for an English squire's Christmas dinner . . . something for the savor of the outdoors, and something for ceremony.

The luau calls for elaborate preparations that go back to pre-historic Hawaii. An imu, or pit, is dug in the ground and half filled with stones. Then a fire is burned in it until the stones are white hot. Meanwhile, a whole pig, plump and tender, has been prepared. Wrapped in ti leaves it is placed in the pit, covered with stones, then more leaves and finally a mound of sand to make the imu air-tight.

For the most picturesque effect, the serving is timed for after dark. Lauhala matting is spread on the ground, brightly decked with flowers and baskets of fruit. Everybody, dressed in memus, a kind of bright colored Mother Hubbard, gathers around the festive board as the porker is brought forth, fit to regale a king. Fish, also roasted in the imu, bananas, pineapple, poi and kona coffee are on the menu.

After a hunt and a luau on the same day, you welcome the decree the next morning to do as you please. To be informal is the only convention to be observed. There's a good horse to ride, the swimming pool, golf, or the surf coaxing you down.

Then again, you may seek your diversion by a shift from land to ocean. If you like the spread of a white sail in a spanking breeze, or the throbbing drive of a motor boat, these are magnificent waters for both. Or you may feel yourself stirred by the fact that, off the Kona Coast, many a record has been made in the fiercely exciting sport of fishing for deep sea game. And covetous perhaps of Waldron's catch of a 568-pound marlin, largest ever snared with regulation tackle, or Cooke's 216-pound yellow-finned tuna, also a world's record, you decide to take a fling at it yourself. It is all part of ranch life in this section of the world.

And so, in the pattern of Hawaii, country life runs its pleasant round. No one has ever come to light who has not felt the nostalgia which follows a visit to Kahua ranch. Perhaps because none is ever likely to find a more distinctive, delightful expression of American country life.

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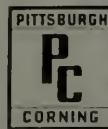
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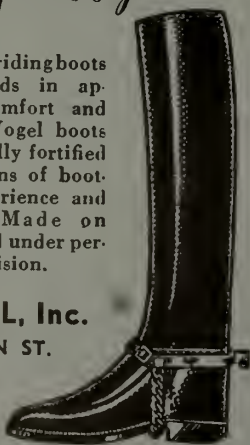
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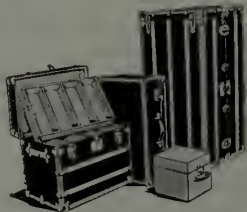
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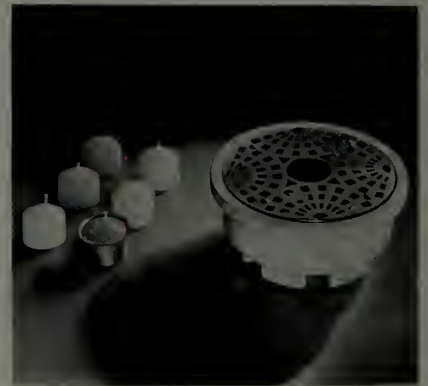
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*February*



Here are fine examples of those hard-to-find perfectly plain, perfectly simple sherry and cordial glasses, of flawlessly clear crystal. A few of these glasses make a desirable addition to a host's stock of glassware, or an appropriate gift to the bride. The price is \$8.50 a dozen. From W. & J. Sloane, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Keopot, the ideal tea and food warmer. The round bakelite heater has a grate on which is placed the teapot or dish to be kept hot. A specially made candle, in metal container, placed inside, burns without smoke or odor. Attractively finished in ivory color. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York. The price is \$1.95.



At Bitter & Loud's, 209 East 72nd Street, you will find these original carved trays, boxes and coasters in mahogany, the handiwork of Ernst Henckel. The fish-shaped hors d'oeuvre trays are \$8.50 each. Pear-shaped cigarette box, \$18.50. Large coaster, \$5; small ones, \$2.50 each; or the set of 7, \$20. Water and alcohol proof, and each piece all hand-made.



These Ski Boots are among the sturdiest made and may be obtained from Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Avenue, New York. The box-toed boot shown on the left is in black grained veal or natural weather calf, \$22 pair. The one on the right is an imported French racing model in peccari, \$25 a pair.



This trim saddle lunch kit was designed by Abercrombie & Fitch's own saddler. It has a waterproof duck case, is bound in leather, holds a pint Thermos flask, cup and a stainless steel lunch box. Leather backed to strap securely to English type saddle, where it is inconspicuous yet handy. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue, New York. The price, \$15.



# in the Shops

Here is an exquisite set of glass toilet jars, that would grace any table or shelf. Made of heavy glass, their attractiveness is heightened by the beautifully hand-wrought enamel tops in bold colors. The set of four pieces costs \$38. From the unusual collection of decorative novelties at Rena Rosenthal, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.



David's-Fifth Avenue (at 38th Street) have devised this handbag, which not only holds everything needed for a crowded business day, but has separate compartments to hold essential items—letters, reports, bills, change, handkerchief, make-up, etc. Fifteen compactly arranged pockets. In smooth or alligator calf, or in suede. \$15.50.

An imported, hand-blocked, wool tobacco pouch, rubber-lined, with polo-players design. Also available with Scottie, steeplechase jumper, or fox mask motif. \$2 each. The horseman's pipe has a swivel ventilated cover on bowl. Meurisse model, of finest English briar. \$5. From Charles Meurisse & Company, 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



Head of a Labrador Retriever in bronze, by Gurdon Woods, on a marble pedestal. Height, 6 $\frac{5}{8}$  inches. Diameter of base, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. \$35. The leather covered cigarette box, "Over and Under," has a miniature shotgun under glass in the lid. \$35. The Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street, New York.

This boot scraper, which is as decorative as it is practical, would grace any doorway. Particularly appropriate for the country home, farm or summer cottage. It is made of heavy cast iron, with side brushes of stiff bristles. You can have a choice of fox-and-hound, cocker spaniel, Scottie or quail design. Price \$16. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue, New York.



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THE title of this contribution might well be "Shotgun Ammunition and Cripples." The two subjects are not unrelated.

Few duck shooters can go through a season without having cause for self-reproach over the number of crippled birds that are not recovered. Even if a gunner is utterly indifferent to the humane aspect of the matter he cannot ignore the fact that it is dreadfully poor business to allow one-fourth of the total annual kill of wildfowl to be wasted in such fashion. One way to avoid excessive crippling is to use modern heavy shot loads properly—not in attempts to make long range hits, but to produce cleaner kills at normal ranges.

OUR shotgun powders may be divided into two groups: those of the older types of bulk and dense smokeless are adapted to upland shooting and to trap and skeet shooting. The newer, semi-bulk progressive powders are made to order for the wildfowler and for the heaviest sort of upland shooting.

I wish with all my heart that there could be less talk about the "long-range" qualities of the latter loads. Every word of it adds to the numbers of the poor broken-winged gut-shot creatures dying in their thousands back in the willows and sedge, out of sight and too often, I fear, out of the minds of the men who put them there.

God knows there is little need to encourage the average duck hunter to try a long shot. On any day on any ducking ground one will see incorrigible optimists firing long range cartridges at birds at distances of from 30 yards to infinity. It's a lamentable and scandalous fact that most of these lads are not too hot at the 30-yard birds, but they will nevertheless dauntlessly undertake to bet a 3-inch 5-cent shotgun shell against the life of a wild duck 80 yards distant.

Just often enough to support their egos and back up the advertising claims they'll kill a 70-yard duck dead in the air, having missed a few, and hopelessly crippled a few more that could not be gathered afterward.

I feel that I have an extra-moral privilege to speak frankly on this subject, for in the past I, too, have fired long range cartridges in a long range gun at a long range duck who had nothing to lose but his life or his splendid gift of flight.

He had, perhaps, burst his shell well beyond the Arctic Circle on a night when the Northern Lights were sweeping long fingers of cold mysterious fire across the firmament. He saw that, and later he saw the length of a great continent flowing past and beneath his wings. The Great Slave Lake, the Touissant Marsh where the slow stream of that name empties into Erie; Currituck Sound; the canebrakes, bayous and piney woods

of the Deep South, and a winter on a shallow coastal lake in Louisiana.

Then northward again to the Circle with a mate, and southward again, until one morning on Mattamuskeet a far flung pellet of number four shot smashed the delicate articulation of his right wing and brought him down to skulk helplessly amid the cattails until a mink found him finally. We're not cruel, but we are most damnably thoughtless.

The people who write the advertisements do the wildfowl and the



sport of wildfowling a great ill-service by suggesting that anyone can kill ducks at 65 or 70 yards if he has a pocket full of long range cartridges. It can be done with a good gun and a good man to point it, but the skill required doesn't come in the box of cartridges. It can only be attained with much practice.

I don't believe anyone should be allowed or encouraged to practice on live wild creatures when it means that for each one killed and bagged and counted in the legal limit others will be left to die in misery and terror.

To my mind the expert wildfowler and exemplary sportsman is he who waits until his birds are well in range, so that if one is crippled a quick second barrel will wipe out the worst consequences of the blunder.

Some day, unless each of us mends his manners in this respect, the United States Government or some other authority will do it for us. Then the gallant lad in the new hip boots and "hunting" coat who takes a chance on a bird beyond 50 or 60 yards will be escorted elsewhere—and good riddance, damn him. We are already being penalized for our carelessness. But for the annual loss represented by millions of crippled wildfowl, shooting seasons could be extended and bag limits increased.

It happens occasionally in upland

shooting that a bird is hit too hard and so messed up and mangled as to be unfit for the table. It is a rare occurrence in wildfowling, however, and the circumstance surely indicates that whatever the improvements are in arms and ammunition for goose and duck shooting they may be more sensibly and humanely used to kill birds that are well in range than in ways that only serve to extend the crippling distance.

It is argued that the regulations forbidding the use of bait and live decoys make it necessary for the gunner to shoot at long range birds, because without those attractions to draw them the ducks will not come into the blind. Undoubtedly there is much truth in the claim that the birds do not decoy as well to a baitless stand and wooden blocks as they do to a heap of corn and live decoys, but the issues should not be confused.

One concerns a shooting regulation intended to reduce the total number of birds killed so that the annual production will be in excess of the number taken. The other concerns a question of individual conduct and the responsibility each one of us has to decide whether, in the pursuit of sport, he is justified in shooting down many birds that will be lost and wasted for the sake of getting a few. After all, there is no law compelling a man to shoot ducks.



"STRAY SHOTS" BY ROLAND CLARK, COURTESY THE SPORTING GALLERY & BOOKSHOP, COPYRIGHTED BY DERRYDALE PRESS

Only a few days ago I heard a professional guide urging his paying guest to try the high birds that were coming 70 yards over the blind. The blind itself was built into the edge of an impenetrable tangle of rushes, water brush and cattails which made the recovery of a crippled bird practically impossible.

"Might as well shoot at 'em," said the guide. "The season will be over in a couple of days, so it won't make

no difference any way, and you've got plenty of long range cartridges."

A good part of the guide's annual income depended upon his duck blinds; the duck blinds would be useless unless maximum numbers of wildfowl came to that area year after year; yet the man saw only that with but a day or so of the season left there wouldn't be time for the harrying and crippling of high-flying fowl to make the birds "blind wise" and spoil his stand for the remainder of the season.

The guide, of course, was shortsighted and selfish, but not more so than the gunner who will follow such advice, or of his own initiative fire into distant birds when common sense informs him that chances are all against a clean kill.

Honest men are gratified when a gang of market shooters is broken up and put out of business, and justifiably so, yet every time we take a long chance that results in a bird skidding down out of sight and beyond hope of recovery we add to a loss which, in its seasonal total, exceeds by millions the numbers killed by poachers and market shooters.

IN order to end this writing on a less doleful, censorious note I shall tell a story given me by Nash Buckingham—who has given me many in the past, but never quite enough.

It concerns a duck that was hit too hard and a gent who made a great fortune for himself. Under contract the gent made raincoats for soldiers, and if the raincoats had faults, that of being allergic to water was not one of them. However that may be, he decided to turn his talents to wildfowling, and bought a membership in one of the great Arkansas shooting clubs.

Opening day found him in his blind with a new automatic shotgun, a bucket full of cartridges, and black old Uncle Horace, the pusher, to handle the decoys and retrieve the slain. With the first flock Mr. Raincoat put on a rapid fire demonstration that emptied his magazine and had the old Negro cowering in the stern of the skiff. Not a duck fell—and none fell from the next flock, nor the next.

About mid-morning, however, a duck was hit and fell among the decoys some 20 yards from the blind. The excited gunner promptly smothered the bird with four more loads and then yelled to Horace—

"I got one! I got one! Hurry up, old man, and bring in my duck!"

Horace unlimbered himself to wade out among the decoys where he picked up a riddled mallard and looked it over.

"Cap'n," he remarked sadly, "yuh means yuh had a duck. Yuh ain't got one now. Tha's mo' shot holes than they is duck in this buhd!"



# Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

FEBRUARY is paynted as an olde man sittynge by the fyre." That picture may have dated from the time when February was the last month of the year. In any event it is a comfortable picture and the fire of blazing hard-wood logs is a comfortable thing to sit by on a frosty February night. Likewise on such nights hot and nourishing dishes hold their own assured and cheerful place on the family board.

I am going to divulge two of my treasured domestic secrets for fortifying the inner man against a snowed-out landscape—one a recipe for onion soup as made at Watch Hill Farm and the other for a cassoulet as concocted in the same kitchen.

There is nothing much better than soup out of a soup pot than *soupe poignone* if properly prepared and there is one way of attending to the remedy.

Of course, as I lead the Country life, I grow my own onions—good as Craigs, the seed of which are planted in flats in January. Later the seedlings are transplanted into two-pot plants and when they finally go to the ground they are well on the way to golden girth and to weigh a pound or more at harvesting.

Following the onions the next step toward the perfect soup is the stock, so on the back of my stove a round-bellied marmite has been boiling all day, whispering sweet flavorsome nonsense to itself. At the same time it is extracting the hidden essences from ten pounds of shank of beef, some marrow bones, two veal bones, two turnips, a quarter of a caber, four carrots, a half dozen small onions, the top of a bunch of celery and a bouquet made of parsley, a bay leaf and a sprig each of marjoram and thyme. The stock has been simmered as it bubbled and when all the goodness has been lured from the meat, the bones and the vegetables the resultant liquid should be strained and clarified and seasoned with salt and freshly ground black pepper.

Now let's get back to the onions. Four pounds of them (you will please note that I am not cooking for a family of two) have been sliced into thin disks that smell like onion but that look like something that a Chinese lapidary might have carved out of white jade. It takes two good-sized skillet to deal with them. Into the first skillet put a scant cup of olive oil and when it gets hot, sautez the onions, slightly seasoned with salt, black pepper and just a touch of cayenne, until they are a rich yellow gold. In the oven broil your little individual onion soup tarts. A slice of French bread has been cut and toasted for each serv-

ing. The climax of the third act has now arrived when Monte Wooley, having given all, disappears in a cloud of

hirsute inconclusiveness. Into each soup bowl place an ample helping of onions, then a generous supply of stock, then the slice of toasted bread and crown the toast with a heaping teaspoon of grated Parmesan cheese. Serve at once and defy the wintry blasts. If you have followed instructions faithfully perhaps you have done your stint for February which is a scant month anyway, and perhaps it would be kinder to leave the cassoulet until March. It will be equally good in March.

THERE still exists in certain private houses in our country the tradition of the dinner table as the nucleus of the home. Such tables are fair boards where family and friends foregather and enjoy good food, good wine, good talk and good fellowship. If you happen to be welcome at such a table, count yourself fortunate. Cherish your host and your hostess and take out a liability policy upon your own comportment so that perchance you may be asked again.

At one such table, a dinner, a superlative dinner, was had with Marion and Reginald Burbank.

Hors d'oeuvres were served in the drawing room and the high spot was smoked Lake Superior white fish.

A cool bottle of Georges Goulet, 1906, popped valiantly and gurgled into glasses. The second bottle did not pop, but it could still gurgle and it was still good with the still, quiet beauty of a champagne *natur*. Supreme oysters, Nayatt Points, the ultimate offering of *Ostrea Virginica*

to American palates, came with a fresh, fragrant Chablis Clos, 1928. Green turtle soup blessed by Solera, 1870, and devilled crab meat *en coquilles*, soft and succulent with that great classic of the Rheingau Johannisberger Cabinet red seal, 1921. Then came a roast wild turkey with chestnuts and tender young haricots lightly boiled and tossed in butter with fresh mint. With this Ausone, 1878. And if any wine today has spent its 62 years on earth more wisely and more pleasantly I would like to make its acquaintance.

There ensued a green salad and a savory *à la* Mildred with Mouton Rothschild, 1928, coffee and a Fins Bois, 1893. Here endeth a dinner that needed no music just as a good wine needs no Ascap. It furnished its own harmony that burgeoned and flowed between the minds and souls of people who were well content with life as they were then living it.

WELL, I have to catch up with a lot of books and not the least of these is "The Gun Club Drink Book" by Charles Browne, D.C.L. & Esq., of Princeton in New Jersey. Dr. Browne is a scholar, a gentleman and probably the greatest living authority on mahogany bar-tops and brass foot-rails. There have been other contenders but they have passed more or less pleasantly to their maker. Dr. Browne fortunately still persists. His current volume, amusingly illustrated by Leonard Holton, is an alcoholic supplement to "The Gun Club Cook Book," published some years ago.



Just a round of sousage before we go home to dinner

FROM THE GUN CLUB DRINK BOOK BY CHARLES BROWNE—SCRIBNERS

In his cook book the good doctor added pungent pinches of wit to a subject which, alas, is too frequently treated merely with pinches of baking powder. The drink book is equally felicitous. Speaking of the great American habit of treating to drinks Dr. Browne speculates as to what would happen if it were extended to food.

"Tom walks into a cafeteria for a cup of tomato soup. Just then in walks his friend Dick. 'You're just in time,' says Tom, 'I'm having tomato soup, what will you have?'"

"'I'll take the same,' says Dick, and naturally, he in turn buys another round of the soup. In come more friends and then more tomato soup. The head-waiter then sets up one round on the house."

"It is now too late to go back to the office and so they all sit around a table and make a day of it. Ten rounds of soup, with perhaps a round or so of mince pie on the house, maybe a wee Doch and Doris or so of corned beef hash or some stewed lamb and now, boys, just a round of sausage before we go home to dinner."

"Sounds idiotic, doesn't it?—A *reductio ad absurdum*, so to speak, but just about as sensible as the treating habit in drinks."

The House of Messner has recently issued the voluminous "World Wide Cook Book" by Pearl V. Metzeltin. Here to a greater extent than in any single book of my acquaintance is reviewed The Cookery of the World. The menus, eating habits and recipes of seventy-two nations are unfolded with encyclopedic care and scholarship. The volume is a *sine qua non* for the meticulous host or hostess. If relatives or friends from Senegal, from Ecuador, from Korea or from the lesser Antilles have to be entertained at a meal "The World Wide Cook Book" tells how to do the job properly.

THERE has recently been issued by the Schenley Import Corporation a slender but well considered hand-book under the title of "Wine Without Frills." It is attractively designed and printed. Quite naturally it accents the many products that Schenley brings from over seas, but in addition to that it contains general and sound information as to the employment, the care and the proper use of wines and liquors. The name of the author is not mentioned, so for the benefit of future Bacchic bibliographers, I would hazard a contemporary guess that the erudite connoisseur, Alfons Weil, had worked at the papyrus with his scholarly stylus. In any event Schenley permits me to say that if you will write to me in care of COUNTRY LIFE you will receive a free copy of "Wine Without Frills" to be added as a well-worth-while item to your collection of *viniana*.



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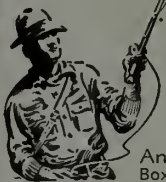
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EDGAR W. NICHOLSON, Secretary  
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### DON'T FORGET YOUR PLOW

(Continued from page 17)

We are used to the fact that cities and forests must grow; but somehow we do not realize that soil, too, has to grow. Like a great tree, it grows very slowly; like that tree, it can be quickly destroyed.

Soil has come about, not just because heat and cold and water have broken up the rock at the earth's surface, but because that fine rock material has been lived in and covered by generations of plants and animals. Remove this living cover and soil formation stops. Worse than that, the soil which has been formed quickly washes or blows away.

There is just one way for the man who loves the soil to prevent such disaster. He must remember that soil has to be lived on. That is how it is made and how it is kept alive.

The old family farm was not perfect in all ways. Although it was prudent in the use of "boughten goods" it was reckless with the labor of men and women and with nature's bounty. It tossed into the fire great logs of hardwood, some of which would have paid today's annual tax on the place. With the priceless asset of clean, abundant natural water it was careless, too, so that today springs and wells are dry.

Yet this family place had one great virtue. It was a self-contained enterprise. It was not only a business. It was a home. Many a farm in earlier days was able to produce nearly everything that the family used, excepting coffee and salt.

Young grandmother made candles, soap, cloth, medicines. Her stout-hearted man could shape wood or metal. There was no trouble finding "activities" for the growing youngsters. All around them were things to do—not invented just to keep them good-humored but necessary to keep the group alive. Life had reality, work was honorable, and one never forgot that existence was tied to the soil.

The trouble with mechanized farming is certainly not that it saves human effort and makes life more agreeable; the trouble is that land is a living thing which cannot be left to itself for most of the year and then treated by violent means for a few days. It must be handled with affection, understanding, and skill.

There would be no soil without the work of countless generations of plants and animals which have lived on and in the surface layers of the ground. Soil is not a mere dead mixture whose qualities you can duplicate in the laboratory in half an hour.

This is the great delusion in the dream of factory farming. It is often said that machinery has revolutionized farm life; this is true. And machinery will continue to be used increasingly on the farm. But there are good revolutions and bad ones. There are revolutions which destroy; and there are others out of which something new and better can emerge.

The prophets who dreamed of the Age of Science were right in thinking that it could make human life better

and happier. They were sadly wrong in thinking that this process would be automatic.

Machinery has no morals. It can work evil just as easily as it can do good. This is equally true of a battleship or a pocket-knife. Neither is any better or worse than the man who controls it. Because machinery has solved so many problems of physical exertion and even of thinking, we have come to adopt in its presence an attitude of worship which makes the African bowing before his wooden idol seem like a sophisticate.

Today a surprising number of people are looking and working towards a world which will be a better place than it is today. Absolutely the most important things in today's living are the dreams which are shaping the world as it will be. Some of us are guided by the quiet joys of rural life and peaceful living. Others are grappling with the problems of men living together in great cities, for they cannot think of civilized human beings living away from such places.

But in any case, there are many who dream about human life made effortless and free from responsibility by the use of gadgets. This is certainly the picture in the minds of extremists, both conservative and radical. Their motto might be "Just press a button and everything else simply happens."

FOR my own part, I question whether this is any formula for human happiness. Certainly the unhappiest people I know are those whose every wish is satisfied with the least possible exertion on their own part.

I doubt, much as the farmer needs mechanical aids to relieve him from hard labor, whether they solve the real problem which is his. What he needs is the sort of thing he is getting gradually as people, weary of the city, return to the land and get some feeling of what it means to live and work there.

It is important to see that the farmer gets a living income, of course. But the heart of the whole business is to have him feel once more that he is respectable and necessary. Whether running machinery, or working with his hands, he must believe in his own dignity and importance.

Our courts are the guardians of our liberty; the army and police are the custodians of our safety; but the farmer cares for that which makes possible life itself—the soil. This soil cannot be maintained under our present wasteful way of living as a nation.

The cities owe to the farmer not merely money and a market for his crops, but active help in returning waste to the soil. Insofar as city people are financially interested in the country, they owe it to the farmer to contribute an intelligent interest in thoughtful management of the land.

Much of the good which might come from modern machinery is offset by neglect and short-sightedness on the part of the absent landlord. An arrangement which permits the tenant farmer to prosper will, in the end, bring prosperity to those who

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own the land and to us all as well.

Great battles of peace—are no less than those of war—are won with farm equipment in the hands of men who can direct it wisely. Machines have no morals; the result of their work reflects the character of those who use them.

With all their trials and troubles, the farm owners of the United States have at hand more and better equipment than those of any other land. This is our own farm artillery. It is for the defenses of our homeland; not for destruction abroad.

But it can be used for either. Our disastrous experience of 1914-18 should be remembered. We helped win, at great cost, a war in which everybody lost. This need not happen again.

When firing ceases, men will turn their haggard faces for real help. They will need all we can spare them. And they will need—far more than materials—the example of a free and peaceful nation which has shown that it can employ its power towards good and orderly ends. This we can show them if we run our machinery instead of letting it run over us.

**HORSEMEN MEET AGAIN**

(Continued from page 36)

title class and also the championship which otherwise would have been awarded to a better animal over fences.

Another good addition to the code was the rule that no man shall be allowed to judge at a show where he is also exhibiting a horse. The pressure on fellow-judges is hard enough now, without admitting any exhibitors to the sanctum of the judge's stand.

Regarding the judging situation Mr. Van Sinderen had the following to say:

"For some time individual members and member shows have urged upon the Association the necessity for a forward step in the matter of strengthening the judging situation. The problem is a serious one and it has been approached by your directors with full realization of its gravity and importance. They recognize, as I feel sure you do, that to list the name of a given man as a particular kind of judge does not make him a better judge. Nevertheless, I believe we have found a way to stimulate improvement in judging and a method which will educate those who are able and willing to perform this vital function of the show ring for us.

"The 1940 rules provide that the division committees, with the assistance of the regional committees, shall choose annually from the list of senior recognized judges a selected list of judges by divisions, to be certified by them as qualified judges and such status is to stand for one year unless cancelled. The list is to be reviewed annually. In granting the status of qualified judge our committees will rate the individual for competency as a horseman, for competency as a judge and for working knowledge of the rules of the Association. The details of the plan are to be worked out and we shall devote

our best efforts to this end during the coming year."

Mr. Van Sinderen continued:

"Whereas a system for promotion of judges based upon their increasing experience and proficiency will obviously tend to improve judging in the show ring, let us remember that no system can be devised which will remove the fault-finding and the unhappiness which we find at every show and which is traceable not to the incorrectness of the judge's decision but to the bias, or the ignorance, or the unsportsmanlike attitude of the exhibitor."

THERE was little change reported in the membership of the Association. In 1938 there were 174 recognized shows. Last year there were 187. Six shows resigned from membership for 1940 and two were dropped, indicating that this season the number of recognized shows will be around 175.

One of the saddest bits of news revealed in this respect was the fact that the Atlantic City show, staged in the great Municipal Auditorium at the seashore resort, and a bulwark in the big Eastern spring circuit, has been abandoned. Lack of public interest and an acute financial situation brought about this result. There is some hope, however, of staging an outdoor exhibition at Atlantic City in August at the height of the resort season.

There were 834 individual members enrolled in the Association last year as compared with 820 during 1938. The largest increase was shown in the registration of horses. In 1937 there were 3,900 recorded horses. In 1938 this figure was boosted to 5,051. At the start of 1939 there were 6,616 and now there are 6,762.

The principal expense of the American Horse Shows Association is for salaries. These totaled for the past year \$7,366.50. The next largest item was \$2,932.43 for publication of the now abandoned record book, followed by \$1,604.91 for publication of the monthly horse show bulletin and \$1,575.01 for printing and stationery.

The Association's greatest income is from the dues of its members, these totaling \$9,472.50, of which \$6,192.50 is paid by the member shows and the remainder by the individual members. The new terms for shows are quite modest.

Exhibitions which now pay a membership fee of \$25 will be assessed \$35 in future. Along this same scale, shows which pay \$50 have been boosted to \$70 and others from \$75 to \$90, \$100 to \$120 and \$125 to \$150. The Association hopes to help its financial situation somewhat this year by the sales of its new rule book.

Most of the new rules have been accepted only after careful consideration and recommendation of leading members in the various divisions many of whom are to be found on the division committees.

Aside from the appointment of these division committees, the only important change in personnel was the election of Morris Dixon as a vice-president to replace William du Pont, Jr.

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# GARDENS



GOTTSCHO

An all-annual garden is a riot of bloom from July until frost.

ON A cold, snowy February evening, what is better than sitting in front of a fire with a table stacked high with seed catalogues?

New, beguiling, catalogues that one loves to pore over, and let one's imagination run riot. At this moment the garden world is at your feet. "every goose is a swan" and the idea of failures—cut worms, droughts, flowers appearing in fiery magenta instead of "soft pinkish lavender"—all such ideas are "out". One longs for almost every flower listed, and with true human frailty one believes (or almost believes) every glorious, glamorous description.

In some of my previous articles, I suggested a few, a very few, varieties of annuals to keep the herbaceous borders colorful, and with sufficient bloom. The reason for this is that there *are* only a few that have an all-season-blooming ability.

THE faithful stand-bys such as Tageratum, zinnias, Coltness dahlias, petunias, salvia farinacea, marigolds, vinca madagasca, and one or two greenhouse annuals like heliotrope and lantana, are about the only ones that commence blooming in June, and will, if you cut off the faded flowers, go on blooming their little heads off until frost. Therefore, when you are planting annuals for perennials gone-bye, you are obliged to use these old faithfuls, and steel your heart against hundreds of other annuals, lovely ones, that have too short a period of bloom to do the job.

But—why not have a garden made up exclusively of these enchanting neglected flowers, and then what a Roman holiday you will have with the seed catalogues! Now, instead of having to steel the heart against the many varieties of flowers that dance intriguingly before your eyes, you can indulge in almost every flight of fancy imaginable.

The garden illustrated with this

article is an all-annual one. It is a section of an extensive and beautiful garden scheme, which is made up of units like rooms, featuring different planting schemes and blooming seasons. It has an evergreen hedge background, and in the center is a formal design of grass and box. Surrounding this is the deep annual border. As seen by the plan, the color scheme has been carefully thought out; and in August and September, when this garden is at its height, it is a breath-taking spectacle. Unfortunately the photograph can only show a small section of it. If the blue print is studied, however, the imagination will supply what the picture cannot show. (A blue print is obtainable by writing to COUNTRY LIFE, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.)

Everything is started in hot beds, with the exception of the Shirley poppies, which must always be sown where they are to bloom. The slow-germinating seeds have to be started in early February, the others in March. Everything gets set out about May 20th, and planted according to the plan. For a short while they look a little stiff and sulky, but when they have taken hold and start growing they shoot up like Jack's bean stalk. Care must be taken to prevent them from getting out of hand. The large plants will flop all over the little fellows, and general chaos will ensue, if they are not staked carefully and rigorously.

This particular garden represents a very large area, but if someone wanted a smaller one it would be easy to cut down the scale and copy the idea and coloring. It should be situated, however, like this one, in some secluded spot that is not always in evidence, because no annual garden looks like anything before July.

I also realize that everyone is not equipped to raise thousands of annuals in hot beds and, therefore, some might feel a bit discouraged

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# BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

about embarking on a garden like this. Don't be, because there is another solution.

By careful selection, it is perfectly possible to have an enchanting garden by raising only a few varieties in hot beds, and then sowing the rest of the seeds where they are to bloom. Clear and explicit directions for planting and care will be found in all the good seed catalogues, and do not disregard their advice! <sup>1</sup> And don't say to yourself: "Oh pooh!—that is all too much trouble; I will take a chance and do it my way." Your way will probably lead to fury and despair, because raising flowers successfully from seed requires genius. That is, if you admit that the definition of genius is "the infinite capacity for taking pains."

**D**ESCRPTION of the flowers themselves will also be found in the catalogues, although at times these descriptions are a bit over optimistic. For your convenience, I am giving in the following list of annuals occasional suggestions about varieties that I have found especially desirable; also I am putting strange hieroglyphics after their names indicating their habits and dispositions. The key for these hieroglyphics is as follows:

- S.—Slow germinating, must be planted in hot beds, early in February.
- H.—"Hot bed preferred"; these are a bit slow and picky when sown outside.
- E.—Easy, but on the slow side, and all right to sow in open ground.
- V. E.—Very easy.
- P.—"Prefer" to be sown where they are to bloom, even if you have fifty hot beds!

Be conscientious about having the soil porous and the right consistency, use a covering of burlap to shade the ground, don't bury the seeds too deep, water gently with a fine spray, do not let the little seedlings get dry but do not drown the poor little dears either, and if queer bugs and blights appear try the remedies recommended in my December article.

## LIST OF ANNUALS WITH SUGGESTIONS:

- Ageratum fraseri—E.
- Alyssum—V. E., and P.
- Anchusa, bluebird—H.
- Asters, giant single—S.
- Brachycome (Swan River Daisy), little blue star—E.
- Browallia elata, blue—H.
- Calendula—V. E.
- Calliopsis, maroon—V. E.
- Centaurea (Bachelor's buttons), double blue—V. E.
- Cosmos, early and late—V. E.
- Candytuft—V. E.
- Cynoglossum amabile, blue—H.
- Dahlias, Coltness—H. advisable, sow in pots
- Dahlias, Mignon, red—H. advisable, sow in pots
- Dianthus, single and double, mixed—E.
- Didiscus caerulea, Improved—S.
- Dimorphotheca aurantiaca—E.
- Gaillardia, double sulphur—S.
- Gypsophila, annual white—V. E. and P.
- Heliotrope—greenhouse culture
- Hunnemannia—V. E. and P.
- Lantana, pale yellow—greenhouse culture
- Larkspur—E.
- Lavatera, white—H.
- Marigolds, Guinea gold—V. E.
- Marigolds, double lemon—V. E.
- Nicotiana affinis, white—V. E.; (colored flowers not sweet-scented)
- Nigella, Miss Jekyll—E.
- Petunia, balcony or bedding type—E.
- Phlox drummondii—E. and P.
- Poppies, Shirley special mixed—V. E., and P.
- Salpiglossis—E. (if climate not too hot)
- Salvia farinacea, blue bedder—S.
- Salvia patens—S., shy bloomer but an exquisite sapphire blue flower.
- Scabiosa—V. E.
- Stocks—S.
- Verbena—E., and P.
- Vinca madagasca, pure white—S.
- Zinnias, lilliput, dwarf, and large flowering types—V. E.

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Hard rubber rollers enable Worthington Cutting Units to overlap on concrete, brick or flagstone walks without injury—only rubber touches the ground. Saves time and labor of hand-trimming later. Pneumatic tires all around prevent rutting of turf, save trees from harm and enable the Estate Ranger to transport itself, with cutting units hydraulically raised, from one mowing area to another without injury to curbs and walks.



Here, in one compact mowing unit—the Worthington Estate Ranger or Estate Chief—is your economical answer to the problem of maintenance and light farming on your country estate. Thousands of estate owners, here and abroad, find Worthington equipment saves them time, man-power and money and pays for itself quickly in economies effected. Look over



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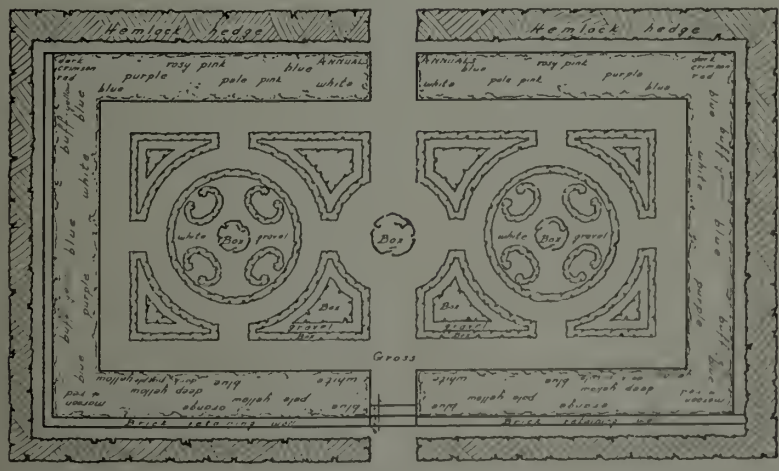
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# NOTES AND COMMENT



Edited by PETER VISCHER

WHAT was in the past a comparatively quiet and contemplative time in the horse world has become, in the year 1940, a very disquieting and exciting time indeed.

What with such important tracks as Santa Anita in California and Hialeah in Florida going full blast, distributing huge sums of money before the eyes of the great and the opposite, the papers and the air-waves are full of racing news. And, as if that weren't enough, there are the warming discussions of pari-mutuel betting in New York and New Jersey, how much money the state should make, what should go to the promoters, where is it all going to end, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is with little doubt a time when those who have the best interests of the Thoroughbred a heart should keep cool heads, and critical minds.

## BETTING

HOW luscious a tidbit the turf has become for the politically-minded will be understood at once when the betting figures for 1939 are made public.

The annual United Press survey of pari-mutuel betting disclosed that \$297,633,113 changed hands at American racetracks during 1939 in 17 of the 18 states where the sport was legal. The sum represents an increase of almost \$20,000,000 over 1938, or one of the sharpest advances in a decade.

Ten states showed gains and the other seven losses. The biggest increase was noted in Maryland, from \$29,222,534 to \$34,990,580, and the greatest loss in Massachusetts, where the season was cut from 90 to 60 days and the betting dropped from \$48,991,865 to \$22,274,329.

Arizona, California, Florida, Kentucky, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Washington and West Virginia were on the black side of the book, and Arkansas, Delaware, Illinois, Nebraska, Nevada and Ohio dipped slightly into the red. Except in the cases of Maryland and Massachusetts, however, both the losses and gains were small compared to the totals.

California led the parade for the second straight year. Betting in that state reached \$75,808,676, an all-time mark for a single state. The California season was the longest—280 days—and the California state treasury harvested the biggest chunk of revenue—\$3,032,347.04. Illinois, with a 200-day season, bet \$37,973,876; Florida, with a 100-day season, bet \$35,276,603, and Maryland, with 154 days, wagered \$34,990,580.

The heaviest betting each day was recorded in Massachusetts, where the average daily handle was more than \$375,000. Florida was second in the department, with an average of \$352,000, and California was third, around \$270,000, because the low betting at the

county fair circuits dragged down the high average registered at Santa Anita.

Figures were unavailable in two states. In Louisiana neither the State Racing Commission nor the racetrack management would disclose figures for the last meeting at the Fair Grounds. In New York the bookmakers operated last year and there was no check on the betting.

The complete table, based only on Thoroughbred racing and with trotting and pacing not included, follows:

	Pari-Mutuel Handle	State Revenue
Arizona .....	\$528,724	\$22,269.56
Arkansas .....	3,090,917	183,066.85
*California .....	75,808,676	3,032,347.04
Delaware .....	8,634,577	425,037.31
*Florida .....	35,276,603	1,214,292.30
Illinois .....	37,973,876	577,659.00
Kentucky .....	11,668,820	184,912.25
Maryland .....	34,990,580	1,116,590.33
Massachusetts .....	22,274,329	979,572.70
Michigan .....	10,098,818	192,425.00
Nebraska .....	12,225,000	133,655.60
Nevada .....	162,825	3,256.50
New Hampshire .....	11,819,375	619,930.03
Ohio .....	6,334,485	93,003.41
Rhode Island .....	26,468,776	926,407.00
Washington .....	3,690,849	184,542.45
West Virginia .....	6,585,883	91,608.83
Totals .....	\$297,633,113	\$9,714,575.56

\*Computed by season.  
†Admission tax not included.  
‡Estimate, exact figures not available.

## STATISTICS

A FEW other statistics regarding racing in 1939 might be interesting. Credit for the totals belongs to "Daily Racing Form," the authoritative source of all racing figures.

The purse distribution amounted to \$15,312,189, the greatest total on record. The number of racing days totalled 2,199. The number of races run totalled 16,966. The average daily distribution of purses totalled \$6,963.25.

The leading money-winning horse, as already related in these pages, was William L. Brann's Challedon, with 9 firsts, 2 seconds, 3 thirds, and winnings of \$184,535. Charles S. Howard's Kayak 2nd was next in line with 8 wins, 2 seconds, 1 third and \$170,875. Two other horses earned more than \$100,000: William Woodward's Johnstown and Col. E. R. Bradley's Bimelech, the former with \$137,895 and the latter with \$135,090.

Several other records of interest involve horses. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Now What was the leading two-year-old filly, with winnings of \$36,245. The leading race mare was G. Ring's Lady Maryland, with winnings of \$14,750. The leading sire of the year was Challenger 2nd; the leading sire of two-year-olds was Jock.

The fastest mile of the year was run by Neil S. McCarthy's Today, now dead, who turned off a mile at Santa Anita on February 14 in 1:35 3/5. A new world's record was set by Challedon at Keeneland for a mile and three-sixteenths on October 10: 1:54 3/5. New American records were set as follows: for a mile and 40 yards, Mr. Ambassador,

Dade Park, August 26, 1:39 1/5; for a mile and a half, the since destroyed Sorteado, Belmont Park, September 23, 2:28 2/5; for 2 miles and 40 yards, Merne, Thistle Down Park, August 5, 3:31 3/5.

The track that gave out the most money in stakes and purses was Santa Anita, with the total of \$1,011,805. Second was Narragansett Park with \$792,510, third Suffolk Downs with \$669,680, fourth Belmont Park with \$629,970, fifth Hollywood Park with \$614,080, and sixth the Fair Grounds at New Orleans with \$519,375. No other track passed out as much as half a million.

When it comes to a daily average the story is slightly different. Santa Anita still leads with a daily average of \$18,737.13, but the tracks that follow are these: second, Pimlico, with an average of \$18,159.40; third, Belmont Park, with \$16,153.08; fourth Saratoga, \$14,035.33; fifth, Hollywood Park, \$13,349.57; sixth, Arlington Park, \$12,537.17.

The leading owners of the year were William Woodward's Belair Stud with \$284,250, Charles S. Howard with \$246,905, William L. Brann with \$222,545, Col. E. R. Bradley with \$157,630, Greentree Stable with \$142,920, Millsdale Stable with \$121,765, Alfred G. Vanderbilt with \$120,125.

The leading trainer was either James E. Fitzsimmons, whose horses won \$266,205 and 45 races, or Hirsch Jacobs, whose horses won 106 races but only \$100,907, depending on how you look at it. The leading jockey was the reinstated Don Meade, who had 1,284 mounts and won with 20% of them, or 255 races; Johnny Longden was second and Basil James third.

## TURF WRITING

THERE appeared in these pages, a month ago, a small item deprecating the growing practice indulged in by some newspapers of permitting their sports writers to have their expenses paid (and in some cases a "salary" added) by promoters—a practice that would never be tolerated for a moment in any other department of the paper.

The item frankly expressed the sincere hope that this practice might be stamped out so far as the turf is concerned, because such fundamental virtues as integrity, truth, independence without entangling alliances, and fearless honesty are likely to be in greater demand there during the coming months than ever before.

That the item aroused a storm is hardly an exaggeration. Newspapermen argued it heatedly. "Editor & Publisher," trade paper of the newspaper profession, opened a wide discussion of the matter. "Time," not unaware that such a practice has played a large role in the enormous publicity given annually to professional baseball, had its say. Press-agents and promoters took notice. . . .



Obviously, we have put our finger here on a very touchy subject. So that the issue may be kept clear may we re-state our earnest belief thus:

It is a dangerous trend, from the point of view of the good of the turf as a whole, to permit newspaper writers to take money from track managements. It is almost as dangerous for the newspapers to permit track managements to pay the expenses of their reporters. There are debatable elements of danger in such relatively insignificant hand-outs as free bed and board and free liquor.

It is paradoxical that the greatest asset a newspaperman can have is a wide circle of friends, yet actually friends are a luxury he cannot always afford.

#### IODINE FOR HORSES

**T**HE Horse and Mule Association, which is doing an invaluable work, has recently brought forth a new booklet for its members (it is not for sale) which is a summary of information gathered from experimental stations, agricultural colleges, experienced stockmen and veterinarians.

We can recommend it particularly to those who live in Michigan, Wisconsin, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington, where experiments have shown the greatest deficiency of iodine in the feeds and drinking water. Livestock fed in the Pacific Northwest and the Great Lakes region, says the bulletin, need iodine rather badly.

#### LIPPIZAN HORSES

**W**HILE war clouds hover over Europe, sunny skies in California shine over what may soon be the last specimens of one of the world's noblest breeds of horses. Chaotic affairs in the Old World make it not improbable that the Lippizans, for five centuries the Imperial horses of Austria, may vanish with interbreeding in their native land, to be perpetuated in America.



Lippizan mares and colts at the former Imperial Stud Farm at Piber, Austria, where this ancient breed has been carried on since the World War; it may be perpetuated in America

On his rolling acres in Hidden Valley, not far from Hollywood, Winfield Sheehan, the screen producer and admirer of fine horseflesh, is undertaking the task of carrying on the Lippizan line. Today he owns the only five Lippizans in this country.

The founders in America of this ancient breed came to the country in an interesting way. Maria Jeritza, the opera star who, in private life is Mrs. Sheehan, sang at the State

Opera House, in Vienna, while it was in dire financial straits, and waived her fee. Knowing her love for the Lippizan horses, the Austrian government presented her with four, which were shipped to the Sheehan ranch. These were two mares and two stallions, of the finest breeding, the stallions trained in the Spanish Riding School of Vienna. Two colts have since been foaled at the ranch.

The Lippizans, so named because they were first bred at Lippiza, then a part of Spain ruled by a branch of the Hapsburg family, are closely bound to the history and tradition of Austria. After the World War they were bred and trained by the State.

Five centuries ago the world in its race for armaments did not seek fast planes or artillery. The search was for the perfect cavalry horse. The Hapsburgs, who then ruled most of Europe, envisioned future attacks on Austria by the Turks. In addition, Austria was the traditional enemy, then, as later, of Prussia.

Continually in danger of attack, the rulers decided to improve cavalry stock and to develop a horse of great speed, with stamina to carry man and armor over many hours and miles. Fine Arabians were imported, and experiments begun, crossing the white stallions with the black Andalusian mountain horse of Spain, and with Italian, Danish, and other stock.

The Lippizan breed, as finally developed, is mostly Arabian and Andalusian. The colts are born black, gradually turn gray, then silver, and when between four and five years old, are pure white. Archduke Carl founded the Imperial Farm at Lippiza in 1580. When Austria entered the war in 1916, the farm was moved to Piber, in Steiermark province, where the horses continued to be bred.

The appearance of the Lippizan is striking. He is supple, resistant and lively. His muscles are hard. The stallions, though of high spirit, are tractable, friendly, and affectionate. Their walk is light. They exhibit a rhythmic grace in movement. Their intelligence is amazing.

They are wide of forehead, with dark, intelligent eyes; deep of chest, with short arched necks suggestive of the Arab. They maintain their carriage instinctively.

The Spanish Riding School, inseparably linked with the Lippizans, dates back to 1735. It came about when fine horsemanship was the pride of nations. The finest riders brought to Vienna their best traditions. The Spanish style of riding was then considered the finest,

hence the adoption of the name for the school.

The finest stallions only were sent to the school, where they were trained in advanced equitation. Exhibitions were given for royalty from other lands. Deeper and deeper became its tradition. Emperor Karl VI erected a magnificent building for it.

Down the centuries magnificent Lippizans



A Lippizan of the Pluta family, of the same strain as Winfield Sheehan's Florian

displayed their skill. The breed increased. Royalty and generals rode the finest of the stock. Others went to the cavalry. Lippizan cavalry drove the Turks out of Austria, and stopped Napoleon at Leipzig. Maria Theresa rode a Lippizan. She used the magnificent Riding School, literally a palace, not only for riding exhibitions, but for grand balls and other social functions.

When a royal visitor came to Vienna, it always meant, among other things, a riding show. During the reign of Franz Josef the late Theodore Roosevelt was so honored. Cavalry officers from all over the world went there for training.

At the time Sheehan's horses were brought to America there were about 250 true Lippizans in Austria.

Though an exceptionally sturdy animal, the Lippizans in California are being given utmost care. The ranch produces their oat hay. They receive this, together with three light feedings daily of oats and bran. Twice a week they are given chopped green alfalfa, which Sheehan rates second only to the best Kentucky blue grass, as a laxative and container of necessary vitamins.

Florian, one of the two stallions presented to the Sheehans, was trained in Vienna and executes the traverse, walk, trot and canter, Spanish March, Spanish trot, gallop and counter-gallop, change of lead, the piave, or dance on a single spot, the coupe, or rear, the clapping of the fore hoofs twice in the air, the lavade, or "sit up," and the cabriole, or leap straight into the air, all four feet off the ground at one time.

That these horses have an imitative instinct is proved, seemingly, by Florian II, a two-year-old. Though he will not be put into training until his fourth year, he now endeavors to duplicate the steps he sees the two older stallions perform.

A commission of United States Army cavalry officers has for several months been visiting the Sheehan ranch, to inspect and study the animals.



# ★ BELFONDS

(Grey, 1922)



• BELFONDS (Grey, 1922)	Isard II	{	Le Samaritain	Le Nancy	{ Atlantic Gem of Gems
			Clementina	{ Doncaster Clemence	
	Irish Idyll	{	Kilwarlin	{ Arbitrator Hasty Girl	
			Flitters	{ Galopin Ierne	
	Perth	{	War Dance	{ Galliard War Paint	
			Primrose Dame	{ Parcaidine Lady Rosebery	
	La Buire	{	Enthusiast	{ Sterling Cherry Duchess	
			Lark	{ Larkfield Cestus	

No. 3 Family

- \*BELFONDS was the champion of his generation in France.
- \*BELFONDS won the French Derby eased up by four and a half lengths. Every horse in the field back to the seventh proved to be a first class stake winner.
- \*BELFONDS was also a high class two-year-old stake winner, ranked three pounds from the top of the free handicap.
- \*BELFONDS has sired five classic winners from ten crops to run in France. No other horse alive has done this in England or France. Only Man O' War has done so in the United States.
- \*BELFONDS is a horse of faultless conformation and temperament.
- \*BELFONDS foals are strikingly like him. Half of them are grey. The remainder are brown bay and black.
- \*BELFONDS never sires a chestnut.

FEE \$1000.00 – NO RETURN

\$100.00 INSURES LIVE FOAL

**A. S. HEWITT  
MONTANA HALL  
WHITE POST, VIRGINIA**

## "HORSE COUNTRY, MY LAD!"

(Continued from page 35)

while in Maryland I'm forced to pay two-fifty, and the oats aren't nearly as good.

"But quality?" I wanted to know. "Why is it that, if what you say is the gospel—if one can raise just as good a horse in the West as they do in the East—one seldom hears of an outstanding Western horse?"

"Blood," was the Major's reply. "You must remember that by comparison it wasn't so very many years ago that Indians were running over what is now this ranch. We haven't had time to build up our bands. Good mares are hard to buy anywhere and they have been slow in coming to the West. Yet there have been a few excellent mares find their way out here, and along with the good stallions that have been imported, we are just now beginning to notice the effect. You mark my words: the Western horse is coming up, and it won't be too many years before a horse bred west of the Mississippi will be standing in the winner's circle on Derby Day."

**I**N THE training ring, grooms were working with the yearlings. They were adjusting surcingles and backstraps about them, and the colts were carrying straw-filled sacks tied to the surcingles. They will be driven with hand lines during this yearling fall and then turned out.

At the other end of the training paddock, three-year-olds were being saddled and ridden by a light boy. First, he taught the colts to stand quietly, then to walk, and to walk quickly; finally he put them into a collected trot. The Major explained that by the middle of the summer the colt will be galloping, and a large-ringed snaffle-bit will replace the breaking hackamore. This is continued for at least two weeks, at which time the snaffle-bit is replaced with a heavy spade. The Major personally does all the work with this bit which, in the hands of a man of short temper, would be extremely dangerous. He contends that the spade sharpens the horse, and puts the finishing touches to an excellent mouth. This bit is then followed by a double bridle, and in the late fall of the three-year-old year the colt is lunged over three-foot hurdles and turned out.

In the fourth year the serious business of training over open country is undertaken. However, the Major insists that the horse not be asked to take anything higher than three feet six inches. Then, in the fifth year, the horse is ready for anything.

"But how about colt percentage out here in Colorado?" I asked.

The Major turned in the saddle—we were coming back toward the ranch buildings after a ride among the hills above.

"This is going to sound incredible," he smiled, "and I've found that it doesn't pay to make the statement often, but we have had exceptional luck here. Matter of fact, since 1925, we have failed to get but one mare in foal. Of course, our operations have been on a small scale, but we

have averaged twelve colts each year since that time."

I let out a low whistle. I have been connected with horse-breeding, all the way from owner to groom and back to owner, ever since I was in short pants, and 75% has always been very gratifying. To hear of a practically errorless fourteen years was almost a bit too much. I wanted details.

"It's all either very simple, or we have been playing in excellent luck," I was told. We skip the first day of the heat period, then breed the mare on all of the next three days. I think the secret is that we rest each mare every four years and, contrary to some statements that I've heard, I have experienced little difficulty in getting the mare in foal after her rest year. Personally, I think this rest period does much for the mare herself, and an unquestionable amount of good for her foals."

The Major paused to look at his beloved mountains rearing up behind the ranch buildings.

"Of course," he chuckled, "we'll have to give a little of the credit to the country. Back in Maryland, the pastures are small, disease is prevalent. Here, with large pastures, with few if any parasites, with no abortion, the horseman's life is a comparatively easy one."

We dismounted in front of the training barn just in time to watch the feeding of the horses. Powdered skim-milk was included in the ration at the rate of one-half pound per day in the evening feed.

"Skim milk makes a wonderful feed," the Major stated. "It's high in calcium and phosphorus, is an excellent bone-builder, and I think it's worth its weight in gold to the horse-producer."

As the sun started to set behind the Rocky Mountains that act as a natural back drop for this lovely establishment, the Major led me to the long, rambling house. We sat on the comfortable lawn chairs watching the heaven's flame about the ruggedness of Pike's Peak.

Finally, I rose to be on my way.

"Where to now?" The Major wanted to know.

"Headed east," I told him.

"Hurry back!" the Major laughed. "And don't let the boys contaminate you. This, my lad, is the real horse country!"

## GREAT TRAINERS

(Continued from page 25)

him. Furthermore, he knew that he would get horses like Cap and Bells and Disguise, yearlings which had just been broken at Morris Park by Johnny Hines. It was his great opportunity and Bell did not stand in his way.

Take a look at him as he stands on the threshold of greatness.

Few men are privileged to call Rowe "Jimmy", but those that are can count on him forever. He is as unsentimental as a young doctor about the animals to whom he devotes his life. He has no favorites; the plater and the champion get the same



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   { Fortuna  
   { Lomond  
   { \*Trossach Girl { On les Aura

**RACING RECORD**

Year	Age	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Won
1936	2	4	1	2	1	\$ 1,725
1937	3	10	3	3	2	52,050
1938	4	3	1	0	0	850
						<b>\$54,625</b>

**Winner of the Withers and the Arlington Classic**  
**FEE \$250 RETURN**

**MR. BONES**

**MR. BONES**  
Brown, 1933

{ \*Royal Minstrel { Tetratema { The Tetrarch  
   { Harpsichord { Scotch Gift  
   { Louvois  
   { \*Golden Harp  
 { Rinkey { Pennant { Peter Pan  
   { Ballet { \*Royal Rose  
   { Coppelia { Ben Brush

**RACING RECORD**

Year	Age	Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Won
1935	2	6	2	0	1	\$ 1,750
1936	3	8	3	4	0	24,575
1937	4	5	1	1	0	1,280
						<b>\$27,605</b>

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**Greentree Farm**  
**Stallions**

(1939 Season)



**QUESTIONNAIRE**

*Bay, 1927, by Sting—Miss Puzzle, by Disguise*

Questionnaire is the sire of 11 2-year-old winners this year from his second crop to race, including the stakes winner Valley Lass and Third Degree, third in Belmont Futurity. Questionnaire himself won the Brooklyn, Metropolitan, Paumonok, Kings County, Broadway, Mount Vernon, Yonkers, Yorktown, Twin City, Searsdale Handicaps, Empire City Derby, Mount Kisco Stakes. He was second in the Suburban, Ardsley, Edgemere Handicaps, Lawrence Realization (beaten a head by Gallant Fox), Whirl Stakes, third in Jerome, Metropolitan Handicaps, and Belmont Stakes.

FEE \$1,000

RETURN

**\*ST. GERMANS**

*Bay, 1921, by Swynford—Hamoaze, by Torpoint*

\*St. Germans has sired the stakes winners Twenty Grand, Bold Venture, St. Brideaux, The Darb, Carry Over, Easy Day, Rose Cross, Jungle King, Memory Book, Sparta, Clotho, Gean Canach, Reminding, Tatterdemalion, Giant Killer, Collateral, and many others. \*St. Germans won the Doncaster, Coronation Cup, Burwell, Craven Three Year Old, Hampton Court Great Three Year Old, Limekiln, Royal, Lowther Stakes, Liverpool, St. Leger, second in Derby, St. James Palace, Criterion Two Year Old, Jockey Club Stakes, third in Eclipse Stakes and Ascot Gold Cup.

PRIVATE

PRIVATE

**ST. BRIDEAUX**

*Bay, 1928, by \*St. Germans—Panache, by Broomstick*

St. Brideaux has had four crops to race. He is the sire of many winners, including Nightmare, Kendall Green, Lame Duck, Say Do, Rollicker, Bad Dreams, Scottish Mary, Birthday, Armor Bearer, Alpenglow, etc. St. Brideaux won the Latonia Championship, Broadway, Saratoga, Thanksgiving Handicaps, and Whitney Stakes. He was second in Bowie, Brooklyn, Havre de Grace Cup, Queens County Handicaps, Latonia Derby, Travers Midsummer Derby, and third in Helpful Stakes, Bryan and O'Hara Memorial, Riggs Handicaps, and Whitney Gold Cup.

FEE \$250

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LEXINGTON, KY.



## STANDING AT DUNTREATH FARM

(Owned by Mrs. Silas B. Mason)

# HEAD PLAY

Chestnut, 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Head Play was a racehorse of the highest class. During his turf career he won 14 races and \$109,065. He won the Preakness Stakes (beating Ladysman, Utopian, Brokers Tip, etc.), Suburban Handicap (beating Discovery, Only One, etc.), San Juan Capistrano Handicap (beating Top Row, Ladysman, etc.), Bay Meadows Handicap (beating Time Supply, Gusto, etc.), San Antonio Stakes, Hawthorne Juvenile Handicap and Cincinnati Trophy. Head Play was also second in the Kentucky and American Derbys.

Head Play is a male line descendant of the great Fair Play, whose blood is dominating the Turf today. Head Play's sire, My Play, was a good stakes winning brother to Man o' War. Head Play's dam goes back to Rouge Rose, dam of Bend Or, one of the foundation sires of the modern Thoroughbred.

Head Play's first crop were 2-year-olds in 1939 and consisted of five foals. (Head Play made his first stud season while still in training.) To date Head Play has had four starters. Tola Rose and Picture Play have won, Headtide has placed, while Double Header has only started once, but is very highly regarded by his owner and trainer.

Head Play has had nine yearlings sold at Saratoga for a total of \$29,851, an average of \$3,316.77. The uniformly good feet and legs, and general resemblance to their sire, of Head Play's yearlings, evoked much favorable comment amongst breeders at Saratoga. An inspection of Head Play's weanlings at Duntreath Farm is invited. Head Play himself closely resembles Fair Play and breeders are cordially invited to visit him.

Twenty-six mares have been definitely booked to Head Play for 1940. Breeders contemplating sending mares are respectfully urged to make their commitments in writing at their earliest convenience as Head Play's Book will be strictly limited to forty mares, and definitely closed when that number has been engaged.

FEE \$500. NO RETURN. \$600 LIVE FOAL GUARANTEED

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## KEENELAND STUD STALLIONS

### JEAN VALJEAN

Ch., 1926, by \*Stefan the Great—Jeanne Bowdre by Luke McLuke

Sire of the stakes winners Carlisia, Billy Bee, Gene Wagers, Jack Patches, Yellow Tulip, Siam, Sweet Desire, Dolly Val, Benjam, and many other winners.

Private Contract

### GRAND SLAM

Ch., 1933, by Chance Play—Jeanne Bowdre, by Luke McLuke

In his 2-year-old season Grand Slam was an outstanding colt. He won an allowance race at Pimlico, Pimlico Nursery Stakes, Prairie State Stakes, Arlington Futurity, and Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, and was second in the Pimlico Futurity. In the Arlington Futurity Grand Slam was practically left at the post, broke behind 19 other starters. However, he showed phenomenal speed, overcame the entire field, and won by two and one-half lengths from Tintagel (Futurity, etc.), Valeictorian, and others. In that race he carried top weight of 122 pounds, ran the six furlongs in 1:12 over a muddy track.

Grand Slam was injured early in his 3-year-old season before he had started that year, and although this top son of Chance Play continued to race up to five last year (winner of six races in 1938) the injury prevented realization of the great racing potentialities Grand Slam showed at two.

Private Contract

### SILVER HORDE

Bay, 1935, by \*Bull Dog—Silver Beauty, by \*Stefan the Great

Silver Horde, a horse of striking individuality, was prevented from racing by an injury. He is by a top sire and out of the dam of the crack filly War Beauty (Selma Stakes). The next dam is Jeanne Bowdre, also dam of the stakes winners Grand Slam and Jean Valjean and Jean Lafitte, both sires. The second dam is Black Brocade, dam of Mr. Sponge (stakes winner of 34 races and \$73,380), Pagan Proc (winner and sire), Shuffle Along (25 races and \$52,573), Barenka, etc.

Private Contract

## J. O. KEENE

Keeneland Stud, Lexington, Kentucky

meticulous care from him. But there will come one horse that he really loves; and that horse's name he will order engraved on his tombstone.

When Rowe took command of it, the great stable of James R. and Foxhall Keene had fallen on evil days. In 1898 its winnings had dropped from a record high of \$279,458, won in '93, to a miserable \$3,500.

The moment Rowe took charge the earnings shot up. For seven straight years, beginning in 1900, his name led the list of winning trainers, culminating in that all-time high for any trainer in the world made in 1907.

Adjoining the stables, at Sheepshead Bay he had a little cottage named Sysonby Lodge. From the day he arrived until the end of the season he rarely left the Bay, except to pay a hasty visit to other Keene horses at the Brookdale Stable in New Jersey or to go to the various tracks to saddle his entries.

He even had a barber and manicurist come to him, rather than leave the horses even for the length of time necessary to get a haircut.

After the races each day, Rowe would go direct to the stables, where he would inspect thirty or more feedboxes twice; first to see if they were clean, and then to be sure they were properly filled. While the horses ate, Rowe, too, had an early dinner.

Then back to the stables and once again he inspected the feedboxes. If a horse was off his feed, pulse and temperature would immediately be taken. If grain, scattered beside a box, gave evidence that a horse was bolting his food, Rowe would order shell corn put in to make him chew.

AT 4 A. M. Rowe was up again. Through the pitch darkness he would make his way to the stables. Again he would go through every stall. In each he would pick up a handful of bedding and smell it to see if the horses' kidneys were functioning properly. He would take up a bit of dung, and break it between his fingers, looking for undigested grain.

Then the horses would have breakfast, accompanied by the triple feedbox inspection. Rowe would give orders as to which were to be worked and which galloped. But, before the horses were taken out, every foot would be taken up and every plate examined.

This exacting care gives point to an amusing incident which happened many years ago at Saratoga. A young state veterinarian was inspecting the horses in the paddock. He bent over to pick up the hoof of one of Rowe's horses.

"Look out, young feller!" said Rowe. "You might get kicked."

"I ain't afraid of horses," said the vet.

"It ain't a horse that's going to kick you," remarked Rowe.

There is only one occasion on record when he and Keene fell out. That was when hitherto unbeaten Sysonby lost the Futurity. Rowe felt so badly that, after seeing the horse put up, he left the stables and went to his house in Lakewood. When Keene heard of this, he flew into one of his famous rages.

"Rowe is fired," he stormed. "I will not have a man in my employ who would leave Sysonby at a time like this."

Foxhall Keene managed to soothe his father by explaining the real reason why Rowe had left his charge.

Incidentally, it is due to Rowe that Sysonby had his glorious career in America. Mr. Keene had ordered the colt sent to England, but Rowe, after a secret trial at which Syse displayed phenomenal speed, decided that he wanted to train the colt himself. When Mr. Keene came to inspect the horses bound for Eng'and, Sysonby was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's the Melton colt?" he asked.

Rowe sadly shook his head and said, "He's too sick to go."

Sysonby was led out, muffled to the eyes in blankets, with bandages around his head and poultices on his neck.

The ruse succeeded. Mr. Keene was convinced, and Sysonby remained to make his name immortal on the American turf.

There has always been a question in turfmen's minds as to whether Sysonby or unbeaten Colin was the greater horse. Foxhall Keene thinks that Sysonby was. But there was never a doubt in Rowe's mind. It was Colin all the way. The unsentimental trainer had fallen at last. He loved that horse.

Two weeks before Colin was to run in the Belmont, tragedy struck the Keene stable. Rowe called his employer and said in a hoarse voice, "Colin has bowed a tendon."

"Oh my poor horse, my poor horse!" wailed Keene.

Rowe, who thought no one cared for Colin as he did, said disagreeably, "Yes, and the Belmont's worth \$50,000."

On the day of the race no one knew whether Colin should start or not. Around him in the stables were gathered a little group of anxious men, the two Keenes, Rowe, Algernon Daingerfield, and the two greatest veterinarians of the day.

The horse was not lame, but there was an ugly knob on his fore leg, which betokened a bowed tendon. To start him might mean that he would break down irretrievably in the race. It could easily mean his death and the death of his jockey, if his leg gave way and he fell.

The vets would not venture an opinion. Rowe was against it, but at last he gave way.

"It's up to Mr. Keene," he said.

"Start him," said Keene.

Rowe would not watch the race. He stood behind the stands with Algernon Daingerfield, his head bowed, but his ears straining for the sounds that would tell the story.

After an interminable wait, there came the windy sigh of a great crowd saying, "They're off!" Followed the curious, noisy silence that attends the indeterminate interval of a long race. Rowe could follow the horses by his time sense and the rising tumult from the stands as clearly as though he were watching the race. He knew when they turned into the back stretch and when they reached the





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mile. He could see them go into the last wide turn.

Now they were at the head of the stretch, and now they were at the last quarter-pole.

Suddenly a wild roar burst from the crowd. Rowe lifted his head and tears were standing in his bright blue eyes.

"Colin's ahead," he said. "Colin wins!"

Rowe was quite aware of his value as a trainer. One time a rich Westerner telegraphed him, "Wire name of greatest trainer in country. I desire to engage him."

Rowe wired back, "James Rowe. Not for hire."

After the death of James-R. Keene and the break-up of his stable, Rowe went to Harry Payne Whitney. The first year he was with him—1913—Mr. Whitney's name went to the head of the list of winning owners. Two years later, in 1915, Rowe pulled off a coup, never duplicated before or since, by winning the Kentucky Derby with a filly, Regret, from the Whitney barn.

On one occasion, when the business of the Whitney stable had sent him dashing from Long Island to Kentucky, on up to Saratoga and back to Westbury, he remarked sadly, "I'm no longer a trainer; I'm a commuter."

"But," he added, "I'm going to take a month off and train a filly to win the Futurity."

That filly was Mother Goose.

Rowe would scoff at the greatness of present-day horses and turn the talk back to the colts and fillies he had loved long ago. When asked if he thought Colin could have beaten Man o' War, he muttered, "Ballot could have."

Of all the horses he ever saw, unbeaten Colin was Rowe's choice. He desired that his epitaph should be just three words:

HE TRAINED COLIN

*In the second half of this article, to appear in COUNTRY LIFE next month, Mr. Hatch tells of the life and methods of James E. Fitzsimmons.*

## RACING

(Continued from page 24)

of the sport—that is, as it was formerly conducted there; and possibly his attitude has reason in it. There will be nothing new doing at New Orleans, where a somewhat abnormal situation has for some years existed, only one track operating instead of the three that used to divide the winter between them. Louisiana has no racing law or state racing commission and the turf there depends wholly upon the caprices of the oligarchy of the moment.

Moving north to Kentucky, we have another somewhat abnormal situation to face. So far as known, nothing even faintly resembling a new track looms upon its horizon! But Col. Winn is out, with drums, trumpets and banners, the thunder of the captains and all the trampings of conquest, to make the 1940 Kentucky Derby bigger and better than ever.

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As he proposes to do so regardless of expense, and has a priceless asset in the hottest winter favorite in all the nearly seventy years of Derby history, the unbeaten Bimelech, there is every prospect that he will triumph gloriously. It is, of course, up to Col. Bradley to bring the colt to the post; but as that is his avowed objective and Bimelech went into winter quarters sound and fit, it would seem only a matter of routine. Bimelech and the Kentucky Derby! Col. Winn certainly has names to conjure with.

The position that Ohio and Michigan now occupy in the turf scheme is strictly unexciting. Nor is there anything in our preview of 1940 that seems to warrant any change in their status.

But when we move on westward to Illinois "there is another tale to tell." The racing season of 1939 at the Chicago tracks was one of success, from some viewpoints very gratifying. It led to plans for 1940 that were along high levels. Arlington Park, whose position of primacy is assured, announced itself ready to improve its programs substantially.

Washington Park announced that it would renew the historic American Derby and endow it so richly that after two years of abeyance it would take its place among the season's capital prizes. Hawthorne and Lincoln Fields were willing to co-operate along similar lines. Altogether, the outlook was most promising.

Then came a thunder-clap. As usual, the Illinois season closed with the late October meeting at Sportsman's Park, half-mile track originally built for harness racing, later used as a dog track and then, when dog racing was prohibited, converted to the use of the leaky-roofers in quest of winter oats.

The racing proceeded there as usual and closed with the official announcement that it had been unusually profitable to the promotion, the weather having been extremely favorable throughout. But hardly had the gates closed on the last day ere a grim tragedy was enacted, the president of the association being slain by gangsters when driving through the public streets in his motor car—the murderers effecting their escape without pursuit or detection.

Investigation uncovered the fact that he himself had been long connected with the criminal underworld and had, with little doubt, fallen under its ban. It was also brought out that he, and the underworld of which he was the smooth and respectable front, were hooked up with both horse and dog racing in several other states; always with a political background.

The shock was terrific and has done legitimate racing incalculable harm, especially in Chicago and the Middle West, where the impact was most immediate. But the O'Hare scandal's ramifications, spreading as they do as far afield as New England and Florida, have produced repercussions, of which the sensational press very naturally has made the most (and worst).

One of the results has been a

more or less widespread belief, rising nearly to a demand, that "horse racing must clean house or have the cleaning done for it"; perhaps by no gentle hand.

The political control of the sport has meanwhile continued to prove a mixed blessing in California, at the far extreme of the racing map. A newly-elected Governor and a newly-appointed Horse Racing Board (the equivalent of the state racing commissions elsewhere in vogue), as might have been expected, quickly got into action to remould the *status quo ante* into something more in consonance with their own ideas and desires.

THAT Santa Anita would bear the brunt of their displeasure was self-evident and such has proved to be the case, the great meeting there suffering a marked curtailment in the number of days allotted it, while in contrast others, in rivalry with it, suffered little if any.

The cry of "too much racing" in the state, especially in the Los Angeles-Hollywood sector, had something to do with this; but the evidence points to the real motive force having been internecine jealousy, rivalry and animosity, some of it acutely personal, which obtained the upper hand and moved accordingly; ancient grudges rather than judicial impartiality were served.

Nevertheless, we hear of more and more projected new courses for California; with the probability that they will be licensed to operate if they are built—and for one at least the ground has been broken.

The preceding sketch is intended to place before the reader's eye the *mise-en-scène* of racing in the U. S. A. for 1940 as, at the year's opening, as it presents itself. Once again, as repeatedly before, the sport is under fire and upon the defensive. Were it not that politics has found it an indispensable leverage for more and more tax-gathering, it would be in a parlous state.

With politics behind it, to a certain point its continuity is assured. But only to a certain point, and not beyond. Even the revenue derived from the race tracks that flows into the state treasuries may not suffice to save it should the tendency, now so prevalent, to turn the federal batteries upon it, crystallize into definite hostility. And, indeed, in an indirect manner this has already come to pass and may easily be carried farther.

It is, therefore, at the present moment as never before, imperative that racing purge itself of the corrupt, unclean and undesirable elements that have, like leeches and parasites, fastened themselves upon it, and come before the public with clean hands and a clean house.

The public loves the sport. The sport is a noble one. There is no reason why it should not be so conducted as to rise above all reproach and contumely and present to the world something for which no apologies are in order but in which a true and generous pride may be taken by all and sundry responsible for its conduct and the name that it bears.

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It all started last Summer when the poultry fanciers brought their birds to compete in informal "lawn" shows. The competition wasn't so keen at these. Even if some of the fowl were moulting, it wasn't counted against them.

Then came the fall shows at the fairs. These are important, for only those that go to the top in them are worthy of progression to keener competition.

Finally, with January, the big event drew near. America's finest fancy and utility fowl; Cochins, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Game Fowl, Bramas, Orpingtons, Crested Polish, Leghorns and all the rest, plus their miniature counterparts, the bantams, and a varied assortment of pigeons, were sent to New York to have final judgment passed upon them.

Each bird had been carefully brought to the pink of condition. Every feather was in place, and they were handled and groomed with the greatest of care. Each year the New York Poultry Show is the most important single event to the fanciers and hobbyists. A win here over the best fowl in the country is something to be sought after.

This year's show was held in and around a grand ballroom. There, amid indirect lighting, plush trimmings and gilded chandeliers, a total of 3000 large fowl, bantams, pigeons and turkeys and a sprinkling of rarer birds, cackled, squawked, crowed, cooed, and gobbled. They were completely out of place, perhaps, but perfectly at home. One of the exhibitors, upon seeing the fancy atmosphere surrounding his birds, claims that he wired his wife to put up new curtains so that the chickens wouldn't be ashamed to come home.

It was a good show, too, everything considered. Certainly the quality was there and the enthusiasm—and the attendance. However, the huge expanse of floor space at the 14th Street armory, where the show has been held in the past was sorely missed.

The poultry people couldn't hold their show at the armory this year, as the Guard had to keep it available for its own use on a day's notice. So they shifted their scene of activity to the Hotel Capitol. Here, though the birds were allowed to overflow the grand ballroom, onto a balcony and into an adjoining room, and the cages were telescoped to less than their usual size, and placed in tiers in the bargain, there wasn't room

to crowd in so much as a single additional feather. So some 2000 late entries had to be turned away.

There was room for only 25 turkeys, and except for the Roslyn Game Farm's attractive exhibit, and a pair of pea-fowl that greeted you as you came in the door, lack of space precluded the exhibits of pheasants, waterfowl, cranes, doves, and other rare and beautiful birds that have graced the show in other years.

If you went to the show this year you probably noticed three golden weather vanes up above the tiers of cages. One of these you might have noticed was a reproduction of a proud rooster about to crow; another an equally proud little bantam cock; and the third was a pigeon. If you saw them you saw three of the most coveted prizes in the poultry world.

These weather vanes, or rather, duplicates of them, are presented each year to the grand champions of the show in each of the major divisions. They are then displayed from the top of the poultry house or pigeon loft of the winner for all to see.

Those who win these weather vanes have a right to be proud, for they have really accomplished something in their chosen field. It has taken more than mere luck to do it. It takes work, and perseverance, and a thorough knowledge of poultry or pigeons, and it takes money if you are even to come close.

Remember, the birds you see at the New York show are the tops. Even fowl placed fifth or sixth in a class may be good enough to win at an ordinary show, so a champion must be pretty nearly perfect. Why, in a close decision the judges may pluck a single feather from each of the competing birds. The perfection of the structure at the base of this feather may win or lose a championship.

Needless to say, the judges have to know their stuff. No wonder nearly all of them are old timers—professionals—who have given a lifetime of study to poultry.

The fanciers themselves come from all walks of life. Some of them are wealthy, owners of country estates where all sorts of blue-blooded birds and beasts are to be found. Others may be poor. Some make their living by breeding, buying, and selling prize birds. Others do it strictly as a hobby. Yet all of them would be willing to pay from \$75 to \$100, if they had it, for a bird that par-

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ticularly caught their fancy. They would also consider \$600 a fair price for a really good show string consisting of an old trio, young trio, three hens, two or three pullets, an old cock and a cockerel.

Behind each good bird that you see at the New York Show there are generations of selective breeding, and pedigrees are carefully kept. Each bird has also been conditioned and groomed within an inch of its life.

A white bird, for instance, will be carefully washed before it is shown. It will first be washed in water of just the right temperature, and only Ivory Snow or Lux is used, so that its feathers won't split. Then comes a dip in bluing and, finally, in peroxide. Gallons of the latter are ordered at the New York show every year.

Dark colored birds are also washed though, of course, the bluing and peroxide aren't used. Instead, they are groomed with an oiled silk cloth (usually an old silk stocking) to give their plumage the proper lustre.

Many of the birds shown at New York and other shows are far from the ordinary conception of what a chicken looks like. Some of them have crests, topknots that hang over their eyes. The Polish fowl, for instance. Others have feathered legs and feet, rose combs and other departures from the norm, including the white silky bantams, which have black skins. The variance in size is almost as great as in appearance.

There was the usual array of strange and beautiful fowl there this year. Ranging in size from the big Cochins and Jersey whites and black Giants, to tiny little bantams, hardly bigger than doves. However, it remained for the utility breeds to win the top awards.

The golden weather vane of the large cock will no doubt soon appear

on Harold Tomkin's barn, at Concord, Massachusetts. It was his single comb Rhode Island red cockerel that was proclaimed grand champion of the 700 standard-size birds. His bird also received a special silver trophy as the best large fowl. A cock, hen, cockerel and pullet and a trio of his Reds also won a leg on the Philip Plant trophy for the best display in any class. He also got all the first and seconds in the breed.

ANOTHER important win among the large fowl was the White Leghorn cock from E. Lea Marsh's Pioneer Farm, that topped the breed. The Leghorn show was especially good this year, and this cock was an unusually beautiful specimen. They have high standards at Pioneer Farm. Their Leghorns have to prove themselves from the utilitarian standpoint before they are entered in beauty contests. All of which makes this win the more remarkable.

The winner over all the bantams was also a Leghorn. A tiny but perfect model of the Pioneer Farm winner. These little Leghorn bantams are said to be one of the newest developments in the bantam world, and this perfect little fellow is owned by Schilling and Callan. So the little golden bantam undoubtedly will point into the wind atop their bantam yards at Rochester, New York.

The pigeon show was important this year for it was the annual get together of the American Pigeon Club, the pigeon fanciers' parent organization, and of the Turbit Club, Bald and Beard Tumbler Club, and the Fantail and Magpie Clubs. Of all the 500 entries the finest of the lot was a Black Turbit owned by William Brown and Son of Toronto. So the coveted pigeon weather vane will be seen in Canada.



WIDE WORLD

The White Leghorn cock from E. Leo Marsh's Pioneer Farm topped an excellent showing of the breed at New York.



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# KENNEL & BENCH • BY VINTON P. BREESE



Mrs. Richard S. Quigley's Ch. Kim's Tzu Chon of Orchard Hill. Best in show at Pekinese Specialty Show, January 8, 1940

FOR many months past preparations have been under way for holding the sixty-fourth annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to take place in Madison Square Garden, February 12, 13 and 14, and now all is in readiness for America's oldest and largest indoor canine classic.

Adhering to the custom inaugurated several years ago, when the entry became too large to be accommodated comfortably in the Garden, the club has announced that the show will be limited to 3,000 dogs. This will mean higher quality and heightened intensity of competition, and the coming classic should present the finest collection of entries seen in its long and illustrious history.

The casual observer along the benches in the exhibition hall or 'round the ringside in the judging arena, with the aid of a catalog, may single out such super-dogs as James M. Austin's Smooth Foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, the greatest best-in-show winner of any dog of any breed in kennel annals, with fifty-two such successes to his credit; Herman E. Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, best American-bred at last year's show and best-in-show at Morris and Essex over 4456 dogs; such repeated best-in-show winners as Mr. and Mrs. A. Biddle Duke's Pointer, Ch. Pennine Paramount, and their English Setter, Ch. Maro of Marador; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodles, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau and Ch. Blakeen Eiger; Mrs. Milton Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstiltskin; Mr. and Mrs. George B. St. George's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher; Mrs. William du Pont's Beagle, Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman; Mrs. C. Hylan Jones' Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton; Mrs. James S. Austin's Pekinese, Ch. Che Le of Matsons Catawba, and many more of almost equal ranking.

Then there will be such intensely

Terriers and many more big kennel exhibits.

One of the best Irish Terrier bitches seen in years and with a truly sensational record is Ch. Bouncer, owned by the late Mrs. Modette Hertz of Rockleigh, N. J. She was whelped September 20, 1937, made her debut at the age of seven months at the Irish Terrier Club Specialty Show, Kensington, England, April, 1938, and in July, 1938, was imported to this country by her present owner. Immediately she was started on her American show career and in seven straight shows completed her championship under the handling of Frank Brumby. In the meantime she produced a litter and is again in whelp.

The rich reward of \$20,000 in

cash, to say nothing of a grand array of trophies, is being offered throughout all of the regular classes in first, second and third prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5 with \$25 for best of breed. In the six variety groups the prizes are \$20, \$10 and \$5 with \$15 for best brace and \$25 for best team. In addition, handsome sterling silver trophies are being offered for best of breed throughout and many specialty clubs are offering their regular club trophies. However, the most valuable purse for any competition is of \$500 to be divided \$200, \$150, \$100 and \$50 in the obedience tests. This feature, an innovation last year, proved to be so extremely popular that it has been considerably enriched, enlarged and improved this year.

Last year, under the supervision of the expert trainer, Josef Weber, there were two obedience teams, one of men and one of women, which put their dogs through a specially devised drill in a most fascinating manner and to the delight of an overflowing gallery. Weber was again engaged this year with instructions to give the tests more scope in a rapid routine to attract competition from obedience clubs all over this section of the country. Realizing that proper training of teams could not be accomplished on short notice, invitations and instructions regarding the routine were issued to the clubs several months ago and it is expected that about a dozen teams will appear in the most comprehensive interclub obedience competition ever held in this country.

There will be four dogs in each team with not more than two of them of the same breed, with preliminary elimination tests on the first



The late Mrs. Modette Hertz's Irish terrier bitch Ch. Bouncer

typical collections as Miss Helen Schweinler's Croglin Sealyham Terriers, which won best team in show last year; Herbert Bertrand's Ellenbert Dachshunde, best hound team last year; J. Macy Willets' Cassilis Cocker Spaniels, best sporting team last year; Mrs. L. W. Bonney's Tally-Ho Dalmatians and Chows; Edward L. Winslow's Waldeck St. Bernards; Warren K. Read's Wamsutta Irish Setters; Mrs. Florence B. Ilch's Bellhaven Collies; C. N. Meyers' English Setters; Mrs. Lewis Roesler's Old English Sheepdogs; Mrs. David Wagstaff's Chows; Mrs. Richard S. Bondy's Wire Foxterriers; Sheldon M. Stewart's Airedale Terriers; Mrs. John G. Winant's West Highland White Terriers; Mrs. Rosalind Layte's Brussels Griffons; Mrs. Francis V. Crane's Great Pyrenees; Miss Miriam Hall's Poodles; Relgalf Kennels' Scottish Terriers; Marlu Farm Kennels' Scottish Terriers; Halcyon Kennels' Welsh Terriers; Clairedale Kennels' Sealyham Terriers; Nosocori Kennels' Bedlington



George W. Goodwin's Cocker Spaniel Futurity winner Chelwood Escort, American Spaniel Club Specialty Show





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two days and the final test on the third day. They will be conducted in rapid order under the judging of Weber, and with so many teams competing, spectators are assured of viewing obedience work at its best.

The colorful hound pack competition, so popular with the gallery, will again be held on the final night, with packs invited by the club from the leading hunts to compete for cups offered by President Gerald M. Livingston and Vice-president Dr. Samuel Milbank. The packs will include English Foxhounds, American Foxhounds, Crossbred Foxhounds, Harriers, Basset Hounds and Beagles with huntsmen and whippers-in in full hunting regalia. Another highly interesting feature to the average dog lover not deeply interested in the fine points of breed judging, will be the children's handling classes, which are a form of finale for children having won certificates in such events at shows held since the Westminster of 1939. The judge will be the prominent professional handler, Harry Hartnett.

OF course to the confirmed dog fancier the judging of the regular breed classes, variety groups and best-in-show will be of paramount interest. Best-in-show, which by common consent carries with it the grand canine championship of the year, will be judged by the very able amateur all-rounder and vice-president of the club, Dr. Samuel Milbank, who will also award the James Mortimer Memorial Trophy for best American-bred; National Terrier Club of England Challenge Cup for best sporting terrier; William Rauch Memorial Trophy for best sporting dog and the special prizes for best brace and best team. The six group selections for Dr. Milbank's climactic consideration will be made by Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., of New York, who will judge sporting dogs; Joseph C. Quirk, Greenwich, Conn., who has hounds; Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, Madison, N. J., for working dogs; John G. Bates, Morristown, N. J., the terriers; Herbert L. Mapes, Little Falls, N. J., toys, and Carey W. Lindsay, Towson, Md., non-sporting dogs.

These latter six judges are also of wide experience and unquestioned ability. Mrs. Ferguson has long been a foremost follower and narrator of field trials and is thoroughly familiar with true type in all bird dogs. Joseph Quirk, a prominent breeder of German Shepherd Dogs and more recently an exhibitor of Springer Spaniels both at shows and afield, has often proved his ability as a variety judge. Mrs. Dodge, for many years owner of the leading variety kennel in America, has acted as all-round judge at our largest shows with conspicuous success. John Bates, over a long period of years a foremost exhibitor of Irish and Wire Foxterriers, is one of our outstanding amateur all-rounders. Herbert Mapes has been identified with Pekingese almost beyond memory and knows all toys equally well. Carey Lindsay, a foremost fancier of Bulldogs, owns a keen eye for all non-sporting breeds. So both exhibitors and spectators may be assured that the variety com-

petition will be judged with the utmost precision.

Speaking of the variety competition, and particularly of best-in-show, it is interesting to cast back over the years to 1907, when the premier prize was first offered and won by Winthrop Rutherford's home-bred Smooth Foxterrier, Ch. Warren Remedy, which repeated in 1908 and 1909. In 1910 another home-bred Smooth Foxterrier, F. H. Farwell's, Ch. Sabine Rarebit, went to the top. Then for ten straight years highest honors were won by imported dogs. Following this for four straight years American-bred dogs ruled the roost. Since then for fourteen straight years imported dogs have been best-in-show, which gives them a total of twenty-four as against eight for American bred and means almost a monopoly for the invaders. As to the breeds, Wire Foxterriers have won ten times, Smooth Foxterriers four times, Airedale Terriers four times, Sealyham Terriers three times, Pointers twice, Bulldog, Bullterrier, Old English Sheepdog, Cocker Spaniel, Collie, Poodle, English Setter and Doberman Pinscher each once.

Naturally, there is always a lot of advance speculation as to what dogs will succeed in leading their respective breeds to become eligible for competition in the groups, how they will carry-on in this keener variety competition toward inclusion in the six selections for the climactic contest, and finally which one will be adjudged and acclaimed grand champion. Unfortunately, one of the most formidable prospects for the premier prize will not appear because of his owner having graciously accepted an invitation to judge. This dog is Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Ferry von Rauhfelden, last year's best-in-show winner, with twelve straight subsequent and similar successes to his credit. However, there will be a galaxy of other canine comets which have scored sensational successes throughout the year, and a person would be rash indeed to back any single dog or even any one of a dozen dogs to win best-in-show.

For the average admirer of dogs the third day of the show will doubtless be the most interesting as it will furnish the final of the obedience tests, the children's handling classes, the hound packs, the variety competition which affords a view of the various breeds in one large ring at the same time and finally the tense moment of awarding the premier prize.

### WHEN NOT UNDULY ALARMED

(Continued from page 19)

because one man's coordination is faster or slower than that of his friend, and the speed of the swing and follow-through is not the same. So long as the speed of the swing is geared with that of the target and is fast enough to overtake and pass the bird in range, it doesn't matter whether the bird is going 20 m.p.h., or 120. The lead is automatically





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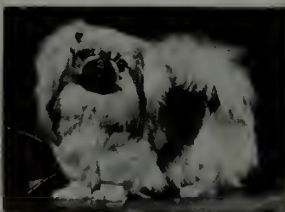
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established. It is even easier, I think, to hit a fast target than a slow one because a fast swing is more likely to carry through smoothly, while a slow bird inclines one to hesitate and stop the gun.

Good shooting is principally the result of practice in regulating the swing. In time the gunner will know instinctively when to pull the trigger. He won't always do it, however; he won't always swing smoothly and follow through; he will get one foot in a muskrat hole; or he will get to thinking that the shot charge moves at 1100 f.p.s., while the bird goes 60 f.p.s., and then he'll miss, sure as hell.

THERE was a little gathering of grouse shooters in the taproom of the Press Club one wet and dismal afternoon. You could have identified them as grouse shooters because when Pee Wee, the bar boy, brought in the hot tea and toast, he jerked up a window shade. It got away from him and went all the way up with a loud "whirr!" Every man at the table jumped a foot and raised his hands as if he had a shot gun in them.

The talk had been on matters connected with grouse shooting and there had been some discussion of flight speed tables.

"Squirt" Roberts said: "I've had some experiences with that sort of thing, and if someone will buy another slug of hot tea I'll tell you about it."

He got his tea and recited the following narrative:

"There used to be," said Squirt, "a cock grouse who—and I mean 'who,' because the bird knew a little bit more than I did, and was in all ways a more respectable individual—who lived in a little copse just at the top of Bigelow's Hill where the woodroad leaves the main trace. For years he acted as a ballistic guinea pig for me, and upon him I tried out new guns, new cartridges, new theories and new tables. Whenever the bird observed my approach he would step out from the shelter of a thorn-apple tree and give me a quizzical look that said: 'Back again, eh? Well, what's new this time?'"

"Then he'd tear out across the road, do a barrel roll as he passed the grapevine, and vanish into the depths of the swamp, leaving me with two empty shell cases to explain as best I could.

"It couldn't go on forever, of course. In 1937, I acquired new tables of shot charge velocities and remaining energies; a new set of game bird speed charts, a compass, a hard lead pencil and a protractor. In all the years I'd known him my bird had never once altered his course or speed. It was north by north by northwest at 25 miles per hour to the grapevine, when he gave her full rudder and flew south by south by southeast at 25 miles per hour. I aimed to get him before he made the turn and I set up my equation accordingly. It would take my shot charge 0.01 seconds to travel the 30 yards. My reaction time is relatively slow, so I had to add 1.08 seconds to the elapsed time of the shot

flight. I was shooting a double 20-bore, right, improved cylinder, left, half choke, and I knew, of course, that at 30 yards the charge from the right barrel would have a 32-inch killing density pattern with No. 7 chilled. That allowed for a 16-inch error of aim, up, down, or sideways."

He sipped at his tea and nibbled at his toast.

"Well, gentlemen, I worked her all out. At 25 m.p.h., when not alarmed—as he had no reason to be—that grouse would be going 36.38 feet per second. My lead on a crossing shot would be 69.122 feet. It actually came to 59.043 because he always flew left quartering. I had it down so darned fine," said Squirt, "that I never bothered to work out the calculations for the second barrel. I wouldn't need to fire it.

"My grouse used to hang around until nine o'clock every morning throughout October. If I didn't show up by then he'd know there'd be no battle practice that day and he'd go off about his own affairs. Pee Wee! Could I have some more hot water for my tea?"

"So I was on the ground at eight o'clock. I suppose I had been so engrossed in the scientific problem that I never stopped to realize that it wasn't quite cricket to do what I was doing. Little short of murder or a pot shot, in fact. Anyway, I'll make it short. The grouse was there. He flew. I laid off 59.043 feet and shot just as he reached the grapevine. Gentlemen, I missed him! It's incredible, but I missed him.

"But a wad or something must have been real close, for he became unduly alarmed at the shot and opened full throttle. Talk about speed! It flashed through my mind that he was flying like a streak of juniper juice. I went back to the old, unscientific Bogardus rule and fired the left barrel as far ahead of him as I could get. My Lord! Dead center, gentlemen! He hit the ground and rolled forty feet. I ran to him. He was nearly gone, but he raised his head an inch and gave me a look I shall never forget. It said, plain as words, 'You cheated!'"

### TABLE

At 1 M.P.H. bird flies 5280 feet in 3600 seconds or 1.4666 plus feet per second.

	M.P.H.	F.P.S.
1Canada Goose	44-45	66
Cackling Goose	45-58	85
Brant	45	66
Snow Goose	50	73
Mallard	46-60	88
Black Duck	26	38
Pintail	52-65	95
Cinnamon Teal	32-59	86.5
Redhead	42	61.5
Canvasback	72	105.5
Golden Eye	50	73
Ruffed Grouse	22	32.25
Sharptail Grouse	33	48
European Partridge	25-53	77.75
Bob White	28-48	70
California Quail	39-51	74.75
Valley Quail	38-58	85
Gambel's Quail	41	60
Pheasant	27-60	88
Turkey	55	80.5
Mourning Dove	26-41	60

<sup>1</sup>M.P.H. tables taken from "Flight Speed! of Birds," by May Thatcher Cooke, U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey.





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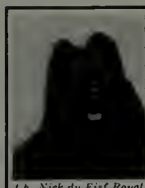
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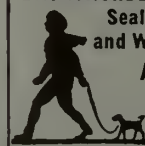
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### MERRY LITTLE HOUNDS

(Continued from page 31)

using a top-class broken biscuit, and canned meat, with yeast or cod liver oil in cold weather—he was envious of me, and insisted on seeing just how we fed.

The next morning, after he had seen the condition of the hounds, he filled his pockets with our biscuit and said that although English hounds had lived on horsemeat and oatmeal for centuries, he did hope, before he stopped hunting, to introduce some of our feeding methods, but added that it would take time.

Beagles, like turkeys, are easy to raise when they don't all get sick at once. Women, as a rule, are better at raising puppies than men, and of course the reason is that they must be cared for like babies; fed regularly, kept out of drafts, and given plenty of fresh air and sunlight. Grown hounds are fed only once a day as a rule.

THE prime requirement in a kennel man is common sense. If a man understands enough to bring up his own children, the chances are he can bring up beagle puppies. Fortunately, Cornell University and other colleges are turning out some excellent veterinarians, and just as a business man goes to an auditor for help in his bookkeeping, so any one handling dogs or hounds should go to his veterinary for advice. One of the virtues of vets today, particularly of the younger ones, is that when they don't know something, they are the first to admit it.

If you are thinking of starting a pack and have decided to employ a man to clean the kennels and feed the hounds, try to get someone who loves dogs, and will be gentle and sympathetic. Often he will report that "Growler" or "Prudence" didn't eat his or her supper, and you may be lucky enough to isolate a hound that is about to come down with the sniffles.

Kennels, of course, must depend on the size of the pack. When we started the Buckram with about nine couple, we used an old chicken house. In England, a very well-known pack which hunts 18 couple had a kennel consisting of three box stalls and a cobblestone yard, surrounded by a board fence, and a thirteen-year-old boy as kennel man. It was my privilege to assist with the feeding one day in my best flannel suit—but the hounds were so well-mannered that no ill befell me.

A good exercising yard is essential, and if there are many hounds using it, concrete should be put down. In the last year or so, we concreted all the yards of the Buckram Beagles with the aid of our kennel huntsman and several loyal workers of the hunt.

Of course beagles under 13 inches take up less room than the ones 13 to 15 inches. (In England, there are two divisions for beagle packs—those under 13 inches and those under 16.) Dogs, bitches and puppies are usually kept separate in lodging rooms and runs. One of the best kennels I know of is the one be-

longing to the Stockford Beagles at Fairville, Pennsylvania, near Chadd's Ford. This was built of old brick in the shape of a square-bottomed U with a flagstone floor laid on hollow tile and cinders so that there is plenty of ventilation under it, while it dries quickly after being washed down.

In fox-hunting, an extra day of hunting a week means more horses and sometimes more hounds, and always more expense. In beagling, the number of days in a week that a pack hunts has very little effect on the expense account. It is unlikely, outside of the cost of transportation, that there will be any difference in the cost of hunting twice a week and five times a week. The Treweryn go out nearly every day from October to March, the Buckram, Wednesdays and holidays and Sundays, and the Kingsland six or seven times a month on week-ends and holiday afternoons. Old hounds (not many are good for more than seven seasons) and young hounds, do get tired occasionally and lose weight, but a hound of two or three or four seasons usually thrives on hard work.

The length of a run depends on a great number of things; the nature of the country; whether it is open, or wooded and swampy; whether you are hunting cotton-tails or jack rabbits; the fitness and quality of the pack, and the kind of scent.

There is probably some hunting man somewhere in the world who understands scent and knows all about it, but unfortunately I do not know his name or where he lives, nor do any of my fox-hunting or beagling friends. So if you are thinking of taking up beagling, and of having a pack of your own, don't ever be deterred from doing so because you are not entirely familiar with the art or science of scent. When scent is good, hounds hunt well in spite of everything; when it is poor, the best huntsman and whips can't make up for the lack of it.

Many beagle men sit up nights wondering and thinking and planning how to breed their dogs. The beagle has been carefully bred for centuries and is a true pure-bred. In England, he is registered in the Stud Book, just as here he is registered with the American Kennel Club. Breed first for hunting qualities, nose, pace, stamina, voice—and then for looks. Like all thoroughbreds, beagles will give their best when handled with love and sympathy.

When packs are started in a fox-hunting country, permission to hunt should be secured from the Master of the fox-hounds, as well as from the owners of the land. It is surprising how little damage is done by a beagle pack. In the case of the Buckram, in five years the cost of killing one chicken has been one dollar, and that chiefly because the honorary secretary was without small change.

Once we ran a jack into a great truck garden that had at least an acre of hot frames. The sound of breaking glass reminded me of the Griswold Hotel on the night of the Harvard-Yale boat race. I expected to see half a dozen hounds with their



legs cut off—but not one was hurt, and a few dollars made our visit a memorable and probably a profitable one for the truck farmer.

The wearing of livery is a help in hunting in more ways than one. If you were to look out of the window of your country house on a Sunday afternoon and see fifty people walking with leisurely assurance across your fields, you might be inclined to call the constable. When, however, you see at the head of this motley group a man in a neat green gabardine or whip-cord coat with brass buttons, a clean white stock, black velvet cap and white knickerbockers, with green stockings, or long white trousers like The Merry Beaglers, and when this man has near him a dozen couple of miniature English fox-hounds that are kept from straying too far afield by three or four whips, you realize at once that the hunt is going past.

Once, at Millbrook, we started a hare that ran for an hour before she decided to circle down around the railway station and follow the tracks to the golf course, where we lost her on the third green.

As I was nearest the station (and this was at noon on a Sunday morning) it was my duty to hold up the automobiles until the hounds had crossed the road. My livery was a great help in causing these God-fearing people to stop, until I had a traffic jam a hundred yards long in both directions that probably undid much of the good that church had done their souls.

Where motor traffic is fast, and your country lies near a public highway, livery is a great help in preserving the lives of your hounds. An extra whip or two is a great comfort when posted so that they can stop the pack before it reaches the road.

Members of the field should wear whatever is practical and comfortable. In a country where greenbrier and wild blackberry bushes thrive, corduroy trousers for men, and canvas gaiters or thick stockings for the women are a great boon. Where coats are likely to be torn, and where barbed wire is plentiful, gabardine or whipcord is less likely to be damaged than loose-woven tweeds.

In cold weather there is great comfort in a woolen undershirt. In dry weather, heavy-soled sneakers, basketball shoes or six-man football shoes, are light and comfortable. In snow, or wet weather, hobnailed army shoes or ski boots keep you dry and warm.

If you hunt in the afternoon, remember it is probably going to get cooler; if in the morning, remember it is likely to get warmer. But clothing can always be taken off and left on a fence-post, if the run is fast and the weather warm, but when scent is poor and the March wind cuts your face, nothing spoils sport like shivering.

The first year's cost of starting a subscription pack of 10 couple will run something like this:

Cost of hounds	\$600
Feed and veterinary	750
Salary, kennel boy	500

Transportation	350
Printing and postage	135
Kennel and auto licenses	55
Miscellaneous	210

Total \$2600

The cost of the hounds will not be a recurrent charge; but as time goes on and puppies are raised to replace old hounds, and kennels are rented and the pack grows to 15 or 16 couple of old hounds and 20 puppies, your statement will look something like this:

Rent	\$500
Cost of hounds	1100
Feed and veterinary	1100
Salary, kennel huntsman	1200
Transportation	350
Printing and postage	135
Kennel and auto licenses	75
Miscellaneous	250

Total \$3610

If you are interested in starting your own or a subscription pack, believing that, "Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger!", as Mr. Jorrocks put it in his first lecture, you will find that most Masters are delighted to give you advice, and what help they can. There is one thing, however, to remember: beagles are not like woolen clothes. They cannot be put away in a cedar chest with camphor balls during warm weather. Hounds eat every day, kennels must be kept clean, and the cleaner the better. Hounds must be exercised and trained. Young ones must be reared and the cycle of life must go on during 365 days a year.

You may have a nurse who is excellent with your children, and a kennel man who is excellent with hounds, but both are better for your constant supervision. Nothing will take its place.

The reward comes in good sport, the pleasure of seeing healthy little animals scampering over the winter fields, in the fun of stretching out in front of an open fire after a grand afternoon with a cup of tea or a whiskey and soda, with friends who love, as you do, the grand sport of hunting with hounds.

COUNTRY LIFE can and will put you in touch with Masters who have hounds to sell, or know someone who has, and who believe so wholeheartedly in the great future of beagling in America that they will take time and trouble to advise you.

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- (American Beagle Packs would have been included for 1940-1941 in Baily's but unfortunately the publication of Baily's has been postponed because of the war.)

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# The Young Sportsman

THE five dollar prize is won this month by Deborah Hutchinson who drew the spirited horse. This drawing, or to be more exact, this sketch, has caught the spirit of motion and is alive and free.

We believe Deborah has real talent and hope this prize will encourage her to work harder than ever.

We wish also to congratulate Nancy Gregg, Emilie Lummus, Katherine Jacobson and Verna Atkinson.

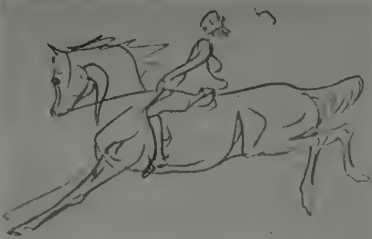
Subjects suggested for next month's Story, Drawing and Photographic Contest are, "A Skiing Holiday," "Things I Make With My Hands," and "Winter Sports."

Remember. Contributors have to be under 18 and all contributions must bear your name, address, age and the signature of parent, guardian or teacher that it is your own original work.

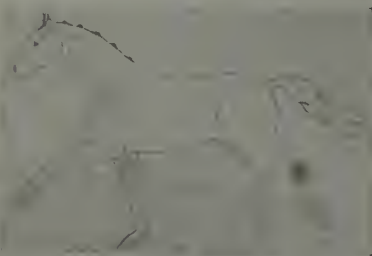
## INDOOR HOBBIES

INDOOR hobbies are really only for Girl Scouts and invalids but they're nice things to have and sometimes come in pretty handy. I never really thought about it but I guess I have a great many and they're not weaving, stampcollecting or movie stars. My biggest indoor and outdoor hobby is HORSES, and that's how I happened to get mixed up with this Indoor Hobbies story. If COUNTRY LIFE had asked me to write about Outdoor Hobbies it would have been so much easier. I file clippings, make miniature saddlery, collect little horses, read books about Bones, collect Bits and Horse and Horsemen. And when I'm particularly ambitious I draw a pretty picture. Or supposedly a pretty picture.

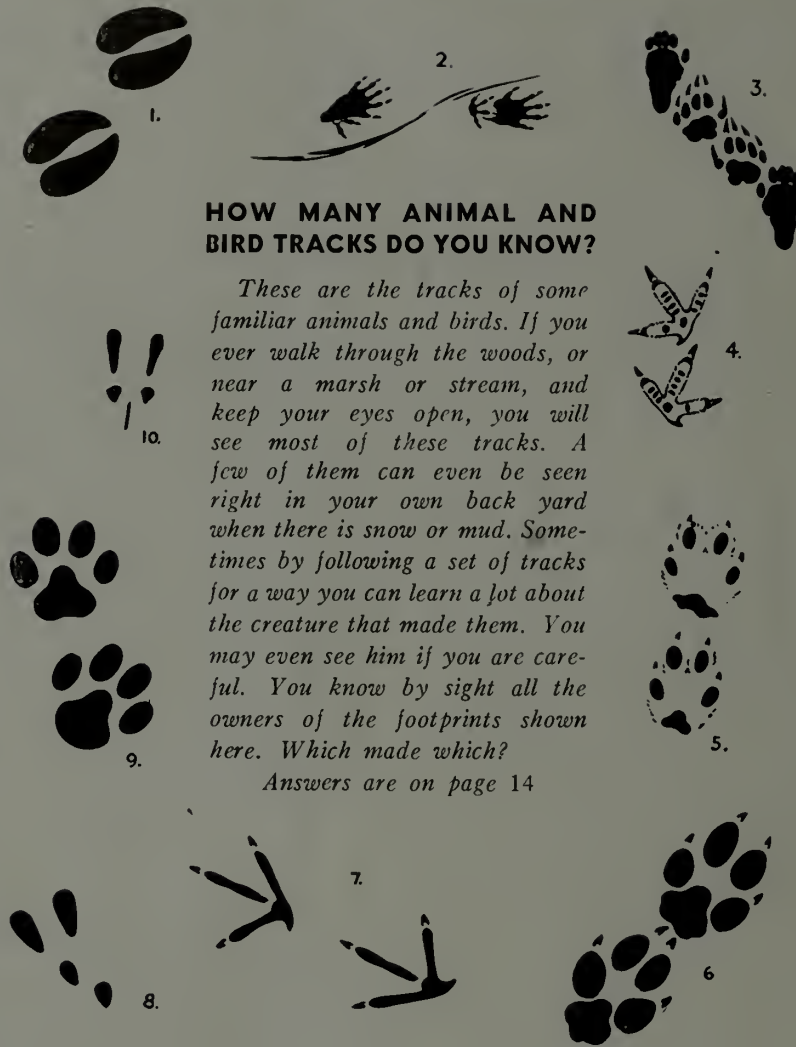
Dancing is fun and it makes life pretty exciting inside. Especially



Drawn by Deborah Hutchinson, Westbury, L. I., aged 15



Drawn by Verna Atkinson, Peapack, N. J.; aged 13



## HOW MANY ANIMAL AND BIRD TRACKS DO YOU KNOW?

These are the tracks of some familiar animals and birds. If you ever walk through the woods, or near a marsh or stream, and keep your eyes open, you will see most of these tracks. A few of them can even be seen right in your own back yard when there is snow or mud. Sometimes by following a set of tracks for a way you can learn a lot about the creature that made them. You may even see him if you are careful. You know by sight all the owners of the footprints shown here. Which made which?

Answers are on page 14

waltzes, tangas and Fast Folk Dances. I dance with my cousin, Deb, and we dance with our arms ala shoulders. So I won't get in the habit of leading too much.

Music is another important part of my inside life. Especially piano which I don't play but shall someday and especially Cesar Franck. I play the Flute but rather vaguely. My teacher has great hopes for me and expects me to play in the school orchestra. I don't see how, though, at the rate I'm going. It took me two weeks to master the scale.

Flutemaking is a lot of Fun and never tiresome. Wooden Flutes, not the kind I play at school. I haven't as yet joined the Organization that started it. Its the Pipers Guild of America and if you make your own Flute you may become a member. I buy hollowed out sticks for fifteen cents apiece, cut a place at the top for a cork and make holes. Its the craziest thing I do with my hands: with one flute it may take me days to get the buzz out of my first note and then with another get a beautiful tone. Theyre not awfully hard to play.

Reading is about the quietest interest I have. I don't read as much as I used to but I suppose thats because I've gone beyond Continued

Love Stories and the Bobbsey Twins. I like to read Book Reviews, now, and stare at pictures of Forward Seat.

I clean my Tack Indoors but thats not a hobby, but torture.

I can't think of much else except that I write a log in bed, and make lists, if you want to call them hobbies. I wouldn't but the Dictionary says Hobbies are or may be "constructive interests" and making lists are certainly constructive and certainly an interest: I make lists of Cowboys I have known, Horses I have known, Books I have read, Flutes I have played, Teachers I have Hated, Walzes I have walized, Things I have bought and have to buy, Money I have spent and have to spend. I could write lists for hours and talk about them for hours. I like to write mystery stories. Theyre good things to write when you're sick.

EMILIE LUMMUS, aged 15,  
Westbury, N. Y.

## MY ELK MYRA

MYRA is her name and although she is treated with scorn by everyone on the ranch, I find her an interesting and unusual pet. For

Myra is a yearling cow elk and about as awkward an animal as I have ever seen.

Myra was unfortunate because she lost her mother before she was a few weeks old. If one of the cowboys hadn't found her and thought she would make a nice pet for me, the coyotes would soon have pulled her down.

I brought her up on cows milk which she drank from a bottle and now she is so big and husky she can eat anything. She has the run of our ranch and is easily able to jump the fence and browse in the meadow where the grass is especially juicy and sweet. Myra's favorite dishes, besides grass, are any green vegetable, like carrot tops and cabbage leaves, certain plants and shrubs and the leaves of evergreen trees of which she is particularly fond.

Myra's life has been especially full of events. Till about a month ago she loved to stand or lie around the back porch chewing her cud. There she received carrot tops and lettuce leaves from the cook. But once the cook threw out some boiling hot water and it landed on poor Myra. Now nothing can get Myra to come to the back porch, not even the biggest bunch of carrot tops.

She also got into trouble with the pet porcupine I had. Porcupines make very interesting pets for they don't have quills while they're young. But after Porky grew up and went to the forest he still came back to visit, and once Myra put her nose down to sniff him. Well, it filled with quills quickly and Myra was in agony till they worked through her jaws.

Hunting season is almost here and when it comes I plan to shut Myra in the corral for I would hate to loose her. I know that after a while Myra will want to live in the woods. But I know she will come back to visit me and when she does I will have a nice juicy leaf of cabbage for her.

KATHERINE JACOBSON, aged 15,  
Pendleton, Oregon.



Drawn by Nancy Gregg, Scarsdale, N. Y.; aged 13



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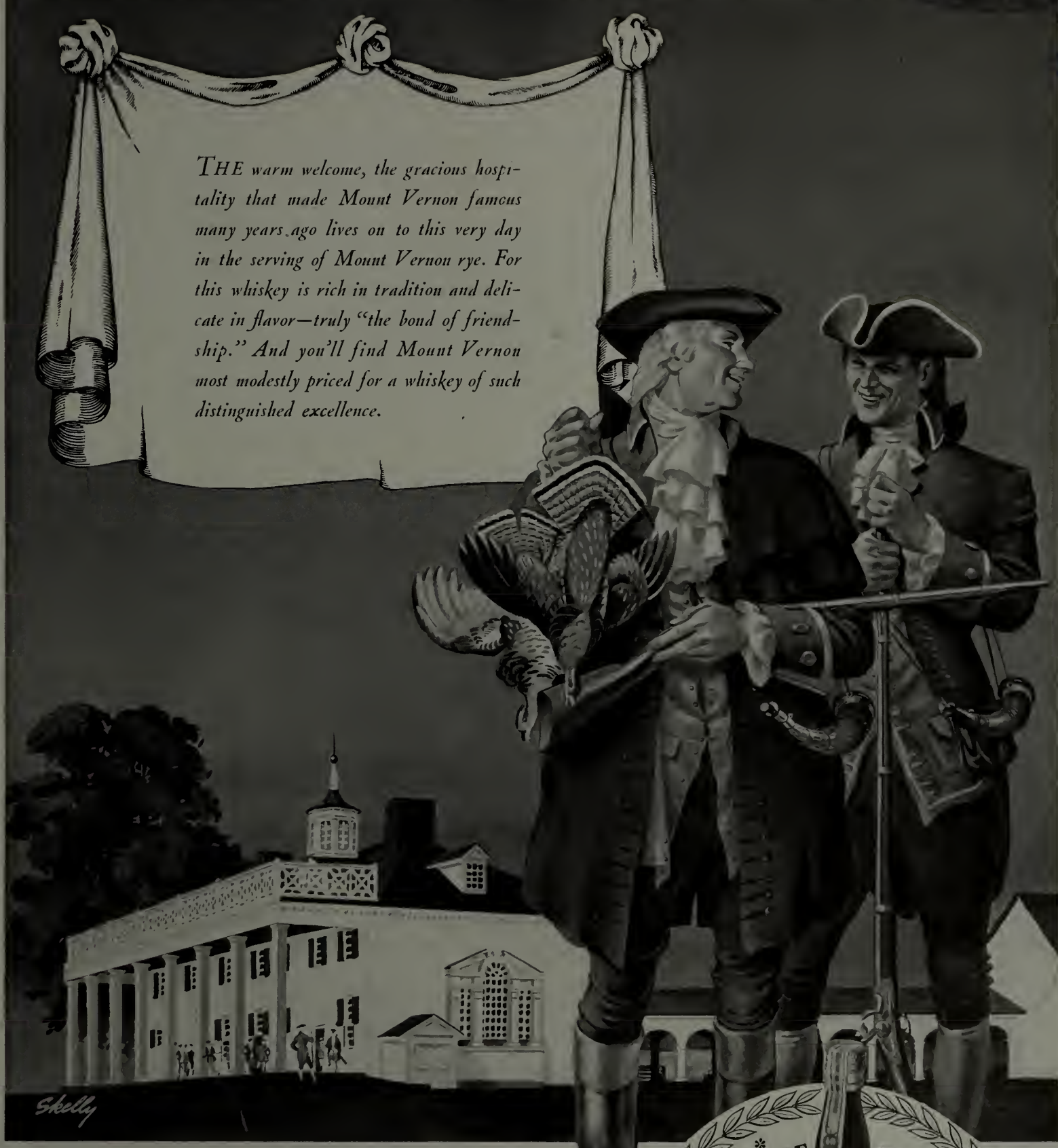
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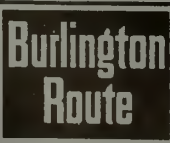
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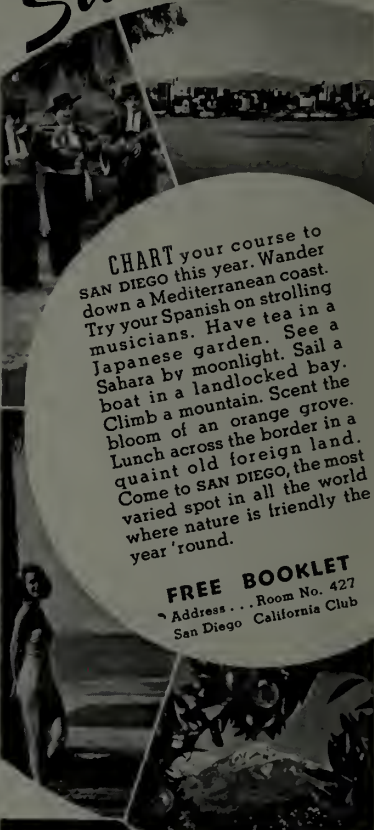


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# THE CALENDAR

## RACING

To March 2 HIALEAH PARK, Fla.  
To March 3 HAVANA, Cuba.  
Mar. 4-Apr. 10 TROPICAL PARK, Fla.  
To March 9 SANTA ANITA PARK, Cal.  
Mar. 15-May 11 TANFORAN, San Bruno, Cal.  
Mar. 18-Apr. 22 SAN BRUNO, Cal.  
To March 30 OAKLAWN PARK, Hot Springs, Ark.  
April 1-13 BOWIE, Md.  
April 11-25 KEENELAND, Lexington, Ky.  
April 15-27 HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.  
Apr. 17-May 18 NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.  
April 27-May 18 CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.  
Apr. 27-May 25 AURORA, Ill.  
Apr. 29-May 11 PIMLICO, Md.

## HUNT RACING

March 16 SANDHILLS, Southern Pines, N. C.  
March 23 AIKEN MILE TRACK, Aiken, S. C.  
March 30 CAROLINA CUP, Camden, S. C.  
April 6 DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB, Richmond, Va.  
April 13 MIDDLEBURG HUNT RACE, Middleburg, Va.  
April 20 GRAND NATIONAL POINT TO POINT, Hereford, Md.  
April 27 MARYLAND HUNT CUP ASSOCIATION, Glyndon, Md.  
May 4 WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Broad Axe, Pa.  
May 8-11 VIRGINIA GOLD CUP ASSOCIATION, Warrenton, Va.  
May 15-18 RADNOR HUNT, Berwyn, Pa.  
May 30 ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB, Media, Pa.  
CAVALRY SCHOOL, Fort Riley, Kans.

## HORSE SHOWS

March 26-27 SANDHILLS, Pinehurst, N. C.  
Mar. 27-28 AIKEN, S. C.  
March 29 METROPOLITAN EQUESTRIAN CLUB, New York.  
March 30 WALL STREET RIDING CLUB, New York.  
April 6 ROUND HILL, Greenwich, Conn.  
April 17-18 EASTON, Rocky Mount, N. C.  
April 19-20 HAMPTON, Va.  
April 20 THE PONY SHOW, Berwyn, Pa.  
April 26-27 LYNCHBURG JUNIOR LEAGUE, Lynchburg, Va.

## HUNTER TRIALS

April 6 ROSE TREE, Newtown Square, Pa.  
April 13 PONY SHOW HUNTER TRIALS, Berwyn, Pa.

## DOG SHOWS

March 1 GENEESE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Flint, Mich.  
March 2-3 DETROIT KENNEL CLUB, Detroit, Mich.  
March 5-6 MCKINLEY KENNEL CLUB, Canton, Ohio.  
March 9 PROVIDENCE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Providence, R. I.  
March 9-10 OAKLAND KENNEL CLUB, Oakland, Cal.  
March 9-10 WESTERN RESERVE KENNEL CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio.  
March 14-15 DAYTON KENNEL CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.  
March 16 KENNEL CLUB OF ATLANTIC CITY, Atlantic City, N. J.  
March 16 MANCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Manchester, N. H.  
March 16 CINCINNATI KENNEL CLUB, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
March 16-17 TUCSON KENNEL CLUB, Tucson, Arizona.  
March 17 APPALACHIAN KENNEL CLUB, Kingsport, Tenn.  
March 20-21 PORTLAND KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Oregon.  
March 22-23 ASHEVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Asheville, N. C.  
March 23-24 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.  
March 23-24 SANTA ANITA KENNEL CLUB, Arcadia, Cal.  
March 24 MONUMENTAL CITY KENNEL CLUB, (All Toys), Baltimore, Md.  
March 25-26 COLORADO KENNEL CLUB, Denver, Colo.  
March 25-26 TENNESSEE VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Knoxville, Tenn.  
March 27-28 CHATTANOOGA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
March 29-30 ATLANTA KENNEL CLUB, Atlanta, Ga.  
March 30-31 INTERNATIONAL KENNEL CLUB, Chicago, Ill.  
March 30-31 TACOMA KENNEL CLUB, Tacoma, Wash.

## OBEDIENCE TRIALS

March 1 GENEESE COUNTY CLUB, Flint, Mich.  
March 2-3 DETROIT KENNEL CLUB, Detroit, Mich.  
March 9-10 WESTERN RESERVE KENNEL CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio.  
March 16-17 CINCINNATI KENNEL CLUB, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVERS)

March 28-30 AMERICAN CHESAPEAKE CLUB, Benton, Md.

## FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)

March 1 CUMBERLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Fort Bragg, N. C.  
March 2 DELMARVA GUN DOG CLUB, Pocomoke City, Md.  
March 3 OKLAHOMA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Fort Sill Oklahoma.  
March 7 YAKIMA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Ellensburg, Wash.  
March 9 ANNE ARUNDEL FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Annapolis, Md.  
March 9 SEDALIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Sedalia, Mo.  
March 9 PACIFIC COAST CHAMPIONSHIP ASSN., Ellensburg, Wash.  
March 11 KENTUCKY CONSOLIDATED FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Lancaster, Ky.  
March 16 JERSEY IRISH SETTER FIELD DOG CLUB, Pemberton, New Jersey.  
March 16 GLOUCESTER COUNTY FISH AND GAME ASSN.  
March 16 ANTHRACITE FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Orwigsburg, Pa.  
March 16 ST. LOUIS FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Troy, Mo.  
March 16 SHAMOKIN VALLEY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Elysburg, Pa.  
March 16 SPOKANE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Spokane, Wash.  
March 17 HOOSIER FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Princeton, Ind.  
March 17 McALESTER AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, McAlester, Okla.  
March 18 VIRGINIA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Camp Lee, Va.  
March 22 ORIOLE FIELD DOG ASSN., Towson, Md.  
March 23 BABYLON HUNT CLUB, Babylon, N. Y.  
March 23 KEYSTONE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.  
March 25 KENTUCKY POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Fort Knox, Ky.  
March 25 DELAWARE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Glasgow, Del.  
March 28 NORTHERN INDIANA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Winamac, Ind.

(Continued on page 9)



**CALENDAR** (Continued from page 6)

- March 28 JOCKEY HOLLOW FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Clinton, N. J.
- March 29 SOUTH JERSEY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Runnemede, N. J.
- March 30 CIMBERLAND VALLEY FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Hagerstown, Md.
- March 30 VENANGO GROUSE TRIAL CLUB, Fryburg, Pa.
- March 30 SEWICKLEY KENNEL CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
- March 30 WILBRAHAM FISH AND GAME CLUB, Wilbraham, Mass.
- March 31 MISSOURI STATE FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Sturgeon, Mo.

**SKEET TOURNAMENTS**

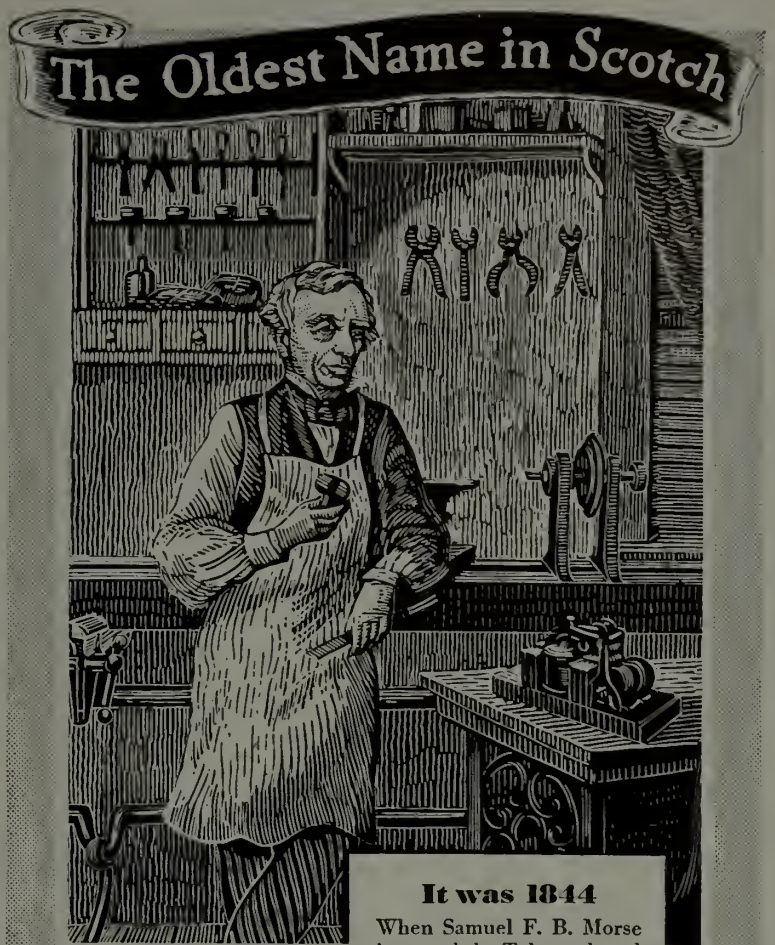
- March 2-3 LOANTAKA SKEET CLUB, Morristown, N. J. (Mid-Atlantic States Ch)
- March 4 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kansas.
- March 10 GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, Alameda, Cal.
- March 17 MIAMI VALLEY SKEET CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
- March 17 CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
- March 17 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
- March 31 FIRESTONE SKEET CLUB, Akron, Ohio.

**FLOWER SHOWS**

- To March 6 SOCIETY AMERICAN FLORISTS, ANNUAL NATIONAL FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW, Houston, Tex.
- March 2-23 PILGRIMAGE GARDEN CLUB, 9th ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, Natchez, Miss.
- March 3-10 SPRING FESTIVAL, New Orleans, La.
- March 7-10 WORCESTER HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, ANNUAL SPRING SHOW, Worcester, Mass.
- March 9-17 ANNUAL GREATER ST. LOUIS FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW, St. Louis, Mo.
- March 11-16 INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AND NEW YORK FLOWER CLUB, New York.
- March 11-16 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, NEW ENGLAND SPRING FLOWER SHOW, Boston, Mass.
- March 11-16 PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, ANNUAL PHILADELPHIA FLOWER SHOW, Phila., Pa.
- March 16-31 WOODSIDE GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE, Woodside, Miss.
- March 23-31 MICHIGAN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, DETROIT SPRING FLOWER SHOW, Detroit, Mich.
- March 24-Apr. 7 NATCHIEZ GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE, Natchez, Miss.
- March 30-Apr. 4 CHICAGO SPRING FLOWER SHOW, Chicago, Ill.
- April 25-26 HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AND WESTBURY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, ANNUAL NARCISSUS SHOW, New York.

**ART EXHIBITIONS**

- March CHINESE CERAMICS, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio; MEXICAN EXHIBIT; MILLARD SHEETS, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.; PAINTINGS BY JAY CONNAWAY, Ohio Watercolor Society; 20TH CENTURY BANNED GERMAN ART, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.
- March 1-14 PAINTINGS AND MURALS BY MARION BUTLER EWALD, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- March 1-30 PAINTINGS BY PATTERAN SOCIETY, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo.
- March 1-31 PAINTINGS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- March 1-31 EXHIBITION OF FOREMOST AMERICAN PRINTMAKERS, Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.
- March 1-31 ARTISTS OF WESTERN NEW YORK, Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
- March 1-31 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WATER COLORS, State University of Iowa, Iowa City.
- March 1-31 GEORGES SCHREIBER WATER COLORS, State University of Iowa, Iowa City.
- March 2 SCULPTURES BY EUGENE GERSHOY, Robinson Galleries, New York.
- March 2 OIL PAINTINGS BY MORRIS DAVIDSON, Charles Morgan Gallery, New York.
- March 2 OIL PAINTINGS BY AUGUSTUS WEBBER, CANTERBURY TALES, ILLUSTRATIONS, CHARCOAL DRAWINGS, HANDICRAFT, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, Va.
- March 2-31 ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, Va.
- March 3 ANNUAL WATERCOLOR EXHIBITION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSN., San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- March 3 WATERCOLORS BY ANTOINE BARYE, AND HEADS IN SCULPTURE, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
- March 3 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.
- March 3 DRAWINGS AND SCULPTURE BY WILLIAM STEIG, Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass.
- March 3 WORK BY MEMBERS OF THE TWO-BY-FOUR SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- March 3 DORIS CAESAR, Fifteen Gallery, New York.
- March 3 EXHIBITION OF MINIATURE PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND GRAVERS SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- March 3-16 ONE STAR PRINT MAKERS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- March 3-24 ARNOLD, SELIGMANN, REY AND CO. (DRAWINGS), Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Tex.
- March 3-30 WPA CRAFTS, MARDSEN HARTLEY, WPA PRINTS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- March 3-30 SCHOLASTIC AWARDS EXHIBIT, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
- March 4 GLAMOUR SECRETS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD, Brooklyn Museum, New York.
- March 4 SELECTION FROM INTERNATIONAL STUDIO ART CORPORATION COLLECTION, Frederick & Nelson's, Seattle, Wash.
- March 4-24 PAINTINGS BY EUGENE VAH, Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Del.
- March 15-Apr. 30 ALEXANDER BROOK, PAINTINGS BY CLAUDE MONET, Los Angeles Museum, Cal.
- March 7 MASTERPIECES OF ART FROM NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- March 8 OILS AND WOODCUTS BY JOSEF ALBERS, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- March 8 WATERCOLORS BY RICHARD SUSSMANN, Uptown Gallery, New York.
- March 9 L. DIXON MILLER KREMP MEMORIAL WATERCOLOR, Alonzo Gallery, New York.
- March 10 PAINTINGS BY JACK WILKINSON, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- March 15 NEW PAINTINGS BY GEORGIA O'KEEFE, An American Place, New York.
- March 15-14 MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- March 15-31 PHOTOGRAPHY BY HEART OF AMERICA CAMERA CLUB, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo.
- March 17 PRINTS BY GEORGES ROUALT, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- March 17 ART BEGINS AT HOME, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- March 17 PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND PRINTS BY FISKE BOYD, Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass.
- March 17 EXHIBIT FROM KNOEDLER GALLERIES, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
- March 17 ARCHITECTURE OF PAINTING BY EDWARD HOPFER, Andover, Mass.
- March 17-31 TEXAS GENERAL EXHIBITION, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- March 18-30 SCULPTURES BY WARREN WHELFLOCK, Robinson Galleries, New York.
- March 18-30 PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, 460 Park Ave. Gallery, New York.
- March 18-Apr. 6 PORTRAITS OF ITALIAN RENAISSANCE, M. Knoedler Galleries, New York.
- March 19 PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRETT WESTON, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- March 22-Apr. 21 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF MARYLAND ARTISTS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- March 24 ITALIAN AND MODERN MASTERS, Museum of Modern Art, New York.
- March 24 PAINTINGS FOR THE HOME BY ARTISTS OF TODAY, George Walter Vincent Smith Gallery, Springfield, Mass.
- March 24 ARTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
- March 25-Apr. 11 IMPRESSIONISTS AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS, Durand Ruel Gallery, New York.
- March 26-Apr. 12 OIL PAINTINGS BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN, Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.
- March 27 PRINTS PRESENTED BY THE PRINT CLUB, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.
- March 31 ETCHINGS BY RODOLPHE BRESLIN, Brooklyn Museum, New York.
- March 31 LITHOGRAPHS AND ETCHINGS BY EDOUARD MANET, Brooklyn Museum, New York.
- March 31 SANTOS & KATCHINAS, Brooklyn Museum of Art, New York.

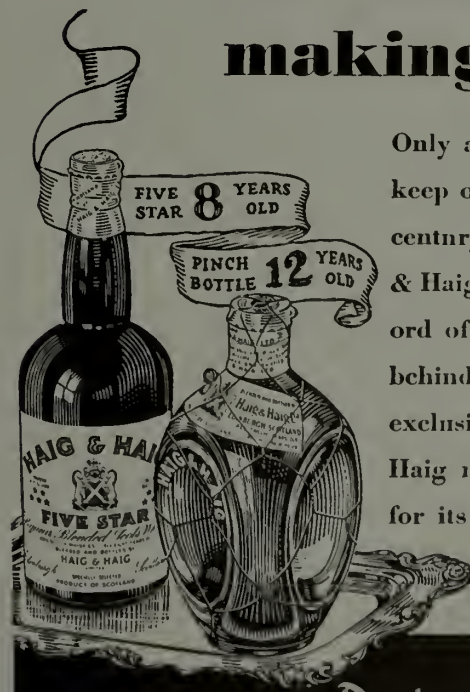


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# LETTERS

## POLO

TO THE EDITOR:

The present transient state of American polo, as commented on in the recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, is of tremendous importance to me.

Agreed that promoters may commercialize on the spectacular efficiency of amateurs and professionals who enjoy the excitement of fast competitive polo before a thrill-seeking crowd. However, the players selected for this type of polo will be limited—as in professional tennis and golf. From others will emerge, in small clubs and social groups, those people who really play polo for fun, with no desire for supremacy or wish to go barnstorming at tremendous expense from club to club.

At our Pogonip Polo Club in California \$1,000 will keep three ponies for eight months. Eliminating high-priced, highly-strung speedsters of international calibre, inexpensive ponies might be selected on which the children, fathers, mothers, and on occasion spirited grand dads, might get exercise and pleasure the year round.

Compare this to costs of other sports; duck clubs for dad, \$1,000 for six weeks; skiing for the family, easily \$1,000 transportation and board, pleasurable winter months only; golf, probably only \$500 yearly for caddies and balls, but how much time a golf game takes; tennis, the least expensive enjoyable sport, but also the least pleasant game to combine players of different skill.

May I prophesy that polo in America will emerge from this transient era with more players than ever before, players who are more adept at handling a fork than a pitchfork? Maybe we will get back to the social club polo of England and the old days in America, and family teams as they have in Honolulu.

Let us look forward to a day when the Circuit Championship, teams to be *bona fide* members of a club and not borrowed professionals, will replace the Open as the important tournament of the year.

DOROTHY DEMING WHEELER,  
Santa Cruz, Cal.

## SANTA ANITA

TO THE EDITOR:

I dislike to register a complaint, as I know the tendency there is to jump in when something is said that we do not like, whereas a hundred or so nice things might be said and we would not take the time to thank you, but there has been so much adverse criticism from our racing people out here of Mr. Ryall's article in your December issue that I thought it might be kindest to let you know some of the comments.

It has always been our policy here not to make comparisons. We feel that there is enough room for both

Florida and ourselves during the winter season and we are really pulling for Florida to have a successful meeting as we generally get results from them as well as their profiting from our operation. This particular article started to make a comparison of our daily purses and stakes but didn't carry it along to include the figures on Florida, which was considered to be unfair.

The article was mighty complimentary in some respects, but a direct contradiction to the "cold-blooded management" is the fact that we have the best people out here as our patrons, and certainly they wouldn't deal with us if the management was as it was charged.

We have our regulars each year and Santa Anita's policy, which is the basis for its success, is that first consideration be given to the public. Our aim is to raise the standard of racing and cater to the people who can afford the sport.

We have always bucked up against touts, tip-sheets, and hangers-on, and naturally there has been criticism. There are very strict rules for our stable area that were objected to during the first couple of meetings, but the owners and trainers are now with us one hundred per cent as they realize that they are protection to them, as well as to the public.

FRED A. PURNER,  
Arcadia, California.

## "JUST ONE MORE HIT"

TO THE EDITOR:

First of all, congratulations on the bigger and better COUNTRY LIFE, with its minimum of personalities and its maximum of interesting incidents backed up by photography and printing of such a very high standard.

Second—and this with reference to your article on dangerous polo—is it not a fact that some American grounds are oversize and thus tend to give the horses more flat-out galloping than was intended by those who fixed the time limit at 7½ or 8 minutes?

Incidentally, a follow-up article addressed to low handicap clubs would do a lot of good if it pointed out their tendency in practice games to have "just one more hit-out" after the bell sounds. In my humble opinion this does more to ruin a pony, especially a new one, than anything else.

Third, would you include an article on the stance in hitting, with reference to that method where the player twists both legs and body until he is almost sitting side-saddle? The elder Traill demonstrated it to me in England, but I lost the hang of it when I went straight on to steeplechasing.

Fourth—Grand National this time—regarding the prevalence of falls. Only when one comes to ride it the first time does one realize, too late,

that the early fences are spaced nearer than on the average steeplechase course. This, coupled with the terrific speed in the first half-mile of the race, gives the horse no time to recover his balance between fences, if he is unlucky enough to lose it a little.

The usual steeplechase course, like Sandown, has a let-up after the first two fences, with a patch of open going, where one can recover the horse's balance and one's own. Aintree has no let-up until one comes on to the course again. . . .

Best of luck to your paper.

LIONEL DENSHAM,  
Jamaica, B.W.I.

*Mr. Densham, who has had rather a remarkable career in riding after taking it up far later in life than most good horsemen, brings up some interesting questions.*

*Regarding his second item, we know only one club affluent enough to have a field bigger than the normal size and that is, of course, Meadow Brook. And inasmuch as the American rules were almost all designed by members of that club we hardly think his point is significant. It is a fact, however, that the big field at Meadow Brook (there are eight in all but we mean the one known as International Field) is very wearing on ponies, particularly under a heavy man like Cecil Smith who is inclined to ride further back in his seat than other top players.*

*We had an article on the stance in hitting long ago. Is it time to do this again? Shall we ask Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., to do it for us? Incidentally, it was the elder Thomas Hitchcock who first suggested that we have an article showing how very similar the stance in polo is to the stance in golf.*

*Mr. Densham's remarks regarding the Grand National, with which he has had personal experience, are very interesting. We wonder if modern courses like those designed by William du Pont, Jr., are laid out with a breather in mind; we do know that it is his theory that racing over jumps is an attempt to find out which is the best animal and not an attempt to see how many horses and men can be thrown down.*

## JOBS

IT IS our hope to find suitable jobs for the many men of ability, experience and character who want to work with horses. With this in mind we have established the COUNTRY LIFE Placement Bureau.

Our Placement Bureau is no elaborate organization; it has no special offices, no high-powered staff. It consists simply of a letter file, in which applications and the recommendations that must accompany them are filed with such checking material as we can obtain.

*We urge those of our readers who have work for good men, and women too, to make use of such service as we can render. There is no charge of any kind, either for those who want their names listed or for those who seek workers.*

*If you want a job on a country place, preferably with horses, write to the COUNTRY LIFE Placement Bureau, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, stating fully your qualifications, accompanied by true copies of all recommendations.*

*The first applications for listing in our new bureau were as follows:*

**1** FORMER MASTER of one of the best-known drag packs in the country seeks an opportunity to develop hunting in a new community. No longer able to support his own pack, he knows fully how a pack should be maintained, how a country may be developed, how first-rate sport can be had—all at a very moderate cost indeed for the pleasure possible. First-rate horseman; excellent hound man. Knows how to do work with his own hands and has (since 1929) no delusions of grandeur whatsoever.

**2** VETERINARY STUDENT at Cornell with experience on farms seeks an opportunity to work this summer at small pay on one of the biggest Thoroughbred breeding farms. Would appreciate the opportunity to see how things are done at a good farm and promises visual evidence of that appreciation. COUNTRY LIFE believes that the veterinary profession would be materially aided if some of our bigger farms would open their doors to a limited number of earnest veterinary students during the summer vacations.

**3** LETTER AS FOLLOWS: "I have been with horses all my life, both on this side and in England. I worked for good people on the other side and was there last year, at Newmarket. . . . My weight is 120 lbs., my age 40. I am single. I can ride any kind of horse, but have mostly been with race-horses. I would like to get a little private job with some family that has children learning to ride. I don't want big wages as long as I have a nice home and nice people to work for. I am very quiet myself and like to give all my time to my work. I love horses." Recommendations from Mr. late George Conway, trainer of W. Admiral, for whom the applicant has worked six years; from Robert Colling, Newmarket, England; from T. N. Perry, a trainer at Shropshire, England, who states he has known the applicant for 18 years.

**4** FROM CALIFORNIA: "I have had the same experience as you many correspondents, that is, a difficulty in contacting employers requiring men as managers or foremen w





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BIG CAR EVER BUILT!*



*Illustrated is the Touring Sedan for Seven Passengers, \$2785\**

SIZE is still of paramount importance when it comes to motor cars. All other things being equal, the bigger the car the more restful the ride—and the greater the safety.

Experienced motorists know this. Yet many deliberately deny themselves the unquestioned advantages of big-car ownership. They do so because they prefer to their own driving—and they believe that *bigness* is a handicap to handling ease. If you are of that number, you'll be sorry to know that you need no longer compromise between *big-car comfort* and

*ease of control*. You can now have *both!* For the spacious Cadillac-Fleetwood Seventy-Two is one of the easiest handling cars ever built!

You'll sense this the minute you start to drive. Little more than finger-tip pressure swings you 'round a corner. And then, as if by magic, the wheels straighten out by themselves! And how smoothly and truly the car holds its course! There is not the slightest wrist or arm fatigue, even on rough roads or day-long drives.

As for parking—it's simply no problem at all. The operation of clutch, brake, and

the Syncromatic Shift is almost effortless. And the Seventy-Two turns in an incredibly short radius.

And don't forget the Cadillac V-8 engine. Its fast acceleration and mighty reserve of power permit you to weave in and out of traffic with the utmost surety and confidence.

One drive will tell you that the luxurious Seventy-Two is the ideal car for the owner-driver. Why not see your dealer—today?

*The Cadillac Motor Car Division builds LaSalle, Cadillac and Cadillac-Fleetwood cars. Prices begin at \$1240\**

**\$2670** AND UP \*delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

*The Seventy-Two is available as either a five-passenger or seven-passenger touring sedan. Both models may be ordered with a division between the front and rear compartment for chauffeur driving*

**CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD V-8-V-16**





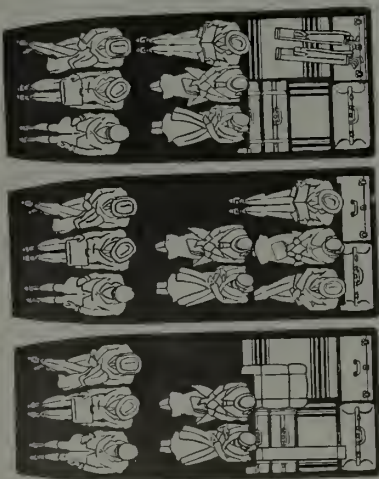
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ONE-TEN  
STATION WAGON

**\$1195**

delivered in Detroit,  
State taxes extra.

wide practical and scientific experience in breeding and making horses for racing, steeplechasing, hunting, etc., also other classes of stock, farming, etc. My last position (three years ago) was manager of a large breeding farm and estate, 750 acres, in the East. I held this for eight years, breeding, breaking and training Thoroughbreds, winners on the flat and over jumps; also stallions and broodmares, foals, etc., winning many ribbons. Despite this experience and results, have found it impossible to contact an employer, even though I have at all times been willing to accept a minor job rather than be idle."

**5 FROM THREE COLORED BOYS:** "I am writing you to see if you can get me a job on some racing stable. I have never had a regular job on a stable but I have cool horses out. My father is Wilbert Tomas, the little jockey that England would give a license to ride but he still rode in Europe. He is the cousin of Sims and dad rode in Europe, about 1911 or 1912. I have two brothers who want to ride but no one don't want a boy who is not experient. Same in my case. Our favored sports is training dogs to hunt, hunting, fishing, horses most of all, and it is in our blood. Please if you ever get some people a job, please help three colored boys who can make good. I want to run horses and train, brothers want to become jockeys. If you can spare the time, start some colored boys riding."

**6 RIDER AND TACK MAN,** who has had charge of small strings. Age 22, 5 ft. 8, weight 140, health excellent, Episcopalian, American of English extraction, graduate of high school, single. "A pleasing personality, a neat appearance, plus the desire to be an outstanding horseman, to better myself and the breed. I am not afraid of hard work and with a fair return there is no task too arduous. I drink on rare occasions only, I do smoke. Although I have had a few jobs away from horses, I can't bear to be away from them for any length of time." Worked at four stables in Westchester, at three summer camps in New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts. Five personal references offered. Approximately \$75 per month, room and board, desired. Has his own car.

**7 WANTS JOB ON ESTATE:** "I am interested in securing a position as caretaker of a summer estate with some one who is building up an estate. I have a large line of tools and understand farm repair work. I can build small out-buildings and remodel existing buildings. I am thoroughly competent to care for horses, cows and hens. I read the article about Dr. Timm's place and would like some such position. I am 42, 6 ft. 1½, and weigh 220. I am of Scotch-Irish descent but American-born. I would expect about \$130 a month, or money and privileges to equal that amount. I would like to be near enough to New York City so as to be able to take up some special work at night

along agricultural lines." References from F. Emerson Tucker, assistant instructor in dairy husbandry at the New York School of Agriculture, Morrisville, N. Y., and three others.

**8 FROM A YOUNG LADY:** "I would like a job with horses. I am 23, single, white, an honest, dependable, capable, willing worker, a good rider, willing to learn, and all I'm asking is a chance. I know I'm a girl but I'm as conscientious about my work as any man, if not more so. I have had some experience with broodmares and colts, am schooling a saddle horse and training a trotter. I ride well enough to take several blues and a yellow at two local shows. I could do some instructing. I can also show and fit draft horses, as I showed two last fall at a fair and took a second and two thirds. I am a good teamster and handy with the lines. Isn't there a job somewhere for someone as capable and willing as I am?"

### EMPLOYERS TAKE NOTE

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you very much for your courteous attention to my letter seeking employment, and for reprinting it in your magazine . . . I was fortunate enough to obtain a position just before my letter appeared.

Your new placement bureau will be a great thing; it will fill a big gap in the employment situation. But feel that there is still another need and that is to bring about better working conditions and salaries.

Why is it that men who would think of paying less than the prevailing wage to their office-workers will shamelessly try to take on some desperate unemployed horseman for the lowest possible salary? And why must grooms be allowed the now rare privilege of working 365 days in the year?

Estate owners demand extensive experience in a job requiring intelligence and aptitude, and yet wish to pay horsemen less than many unskilled laborers command. It is no wonder that we find so many incompetent near-bums filling these positions.

Perhaps your placement bureau will help solve this problem. . .

JOHN F. COLEMAN,  
Pleasantville, N. Y.

### TURF STUDENT

TO THE EDITOR:

I took to heart your article "Turf Writer's" under your column "Notes and Comment" in this month's publication of that wonderful "COUNTRY LIFE" magazine.

I also am seriously concerned that there is such a great want of writers who can see more in racing beyond the two dollar odds.

Since the age of fifteen, I have been calling to be a turf writer such as Mr. John Hervey. I pride myself on being twenty-one and completely untainted, of having more knowledge and love about the scheme of things than do many turf enthusiasts many years older. I am well formed on practically all points



of the thoroughbred, native and foreign.

I would like so much to spend the rest of my life in making America conscious and proud of the history, tradition, progress, greatness and destiny of the race horse.

That is why I am writing to you, sir. It would mean so much to me if you could give me any help or suggestions as to how to go about realizing my hopes and ideas, where I could begin, as I realize the great deal of time and training necessary to fulfill this ambition.

I realize that the need of young blood in turf journalism is very vital, if it is to remain on the plane established by the comparative few. Surely there must be other young men and women such as I with the same feelings. As far as I know, there is no special school for the exclusive study of turf journalism; but perhaps some day there will be. And if I can in some way hasten the arrival of this eventful day, I would feel very proud and contented.

Thanking you very much, allow me to wish you continued and well-deserved success as editor and publisher of "COUNTRY LIFE."

ROBERT JOHN MILLION

## BUCKING HORSES

TO THE EDITOR:

Today I was reading the article by Bruce Clinton entitled "Buckin' Horses."

After reading the article through I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Clinton must have gained most of his knowledge and information by riding through the west on a train and reading dime novels. He certainly never saw what he claims he did, found a real outfit that furnishes bucking stock to the rodeos.

I expect he also wants you folks, who don't know the difference, to believe that the Brahma bulls and steers are also trained to buck. These Brahma bulls and steers unload some of the best bull riders in the country, and all the training they get is right out of a chute with a cowboy on their back. Nine out of ten times the rider doesn't stay long, and you can call that being trained to buck it's not intentional "on the rider's part."

I have Author Clinton figured out in this way, he is one of those boys you always see at a show, parading around in chaps, spurs, and big hat, spending most of his time sitting on the fence. Just a would-be who would like to be tough but who hasn't got what it takes so he lets his steam through his pen to make the people who don't know think he has been there.

I am going to give you folks the names of some bucking horses from several different outfits, "horses" that most of the top riders have reason to remember.

From Carmin's string at Douglas, Wyoming, came Made in Germany, Red Wagon, Brown Eye's, Sweet Gamma, Buster Brown, and Old Dad. I knew all those horses and where they came from. I also know they were never trained to buck, except by bucking cowboys off, such

as Paddy Ryan, Phil Yoder, Irvy Collins, and many others.

From the McCarthy and Elliot string at Chugwater, Wyoming, came the famous Midnight, "now in horse heaven," and Five Minutes to Midnight, two of the hardest bucking horses that ever had a saddle on, who at different times unloaded such riders as Doff Aber, Burel Mulkey, Nick Knight, and a lot of other top-notch riders.

There are other horses from different parts of the country, such as, Mussolini, Tumble Weed, Widow Maker, OW Grey, and many others too numerous to mention. None of these horses were trained to buck, as Mr. Clinton would have you believe.

If our author would care to investigate he will find that most of the horses used at the World's Fair Rodeo at San Francisco were CBC's from Miles City, Montana. These horses were not trained to buck, which can be verified by Jock McDonald, who was in charge of them.

Mr. Clinton tells of the patent cinch buckle with rope or string attached, that is jerked to let the cinch come undone and dump a dummy and saddle. Just where would the string jerker be when a spinning horse comes undone? He speaks as though these horses leave the chute like they were carrying the mail to some distant point.

I've read a lot of things about horses by writers who knew what they were writing about, but Mr. Clinton is way out of his line. Our author, I think, has been getting away with his literary efforts just because no one cared to take the time to show him up. But he rubbed my hair the wrong way when he tries to make you folks believe our bucking horses are just the same as trained circus horses.

So all you folks who read "Buckin' Horses" open your other ear and let that story pass on out, because bucking horses are *not* trained to buck. It's instinct, not training, that causes them to do it.

ARCH KING,  
Patagonia, Arizona.

## ANSWERS

to questions on page 94

10. At least three times a day. good grass.
9. Horse or pony is turned out on straw and peat moss.
8. Cooked.
7. Cats and bran mixed and dampened with hot water. It can also include flaxseed, and be
6. Yes.
5. The careful making of a horse's mouth, starting from the time he is an unbroken colt.
4. Cats, bran, hay.
3. Horse or pony stomach-ache.
2. Left side.
1. Once a month.

DO NOT READ NOW



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# COMMENT in the PRESS

## TURF WRITING

THAT story about sports writers drawing income from off-the-payroll sources is up again. It caused a brief flutter several years ago when the American Society of newspaper Editors adopted resolutions against it. Several managing editors went home from Washington with a new insight into the sports business, and it was reported that some sports writers entered the employment of the industry whence their greatest income came. . .

New York telephones became busy when COUNTRY LIFE declared that too many of the racetrack reporters, presumably of New York papers, were looking at the "sport of kings" purely from the standpoint of the \$2 odds public. It also said that some of them were receiving pay from the tracks, either in money, free accommodations at the clubhouses, jobs which supplied income but demanded no labor, etc. . .

Whatever information we have is of the same character as Mr. Vischer's; it is hearsay, picked up in bull sessions, with seldom any but the flimsiest of evidence. It is usually from the mouths of men who don't write sports. Reporters on police, general or special assignments are not often offered money in line of duty, and 99 per cent of them would refuse any such offer. A bid "to make it worth your while" would be an automatic danger signal if it came from a politician, a merchant, or press agent. The ethical standards of most news men are as high as you'll find in any profession.

There's no sense in saying that similar canons of honor rule among the promoters of professional sport. They don't. The run of boxing and wrestling matches, horse races, and baseball games are commercial spectacles. They depend for their commercial success on a "good press," much more than do the movies or the theatre. Concerning the latter we have heard no credible reports of subsidizing daily paper critics. But in sports, in every city across the country, the writer is under continuous temptation. A friendly twist of a phrase on his typewriter can mean hundreds, maybe thousands, of dollars at the gate. The promoter might well consider it a good investment to slip a century note between the pages of a book, leave it in a phone booth, or lose it in a game of pool or poker in return for well-timed gestures of goodwill. . .

It seems to us that a newspaper's management condones a lot of things it would not tolerate officially when it permits any commercial interest to extend a financial favor. The boxing writer knows whether his baseball colleague is getting a ride at the ball club's expense, and he can see no moral difference between that favor and those he can collect for his friendship in the right quarters. That goes for the racing writer, the tennis

expert, and the track reporters. An if the run-of-staff sport salaries are below the level of the general staff pay, as they sometimes are, the young men on the "profitable" sport runs are up against a situation which demands a stiffer than normal backbone. . .

Decent salaries are not the whole answer, but they are a long start. . .

If the paper and the public don't come first in the reporter's mind, ahead of commercial interests which may actually be criminal, then the newspaper and the public are getting less than their due.

That may be important, with horse racing coming into new prominence this year in New York, under the pari-mutuel law. Purely selfish interests of the newspaper, aside from the inherent rights of the public, demand that there be no doubts as to who pays the race track reporters. . .

—Arthur Robb in "Editor and Publisher," *New York*.

## SPANISH CUSTOM

COUNTRY LIFE is a horsey magazine comprising all that is left of "Polo," "The Sportsman," "Horse & Horseman." Its editor and publisher is an ardent turf lover named Peter Vischer. In this month's COUNTRY LIFE, Editor Vischer had a few paragraphs to say about "the custom becoming more and more prevalent among track operators of paying the 'expenses' of newspapermen doing the work their papers assign them to do, of putting them up cost-free at their clubhouses or elsewhere, even of putting them on the payroll. . . .

"The managements do it without shame. The papers see it as a 'modern' method of cutting their expenses (and their own payrolls), apparently oblivious to the fact that they are sacrificing the vaunted freedom of the press. . . ."

What Editor Vischer was beefing about, he well knew, was an old Spanish custom, once regularly observed by every major bull-fighter who prized his press clippings. It is also an old free-loading custom of the U. S. press, enjoyed in one guise or another by many sportswriters covering big-league baseball (TIME, Nov. 14, 1938), boxing, Bowl games, professional football. At one race track reporters reportedly got pay envelopes each week, were hurt at meet's end when the track management asked for their social security numbers, considering them employees.

Last week, with a legislative Donnybrook impending over New York's newly voted parimutuel system, Manhattan turf writers had plenty to write about. So no Manhattan paper found room to publish or reply to Editor Vischer's accusations. But many an injured sportswriter telephoned in, to question not the truth but the cricket of his cracks.

—"Time"



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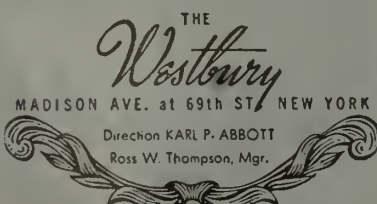
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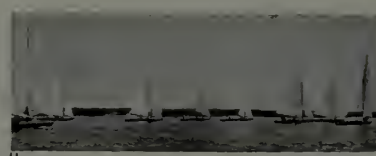
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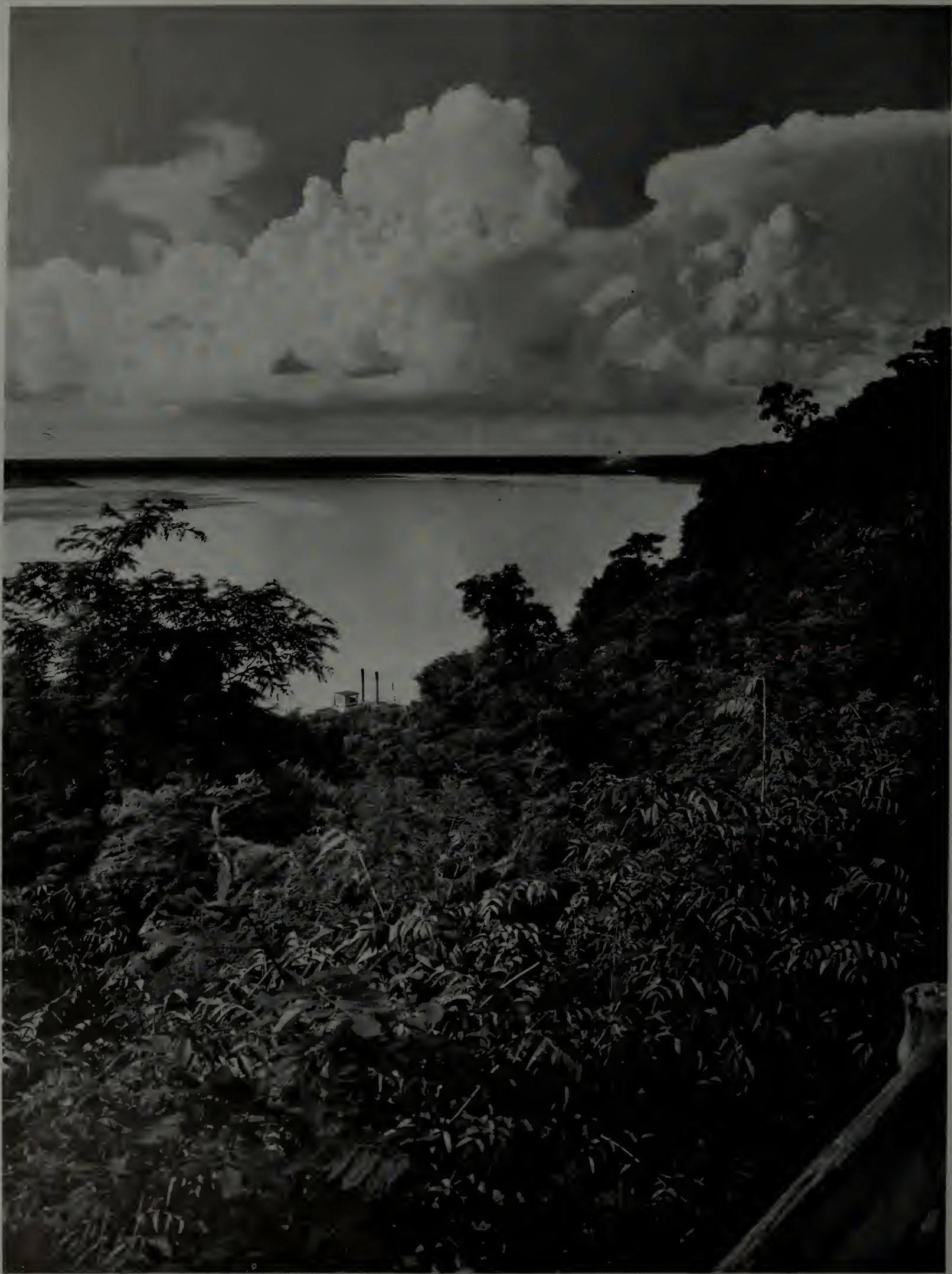
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"Steam-boat 'round de bend"

H. H. COSTAIN





# SOUTHERN FESTIVAL

FOR FIVE WEEKS NATCHEZ ENTERTAINS VISITORS OF HORTICULTURAL  
BENT IN ITS FAMOUS HOUSES AND GARDENS

by BRUCE McCLURE

THAT Southern gardens should be at the height of their beauty and opulence at a season when slush, snow and mud are the usual lot of the country dweller in the North, is not the injustice of Nature that it might appear to be to those who reach for their overshoes as naturally as for their hats before venturing outdoors at this time.

For the South, in recent years, has become as proud of its gardens as it has always been of its other traditions of gracious and ample living. And pride, combined with hospitality, has caused the owners of many historic estates to throw open their houses and their grounds to visitors of horticultural bent from all over the country.

Usually, this large scale entertainment, lasting from a few days to several weeks, is a community affair, sponsored by a garden club and wholeheartedly supported by the citizenry at large, from mansion owner to the smallest picaninny capable of carrying a visitor's bag.

Natchez, on the east bank of the Mississippi, one of the most beautiful, and once one of the wealthiest towns of the deep South, returns for five weeks each year to the glory, customs and costumes that were hers in the days of the great cotton plantations, and of the nights made hideous in Natchez-under-the-hill by the brawlings of visiting flat-boat crews and resident scalawags.

Natchez-under-the-hill is not to be confused with the town on top of the bluff. In its heyday, it was the roughest, toughest landing on the whole of the Mississippi's turbulent length. An average evening ashore was certain to include a dash of mayhem, but only if outright manslaughter were deemed too strong for the occasion; games of violent chance and long odds; games of speed and skill in which the hand was matched against the eye, and the bowie knife against the derringer in the cuff; a great deal of high, wide and far from handsome dancing, and the consumption of Homeric quantities of the wine of the country.

It will be seen that the degree of refinement to be found on the river-front fell short of that to be met with farther up the bank. And as it is with the latter that we are concerned here, let us return to the paths of decorum.

The polite and lovely town that, for the ninth time, is about to welcome garden lovers, antiquarians, and just plain visitors who enjoy beauty and cherish nostalgic longing for older ways of life, has a history longer by far than that of the Republic.

The village of the Natchez tribe, which had come up from Mexico in some unrecorded age, was found by De Soto's Spaniards in 1543 and its occupants run off, according to an old national custom. The Conquistadores in turn, were followed by the French, then came the British, and, once more, other Spaniards.

Natchez became United States territory in 1798, and the tobacco and indigo plantations gave way to cotton on a soil so rich, and in a climate so adapted to it, that it was not uncommon for a piece of land to pay for itself in two or three seasons.

STARK Young, in his fine novel of the Confederate States, "So Red The Rose" wrote of Natchez, and of its approach over what is probably the oldest roadway in the country:

"They were on the old Natchez Trace, the Indian road that had run nobody knew how many centuries northward to what was now Nashville. Like many of the old roads it was sunk below the banks at either side, in places higher than the carriage top. The trees rose in a high wall of green, now almost black; the sky, swept with rose light and the dusk, shone in a bright lane far overhead.

"It had not taken long for the settlers pouring over the Southern States to find their levels and divide. There were the adventurers, the drifters, the scum and wreckage of life in the older colonies and abroad; they lingered, dropped lower, or passed on. There were those who wished to make homes, to own land, to found a society in which their families might live. At the same time, scattered here and there in the South, were certain communities that from the very start had been made up of a special class who in their turn drew others like them.

"This old town lay high up on the bluffs above the Mississippi, which spread out below in a vast curve, with its yellow current and its timeless air of volume and full movement to the gulf. It was this elevation, in contrast to the woods, the swamps, the low-lying river lands—the richest land in the world—for miles about Natchez and also across the river to the west, that had given the town its fortunes."

Traces of the period when Natchez was



Crinolined belles, camelias and azaleas





Preparing the young idea for the obligations of hospitality

H. H. COSTAIN, F. S. LINCOLN, BLACK STAR, ACME AND E. M. NORMAN PHOTOS



The serenity of the old South is still to be found

part of a French province linger in its architecture and landscaping. Straight walks, bordered by flowers, lead into the mysterious depths of a wild forest. Terraces, statuary, and evergreens further reflect the French influence, while the gardens themselves remind one of an English countryside, and of the fact that the English also ruled in Natchez.

Much of the furniture, and many of the paintings and pieces of sculpture which still distinguish the great houses, were imported from England and the Continent by the planters of Natchez's golden age.

This group of land-owners was, by any standard, enormously wealthy, and its members had inherited cultural traditions, among which was included European travel in the grand manner.

Whole families, with their servants, horses and traveling carriages visited the Continental capitals. There they were received gladly, as charming and distinguished guests, and there they selected for shipment to their distant homes, such objects of art as the fancies of the times dictated. If some of them, today, seem more quaint than impressive, many are of enduring beauty. Good and bad alike, they represent a conception of life so firmly held that it brought dignity and high tradition to a wilderness frontier in an incredibly short span of years, and assured its possessors of their rightful place in any society.

Ten years ago the women of Natchez foresaw the obliteration, in the name of progress, of historic landmarks, and the sure destiny of gardens too long neglected. Through the

The Central hall of Arlington, designed in 1820 by a New Jersey architect



This music room combines delightfully Federal and Victorian decoration





valiant efforts of the members of the Natchez Garden Club and of the Pilgrimage Garden Club, these beauties have not only been preserved, and in many cases restored, but the "garden pilgrimages," which the clubs inaugurated, have drawn thousands of visitors and revived, for the period of their duration, the ante-bellum life of a town so charming in itself and so important in the commerce and settlement of a new nation, that it drew, variously, artists and foreign dignitaries, political campaigners, conspirators, and empire-builders. Many of the famous, and infamous, figures of the times came to Natchez. Such diverse talents as those of Audubon, the Marquis de Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Aaron Burr, Jefferson Davis, Zachary Taylor and Sam Houston were familiar to its residents.

**T**HIS year, the first weeks of the festivities incident to Natchez's annual revival of its past are to be conducted by the ladies of the Pilgrimage Garden Club, from March 2 to 23. On March 24, the members of the Natchez Garden Club take over, their hospitality extending through April 7.

During these weeks there are extensive programs of entertainment, designed to recreate for the guest the old life of Natchez. These, of course, are in addition to the visits to the historic houses and their gardens, some half a hundred of which are thrown open by their owners during the two pilgrimages.

By the exercise of considerable ingenuity, a real love of the task, and the good will of the community, the historic tableaux, Confederate balls, show-boat performances, barbecues, and singing by Negro groups, lend a definite aura of authenticity to this revival of a vanished life.

There is, however, no "revival" of the gardens and their big houses. They are, as they always have been, beautiful and hospitable; a joy and a solace to the traveler.

A corner of the farmal gardens at Manteigne



In Rosalie is typified the architecture of Natchez; this house ance served as Gen. Grant's headquarter



Richmond incorporates under one roof three houses of widely differing architecture





## HOW TO CATCH A

# Trout

by EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

LET'S go fishing!

But wait a minute—leave your tackle home. Today we'll just go down and mosey along the banks of that trout stream we're going to fish, and get properly acquainted with it. That's important. It means more fish and more fun in the fishing.

What? You've known that stream all your life and been fishing it ever since you were knee high to a grasshopper? Maybe so—but we're going to learn things about that trout stream you never knew before. It's been hiding things from you all these years. We're going to find them out—and you'll be surprised.

Let me tell you about a trout stream that I have known all my life, that I fished as a barefoot boy—the Beaverkill, in the Catskill Mountains of New York. Though I had been fishing in this stream since boyhood, there was one pool that still baffled all my efforts. What made me sore about that was the fact that I knew this pool contained some of the biggest trout to be found anywhere in the Beaverkill. I had seen them there—great, big lunkers that ringed the surface with ripples as they gobbled up the flies of an evening or early morning. But I could never interest these big trout in my own lures, and I had talked with others who had had the same experience. So far as I knew, no trout had ever been caught in that pool.

I had always fished this pool in the orthodox way, just as I fished all the rest of the Beaverkill—upstream. That is the accepted method among all trout anglers, because trout lie facing the current and they'll see you and scurry for cover if you fish down stream. But approaching this pool from down stream I could never get a rise, though I had frequently hidden behind trees on the bank and watched trout so big that they made my eyes pop, feeding in that pool.

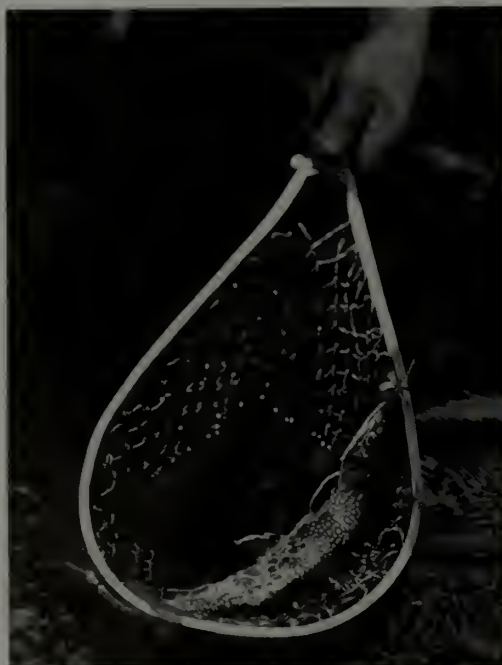
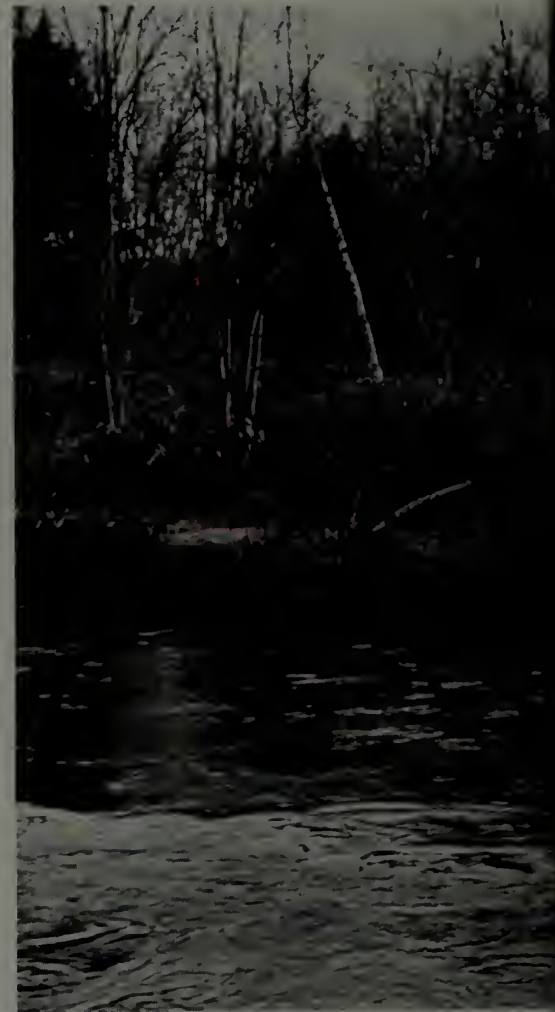
The tail of this pool was about six feet deep and very quiet. The pool was about twenty feet long, thirty feet wide at the tail, tapering to about twelve feet at the head. Sitting on the bank one evening, puzzling over the problem of why I could never catch any fish here, where I knew there were fine trout, I started idly tossing chips of wood into the water at the head of the pool. I noticed that some of the chips which were partly water-logged, and which sunk beneath the surface, did not follow the same course as those that floated on the surface. The partly submerged

chips crossed the pool from one bank to the other, while those on the surface floated straight down through the center of the pool.

Like a flash, then, the secret of that pool and its big trout was revealed to me. Though the stream did not curve at this point, there was a freak cross-current beneath the surface, and the trout, facing the current, lay with their heads *cross-stream* instead of upstream. Below this pool, the water was very shallow and the vegetation low. This made the angler coming upstream visible to the trout if, as I was now convinced, the fish lay facing that under-current.

Early next morning I was back at that pool with my tackle. Due to the high bank and thick underbrush it was impossible to get directly back of the fish, so I went above the pool about thirty feet. I figured that the white water that ran into the head of the pool would conceal me from the fish. From that position I made a cast, laying a slight loop on the water in order to gain the slight floating distance necessary without drag. I used a wet fly with a split shot to carry it beneath the surface and catch that cross-current. As the line straightened out I felt a slight tug and struck—and found myself hooked to a fish that turned out to be an eighteen-inch brown trout.

I had learned the secret of that pool—it was position. And ever since then I have never fished a pool or a riffle without first studying it from all of its different angles.



It takes time and study to net a fellow like this

So now we'll just mosey down and study that stream you think you have always known so well.

We want to know where the bottom spring-holes are and where the cold water from springs along the banks seep into the stream, for that's where the trout congregate when the water gets warm. We want to ferret out all the under-currents of every pool; the trend of every riffle; the variety of fish food that is floated down on the current; where the big trout lie behind log or rock, or under the tree roots, and know from what angle these can be best approached before we go down there with our tackle.

These quietly moving meadow streams that flow through farm lands, just seeming to loaf along on their way, with deep hidden pools and long, straight shallows, are the hardest of all streams to fish. Here the angler is too easy to see and the trout are more wary than in the rougher recesses of the wooded streams.



Yet these quiet stretches of meadow stream will yield many big, lusty trout when studied and fished intelligently, each pool according to its own individual problem.

I have in mind one such stream that often lured me, and just as often sent me away disappointed. I set about studying out a way successfully to fish this water where "visibility was high."

It wouldn't do to wade the stream, or to walk promiscuously along its banks. I noticed that the trout, when not feeding, lay in the deep holes, and when they started to feed they came out in the shallows. So I picked out a particularly good spot along the bank of the shallows, where the background would

be a tug. There was a swirl, and I was hooked to a good fish which I landed—a fourteen-inch brook trout.

In all my fishing along this still stretch of water, I never caught a trout except by this same method, and all the trout I have caught there have been taken from dawn until an hour and a half after daylight or in the last hour before darkness in the evening. The kind of lure used didn't seem to matter. The secret of this stream was "low visibility" in the dim light of morning or evening, and lifelike movement given to underwater lures.

Let me tell you about another pool that was immune to the attacks of anglers, though it was located near a public highway and on a

self immune from the hook of the angler. Then I hit upon a plan. I picked out a May Fly Wing Royal Coachman, because this fly has plenty of stiff hackles, and the large white wings give it plenty of visibility. Then I oiled this fly and also oiled the leader. After that I dressed the line with grease. Thus equipped, I made my attack on that pool and its occupant.

Approaching from above the opening in the alders, I placed my fly on a large chip of wood and floated it down under the bushes, pulling it off the chip when it was over the spot where the trout lay. The oiled fly and the greased line floated on the surface, safely above the snags that littered the bottom of the pool. I gave the line a few short jerks to give the fly motion on the surface. Suddenly, I saw the fly disappear as a bit of suction became visible on the surface. I struck, at the same time bringing my rod back to steer the fish away from the snags on the bottom. For awhile I had my own trouble to keep from getting all snarled up in the waterlogged brush, but I finally landed that fish—a five-pound-two-ounce brown trout, the homeliest, most ungainly fish I had ever seen.

THAT trout had lived there, growing big and heavy gobbling up all the smaller fish that dared enter that pool, through years in which no angler had bothered to study out the problem presented by this bit of water, but had passed it up as being not "fishable." I think I got more satisfaction out of catching that big fellow of the Muscanetcong than from any fish I ever caught.

Too many anglers fish the easy spots and pass up the hard ones. For this very reason it is in these difficult spots that you will find the big ones, and they are less wary and easier to catch because of the few times they have been molested. The angler who will take the time to study out the problems that every trout stream presents will get a lot of fine fish that others are passing by.

So today you and I will just go down and mosey along the banks of that trout stream until we learn all its secrets—then, and not until then, will we go fishing.

The bait isn't as important as most anglers would have you believe—angle worms, grubs, beetles, grasshoppers, a piece of pork rind, or artificial flies. When trout are biting and you fish them right, according to the individual problem of each pool or riffle, they'll take a crack at almost anything.

But the time of day and state of the weather *are* important, so when the weather is bright and clear, we'll do our fishing early in the morning, before the sun gets high, and late in the evening. That's feeding time for fish. And wary fish like trout and bass are afraid of the sun. They won't come to your lure when the sun is bright on the water.

And if it rains!

The fish know that the rain washes a lot of food into the water, and they'll all be out for the banquet. As soon as the rain lets up, we'll do our fishing at the mouth of the little branch streams, or where tiny rivulets trickle down through the woods and fields to empty into the main stream. And we'll use natural bait if the water is a little murky—worms, bugs, grubs, grasshoppers, crickets, just what the trout are expecting to be washed in by way of these little rivulets.

Let's go fishing!



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY FIELD & STREAM AND WARREN BOYER

neutralize my figure. I sat down there, back about six feet from the edge of the bank, and waited for a rise.

None came, though I waited till about an hour before dark. Then I made a cast upstream with a dry fly. Here another difficulty asserted itself. There was practically no current, so that the fly lay quietly on the surface, without motion. Then, when I picked my fly from the surface to try another cast, the disturbance it made in the quiet water was appalling.

I changed to a small wet fly and an extremely fine leader. After waiting twenty minutes or so, I made another cast with this. I had held the wet fly in my mouth, soaking it thoroughly before casting, so that the instant it dropped on the water it began to sink. I waited until the leader and a good part of the line had disappeared beneath the surface and then started to retrieve in short, slow jerks. As I made the fourth jerk I felt

much-fished stream in a thickly populated section. This pool was in the Muscanetcong, just a few miles from Hackettstown, N. J. It was so thickly surrounded by alders that it was open only at the upstream end, and even there the bushes hung so low that it was impossible to cast more than six feet.

In the course of studying this pool on the Muscanetcong, I had seen a big brown trout, and I knew that he lay at the tail of the pool and never seemed to venture within ten or twelve feet of the opening in the bushes at the head, so that it was impossible to cast to where he was. Due to the fact that the bottom was a mass of dead limbs and the undertow of the current always sucked the line down among these snags, it was impossible to float either a wet fly or bait down to where the fish lay.

I spent a lot of time studying the problem of this big brown trout and the natural safeguards by which he had apparently made him-





Sahri 2nd, a Chilean mare, won eight races and \$14,900 in purses and stakes; she is shown here winning at Aqueduct in 1937

## THE SOUTH AMERICAN INVASION

**I**F there never had been a \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, the chances are that no Thoroughbreds from the Argentine would be galloping over our tracks, and if a betting coup hadn't clicked there wouldn't be so many Chilean horses here, either. As it is, in the last four years 63 racers have been imported from Argentina, and 50 from Chile.

The Argentines have been successful. Since their infiltration, they have won \$371,454—\$302,324 of this last season. Of course \$170,875 of the latter total was contributed by C. S. Howard's Kayak 2nd, who may have won the Santa Anita Handicap again before this issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* reaches your library table. The Chilean horses started encouragingly, but tailed off. Only nine ran here in 1937, but they won \$44,277. Last season twenty-nine could win only \$38,670 among them.

The first racer from south of the border that anyone remembers was Copiapo. He was a bay with black points, by Amsterdam out of Como, and he made a striking appearance on the track in the black and yellow striped racing jacket of his owner, a Venezuelan named Raoul Espinosa. Copiapo arrived in New York toward the end of the summer of 1926, and made his first start at Belmont Park early in September, finishing third in a race won by Glen Riddle Farm's Dress Parade. Before the season closed, however, he won three races and \$5,260 in prize money. The following year he started 21 times, winning four, and \$6,654, then returned home.

Encouraged by Copiapo's success, another horse was shipped up from Venezuela towards the close of the season. Tutti Frutti, a colt by Salpicon out of Damascus, owned by E. G.

by G. F. T. RYALL

Valenzuela. Tutti Frutti, like Copiapo, came with a native retinue of trainer, jockey, and grooms. His first stop was Havana. He didn't stay there long, but went on to Miami. I daresay that if Tutti Frutti had been a sound horse, he would have been one of the top notchers. Unfortunately, his legs were unsound. Nevertheless, he managed to win four of his six starts, and \$5,100 in 1929. That autumn, he was bought by Robert Daniels, owner of Brandon Farm in Virginia. Frank



Kayak 2nd, greatest of South American winners

Bray, who was training for the establishment, managed to patch up Tutti Frutti enough to win one race at Hialeah Park the following season, then his legs went bad altogether and he was retired to the Brandon Farm stud. He sired only one crop of foals, of which Tutti Curio probably was the best known, for he was struck by lightning in a freak electrical storm.

It was the purse of the Santa Anita Handicap that attracted horses from the Argentine, just as a few years before the Agua Caliente Handicap had lured the Australians, among them the ill-fated Phar Lap, whose name is still something to conjure with Down Under. Californians were buying horses like mad, and several Argentine dealers who had done a tidy business in polo ponies saw an opportunity for additional barter and trade.

At that, the racers imported in 1936 have done rather better than most English and French importations one can name. Altogether, the seven horses that ran the following season started 45 times, and won 13 races, collecting \$21,675 in prize money, which is not at all bad considering that two of the animals didn't win. Of course, there were disappointments. Amor Brujo, who had won several important sweepstakes at home, could win only two small purses, worth together \$3,653. On the other hand, Cascabelito was an agreeable surprise. He won three races, and \$8,770. The most durable performer of the lot has been a plater named Ferryboat. To date he's started sixty times.

In 1938, the average wasn't so high. Twenty-one horses ran in 161 races, of which they won 19 for a total of \$57,455. Eleven did not win, but I fancy that was because they were becoming acclimated. It's a curious



thing about most horses, and polo ponies; you can run them or play them after a long ocean trip as soon as they have lost their sea legs and have had a short rest. However, in a month or so they lose their form altogether, and take ever so long to come back.

Last season was the big year for the Argentinians, for 45 ran, the starts totaled 533, the races won numbered 81, and the prize money totaled \$302,324. Naturally, Kayak 2nd's winnings, which were mentioned before, were considerably more than half of this, but unlucky Sorteado contributed \$29,000; Olympo added \$11,815; Don Mike, \$10,825, and Ligaroti, \$5,000. Not forgetting Preceptor, who won \$8,637, and Conde Rico, who won \$7,120.

Lots of people fancy that Charles Howard's success at buying Argentine horses by long distance—for he has never seen a purchase until it landed in this country—just a matter of luck. Like buying Seabiscuit from the Wheatley Stable, for example. That's not quite true. Howard makes his selections from pedigrees and past performances, but the individuals are passed on finally by Juan Reynal, former member of Argentina's champion polo teams, and no stranger at Meadow Brook. He picked and passed Kayak 2nd, whose performances in the Santa Anita Handicap, the Hollywood Gold Cup, the Continental Handicap, and the Bowie Handicap are pretty well known, and Sorteado, whom the stable considered pounds better than Kayak,



Sorteado; his stable held him better than Koyok

and helped Lin Howard select Ligaroti and Don Mike. Reynal is no green hand.

Of course, the best of the Chilean horses is Caballero 2nd. He was just about the best in his own country, too, when a red-headed horse coper from Kansas City, named Clarence Shockley, brought him to Aqueduct to win a big bet. You may have forgotten how Shockley and a little group of South Americans brought some horses to Belmont Park, worked them while all the other trainers were at the races, entered Sahri 2nd, and backed her 50-1 down to 8-1, watched her win, and then bet all their winnings back on Caballero 2nd, only to have him finish in a dead heat. At that, they probably won the biggest bet that has been won at Aqueduct since Arnold Rothstein put over—and put over is used here advisedly—a horse named Siderial.

Although Caballero 2nd also ran a dead heat in his next start, he managed to win \$24,207 in prize money during the season of 1937. Sahri 2nd was pretty good herself, for

she won eight races and \$14,900 in purses and stakes. Naturally, after that, everybody wanted Chilean horses. Even though Caballero 2nd won \$9,520 the following season, the other importations haven't done so well.



Ligaroti, a good one from the Argentine



Cobollero 2nd, best of the Chilean horses

Sahri 2nd won only \$850 in 1938, and then faded entirely out of the picture. I expect that the biggest disappointments were Maraton, who'd been an important stakes winner on his home grounds, which were turf, but ran on our dirt tracks as though he were shod with roller skates; and the half dozen racers that Joe Brown, a New Orleans sportsman, bought and renamed with the prefix "Brown." To be sure, that durable mare,

Shangay Lily, earned \$12,915 in 22 starts, of which she won three. However, it seems to me that's hardly enough to get excited over. Hirsch Jacobs, who's led the winning list of trainers for seven years, and has prob-



Grandstand of the Buenos Aires Jockey Club

ably done better with the Chilean horses than anyone else, says that they're kind, and gentle, and lets his praise end right there.

It is too soon to anticipate the effect that Argentine and Chilean blood will have on our bloodstock. Most of the Argentine Thoroughbreds are from the best English strains. For more than a quarter of a century Argentine breeders have paid the highest prices for the most important stallions, and the choicest mares obtainable in the British sales paddocks. It is interesting to note, in passing, that Kayak 2nd's sire, Congreve, is a son of Copyright, and Copyright is by Tracery, who was foaled at Nursery Stud in Kentucky. Incidentally, August Belmont sold Tracery to Señor Unzue, then the leading Argentine breeder, for \$265,000, the highest price paid for an American race horse.

There's a strain of American blood in some of the Chilean stock. When racing was discontinued in New York thirty years ago, quite a number of mares, and a few stallions were sold to breeders down there, but at this late date it probably doesn't make much difference.

EWING GALLOWAY, MORGAN, HARRIS & EWING, TURF PIX, AND MORNING TELEGRAPH PHOTOS



Going to the post at the beautiful Vina del Mor track in Chile; the scene is from the Jockey Club stands





EWING GALLOWAY, KEYSTONE VIEW, UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

**W**E WERE living in the Virgin Islands the first time our path crossed that of the American sugar planter from Santo Domingo. From the moment we learned he had been marooned on that lesser-known end of the island of Haiti for the past 18 years, we were sorry for him indeed. When the dreaded invitation to visit him arrived, we felt that we were in for an ordeal. "Going native" in Santo Domingo had to be taken in the light of a lark.

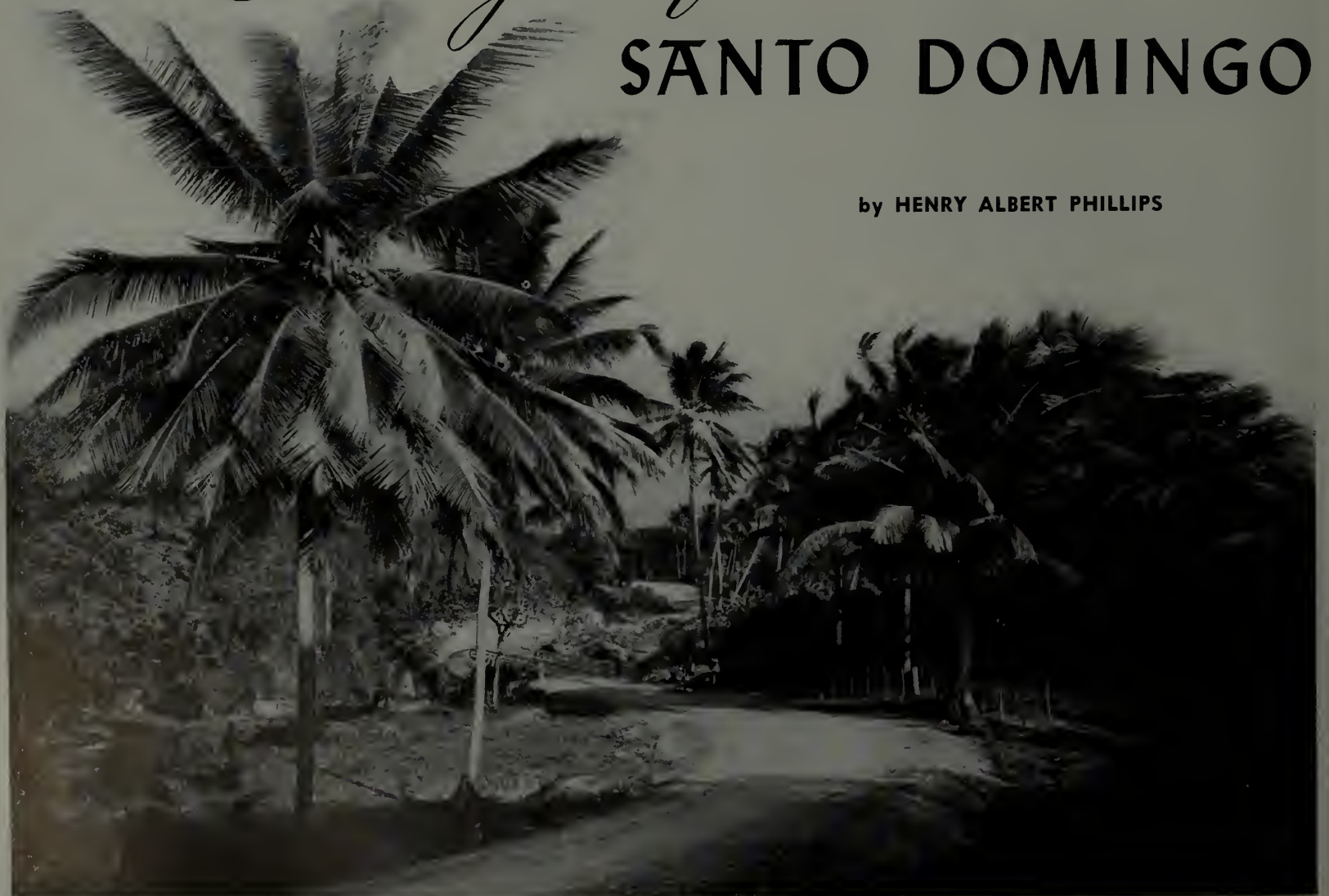
Trujillo City, the capital of Santo Domingo, marked the beginning of our surprises. The city was modern, having been entirely rebuilt after destruction by the earthquake of 1930, by Dictator Trujillo. It is eternally interesting to all Americans, for Christopher Columbus was its first Governor. The ruins of his house are still standing, and his bones lie in the ancient cathedral.

Unlike the French-speaking black republic that occupies two-thirds of the island, Santo Domingo is a brown dictatorship, Spanish in language and culture. We found Trujillo City

# *Country Life in*

# **SANTO DOMINGO**

by **HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS**







Spain and New England meet in this plantation house in the hills above the town where Calumbus once was governor



a strange mixture. Motor cars jostled burros bearing bulging panniers, and pinto ponies with an assortment of riders. Donkey carts, on the wrong side of the street, contested our progress head on. Stray chickens, pigs with their sucklings, goats and cows wandered with the nonchalance of more creditable citizens. Spaniards more Spanish than natives of Spain; black mammies; dandified mulattos, and linen-clad whites crowded the sidewalks, and mottled the scene with colors unfamiliar on other islands.

Our hearts sank as we motored out of the city on the two-hour drive to the sugar plantation that was to become our domicile for the next fortnight or two. The native scene was Spanish with the inevitable touch of the Caribbees. An occasional ceiba, or silk cotton tree; horsemen with the trappings of Andalusia; streams to ford and frowns to be taken from brown-skinned women washing clothes in the running water; a constant trickle of natives going to or from the market, the beasts of burden Spanish-pannied burros in-



Sugar cone below and coffee above, in the hills

screened and jalousied veranda, awaiting dinner guests. We balanced our cool drinks under the subdued light of many bridge lamps. Nothing seemed to matter, lolling in the lap of this tropical luxury.

"Who are the real provincials? I ask you." our host was saying to no one in particular. I knew he was aiming at the outside world's opinion.

INSTEAD of replying, I let my mind wander, tropical fashion, like the barefoot natives who swarmed every prospect. I could hear them now, somewhere out in the tropic night. Their shouts and songs mingled with the insect symphony, the voices of the giant frogs and jungle birds and all the other overtones of the islands. They almost drowned out the short wave radio that was bringing us good music and bad news from the Four Corners and Seven Seas.

"Information please!" Our host was smiling.

"It was all a geographic and climatic error on our part," I confessed, my mind reverting to the day we had first approached this supposed desolation of provincialism. I was wondering just what the difference was between spending a week or a lifetime here, or on Long Island, or in Florida. This exile had everything, apparently. On his center table were all the current magazines of the English-speaking world. His well-stocked wine cellar would be difficult to surpass in any home. If plumbing meant anything, he had all the latest American gadgets; and the *dernier cri* in French boudoirs and indirect lighting. The flavor of Paris was in our every-day cuisine; we could taste it in our onion soup, for Woo Chow, the Chinese cook was said to be the peer of the French chef under whom he had served for 10 years. He was paid \$60 a month. The perfect man-servant who brought in our breakfast received \$12. Our table coffee was said to be the finest in the world, grown on a neighborhood plantation (Continued on page 72)

stead of women with baskets on their heads, African style.

Two black stacks, puffing smudges of smoke, marked the spot where our sugar estate began. A little later we were driving through a giant gateway, resembling a Japanese torii, into a community of 2500 blacks, imported from other islands to do the mill work. The plantation, our host informed us, reached out in every direction for 50 miles, a vast wilderness of sugar cane, of canals, with a network of company railroads. Thirty thousand Dominican sugar workers labored year in and year out striving to hold back the invading jungle, and filling the maw of the monster sugar mill that we should hear grinding all through our days and nights. "That you civilized folk may sweeten your tea!" remarked our host. We had paused to disperse the crowd in the roadway, where a wild-looking religious fanatic was working on the natives with Caribbean exhortations.

A big black fellow opened another white gate, and we drove into a palm-shaded avenue, anticipating our own Dahomey hut.

On an evening a week later, we sat in the cool rattan chairs of our host's 50 x 100-foot,



Spanish and brawn not, like Haiti, French and black





# Contemporary

**Function, beauty and comfort meet in a country house design**

by **SHIRLEY WARE**

**A**N architecture that combines beauty, comfort and function is peculiarly suited to American modes of living. In the hands of competent designers, the American contemporary is malleable enough to form the backdrop for an urban penthouse, and, by a slight change of make-up, to become friendly and serviceable for country living.

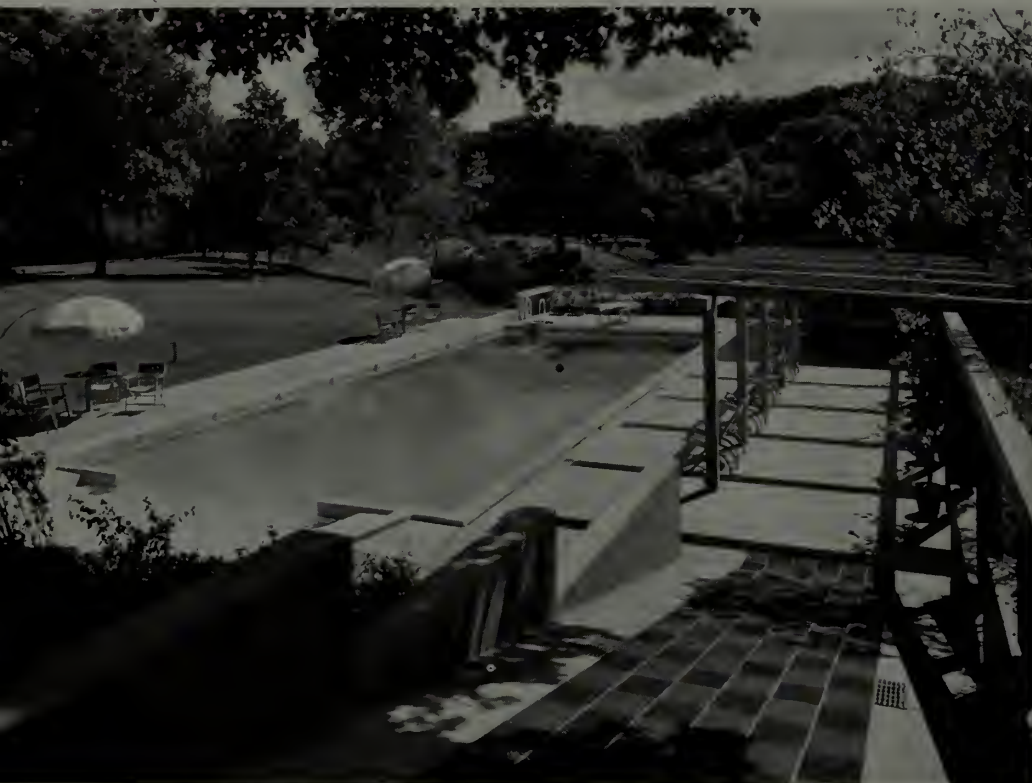
The best of it is *moderne*, graduated from finishing school, shorn of bad taste and awkward angles. It has the simplicity of the well bred, the efficiency of the experienced. Consideration for form and line and proportion seems to be its only concession to tradition. With the advantage of research and test tubes, there evolve new materials so agreeably behavioristic that designers achieve their utilitarian motives through decorative treatments, without obvious effort.

The eighteen-room country house, illustrated here, shows how this design can be employed to suit an owner's special requirements.

Situated as the house is, within driving distance of metropolitan Chicago, it called for accommodations for frequent formal and informal entertainment of guests of varying tastes. In addition, the pendulum had to swing to small-sized family living and the owner's enjoyment of swimming, passion for flowers and plants, appreciation of music, and liking for culinary experimentation had all to be woven into the plan.

The grounds of eleven acres were landscaped to favor the abundant natural tree life, and to create interesting vistas. A large greenhouse was built to supply fresh flowers and plants for the house, and an artificial pond was stocked with fish. A boat landing, an eight-car garage, a stable for saddle horses, servants' quarters, and a swimming pool, with a bath house, took up their respective stations on the grounds.

In one section of the game room guests may congregate and relax on a comfortable pillow lounge; the convenient circular table in the center revolves



Above, looking out over the swimming pool; below, the specially designed dining table may be straight, square, serpentine, or separated into units





# American

The house is a two-story structure of smooth stucco, capped with a roof of flame red tile. It is a blush-tinted cream when warmed by the sun, a violet blue in the grey of twilight. On every side huge plate glass picture windows extend from ceiling to floor, bringing the outdoors indoors by unobstructed views of grounds and gardens. A copper-decked canopy girdles the midriff of the exterior, serving as a shading from light and sun at the picture windows; as a protection from weather, at the entrance. On the second floor, a circular bay window of plate glass set in metal is encircled by a copper

box for the planting of a miniature garden.

The flexibility of accommodations in the living and dining rooms is novel, and thoroughly practical. The long living room may be separated into two sections by a touch of a cord that draws heavy, ceiling-to-floor draperies through the center. At each end is a huge fireplace, with travertine hearth and lining of soapstone, and separate radio and phonograph controls; two separate groups may pursue their conversation and entertainment without interference. The music room is fashioned likewise, the heavy draperies serving as a barrier to, and from, sound. Upon occasion,

This eight-foot circular bed revolves so that the sleeper may face the moon, or the down, as he may wish

CHICAGO ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOS







The doors and windows of the living room are all of plate glass



Each of the bed-room suites is convertible into a sitting room

the draperies are returned and the space becomes its full seventy-five foot length, with the music room merely a corner of it.

Two persons, or twenty-four, may be seated in the thirty-five foot dining room. A circular cocktail table before sectional, curved, upholstered lounge seats, at a moment's notice rises to dining table height, permitting two to breakfast or lunch intimately and conveniently, with the garden for view.

The dining table, a masterpiece of effi-

ciency, is composed of three units that may be arranged in many forms and groupings: serpentine, semicircle (large or small), and for individual parties. The center table folds in half to store beneath the cantilevered side-board when not in use.

Each bedroom is also a sitting room with built-in wardrobes, dressing tables, compartments, and radios, telephones and reading lamps at the heads of all bed-couches. Each is of a different color scheme that is carried

through to include bath and dressing rooms.

Other rooms important in the completed plan are the powder room and lavatory on the first floor, off the reception room, the screened dining porch that also serves as sitting room, the study and library, and the game room with smoking balcony.

The entire house is equipped with air conditioning that tempers the weather both winter and summer, and fluorescent lighting is used in many ways (*Continued on page 59*)



With droperies returned this music room is part of the living room



Toll plate glass doors from the porch leave this view unobstructed



The exterior is of cream-colored stucco, with magnificent picture windows



The circular reception room, like all of the rest, is extremely simple



# THE WATER CURE



by HOLMES ALEXANDER

"Do I? And, Milt, up at Aqueduct in '13, remember . . . ?"

Suddenly he breaks off and stares right past me into the crowd. I only have to follow his glance to see Larry. Beeline's son has stepped outside the paddock where he can smoke. He's all bundled up in a polo coat, though it's a warm spring day, and he has a hat pulled down over his face. As he lifts the cigarette to his lips, I see his hand is shaking. And in ten minutes he's supposed to ride a steeplechase. Holy smoke!

"Stall-walkin'!"

I hadn't meant to say it out loud. Beeline goes red all over his fine, big face. He walks quickly out the paddock gate and puts his arm around Larry. The two have a little chat, and while they're at it the bugle blows for saddling. I get busy on the girths, thinking—I don't know what! While I'm at it, they come back inside, and the horn gives us the "All Up!" I leg Larry into the saddle—not saying a word.

Beeline breaks the silence while he and I walk out to the infield to watch the race.

"Milt, I used to be edgy sometimes before the bugle. Remember, Milt?"

"Sure," I said. "Forget it."

There's ten starters in this maiden heat—

I'M lucky that year. I got twenty 'chasers on the string and a good colored boy to do the riding. Also I got Tippecanoe—but I'll get around to him later. We swing up through the South, winning as often as not, and in April I drop the whole string into Maryland. I'm standing on the back lot at Pimlico, watching the gees unload, when somebody speaks my name. I turn around and there's Dr. Lawrence Hollis.

"Hullo, Milt."

"Larry, it's great to see you again!"

There was a time—about a year ago—when I thought I never would. See him alive, I mean. You might remember that day up at Belmont when Beeline and I hauled him out from under two dead 'chasers. There was a hole in Larry's head where a shoe went through, and for three months you could see the pulses beating in the open skull. Well, a year—that isn't long to get over a lick like that. Larry still looks pretty weedy—pale and too thin—but I never let on.

"Kid, you're lookin' grand! How's Old Beeline?"

"Father's okay, Milt."

Well, that's good news. Me and Beeline started a jumping string way back about the time Bryan was running for President. I was trainer and Beeline—well, I don't need to tell you how many races he won. And, that ain't all he done for me either—but never mind that right now. I'm talking about his son, Larry, who all this time is staring at a big chestnut colt that the black boy is leading from the van.

"I like that one," said Larry pointing.

"You ought to," I laughed. "That's Tippecanoe. I'm saving him for the Foxcatcher next fall. And, kid, let me tell you about him. He's—"

"Never mind," said Larry. "If he doesn't run till next fall, I'm not interested. What's that one over there?"

Larry nodded toward a stringy-looking bay. I don't see how anybody can take his eye off Tippecanoe—especially for a plug like the one Larry's looking at.

"Just a green one, kid. I figured to stick

him in the maiden race tomorrow—just for experience. Name's High Diver, and that's about the way he jumps."

Larry has grabbed my arm.

"Milt, do me a favor? Let me have that ride—on High Diver."

Naturally, this just about keels me over. After that smash at Belmont, this young chap has no right to see a steeplechase again, much less to ride one. Larry tightens the grip on my arm.

"Please, Milt."

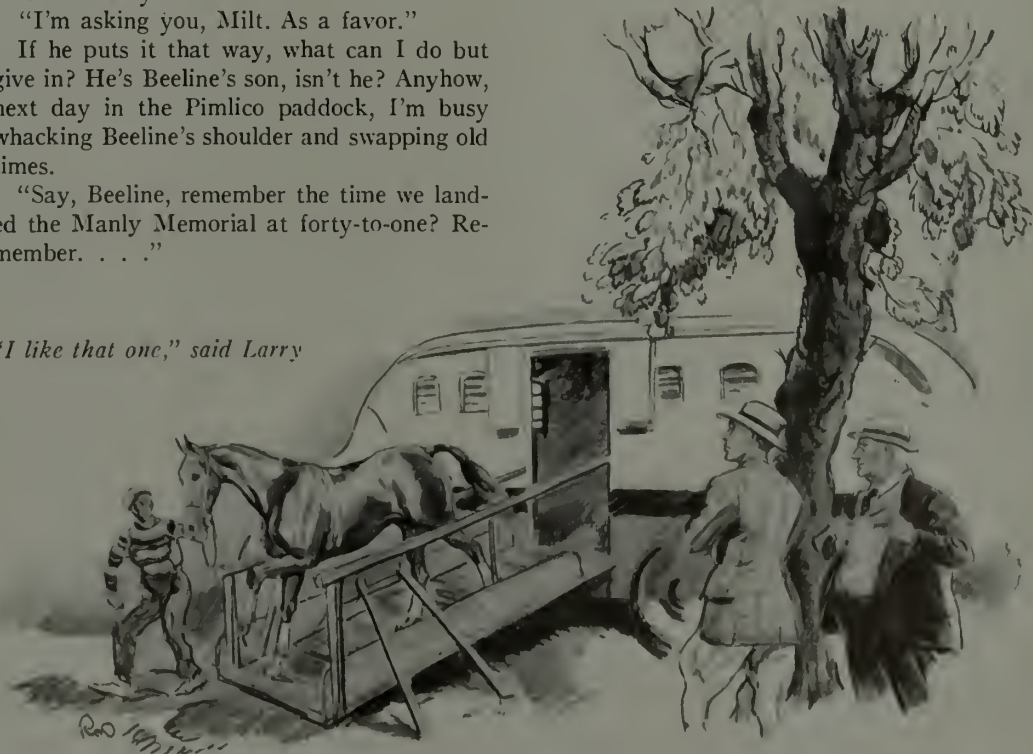
"Boy," I said, "this High Diver is suicide stuff. It's all I can do to get a professional to ride him. Why—"

"I'm asking you, Milt. As a favor."

If he puts it that way, what can I do but give in? He's Beeline's son, isn't he? Anyhow, next day in the Pimlico paddock, I'm busy whacking Beeline's shoulder and swapping old times.

"Say, Beeline, remember the time we landed the Manly Memorial at forty-to-one? Remember. . . ."

"I like that one," said Larry





not much class. If High Diver stands up, he can win it. If he stands up—that's the thing! He's one of those hot ones that run at their fences and just plain forget to leave the ground. Well, I'd warned Larry. Why he ever picked this one to ride—and him with the shakes!

"They're off!"

I'm watching Larry. He breaks High Diver off fast and then settles back. Larry looks good on a horse. He's got his old man's hands and seat. Before that smash-up there wasn't a better amateur in the country. No, I'm not forgetting Pete Bostwick, either.

The race swings round the first turn with every one taking it pretty easy. Larry's in a fine spot, about six lengths off the pace. And High Diver's doing all right, catching the jumps in his stride, not taking chances. He's getting a Grade-A ride and no mistake.

"Here they go."

Beeline says this like he's talking to himself. He's right, too. As the race swings into the second lap, the fun begins. A lop-eared sorrel comes through the field and goes to the top. Two others hook up beside him, and for the next quarter you never saw horses run any faster over brush. It's way too fast a pace. It just can't last. And Larry, I'm thinking, is using his head. He's still hanging back there in the ruck.

"Plop!"

Two of the front runners have missed the top step. Down they come together. The lop-eared sorrel is out there by himself, and you can see he's already run his race. The red tail is beginning to kite.

"The sorrel's finished," mutters Beeline. "Now—Larry! Here's your chance! Move up, son! Move at 'em!"

Trouble is, Larry doesn't move. The race has come back to him, and he's in second place, but he hasn't challenged. I hear Beeline make a noise in his throat. It sounded like a sob.

"Larry!" he yells as if the boy could hear him above the roar of the stands. "Larry, son! Move at 'em. Oh, move at 'em!"

But Larry sits like a rock, helping High Diver over each fence, never letting loose of his head. He's five lengths behind at the last jump, but the sorrel just can't make it. The red horse is down on his ear—and Larry comes cantering home in front.

"Well," I said to Beeline. "He won anyhow."

"Yes, Milt. By default."

And Beeline trudges off through the infield with his head bowed down over his vest buttons.

## II

Well, I didn't see Larry for several months, so I might as well tell you about Tippecanoe. I guess you've read the story about him, but of course it wasn't known then. Anyhow, the horse's pedigree never did interest me as much as the horse himself. You know I picked him up in California as a yearling, not having the least idea how he was bred. You just couldn't miss the fact that he had class—those big, wild eyes of his, and the long legs, and the stand-up ears. It took me all that summer to find out about his sire; and even then I had trouble proving it to the Stud Book people. As if you couldn't take one look at Tippy and tell he was bred in the purple. But, as I say, it

took me lots of trouble, and that was what I had on my mind one August morning when I was eating breakfast at Belmont Park. No wonder I jumped when someone tapped me on the shoulder. No wonder I thought I was seeing a ghost.

"Larry Hollis!"

He sits down beside me. His face is pastier than the damp linen suit he's wearing. His eyes are almost out of sight back in his skull. Under the table his feet are doing a double shuffle and breakaway. His fingers fidget on the tablecloth.

"Larry, what's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing, Milt. I'm all right."

"The hell you are. You look awful, kid."

He laughs a little: "Indoor life, I suppose. You know I'm resident surgeon at Hopkins Hospital. Have been for two years."

"That ain't news," I said. "So what?"

He jumps up and cracks down on the table with his fist. His face is a fright.

"Damn it, Milt! I've got to ride."

"Larry—what the hell—?"

"Never mind," he said. "I've got to ride, that's all. That's why I'm here. Let me ride for you."

"Okay," I said, trying to calm him down.

"You get in shape, Larry. Then I'll put you on a couple of safe leppers, and—"

"Listen," he said thickly. "This is Belmont

He's like a guy in a sleepwalk. Face pale as milk. Jittery as a jumping bean. Five thousand dollars in those shaky hands! I know I'm nuts! I put my arm around his shoulders.

"Larry, I dunno what it's all about, but I'm for you. Win, lose or draw, I'm for you. Hear?"

"Win," he mumbled. "Gotta win!"

Well, the race starts slow. A long-shot called Kit Kat sneaks off in front. Larry has Double Reel in the fifth slot—just about where he belongs. The other six are strung out behind.

It's a pleasure to watch the kid's form. Fit or not, he's a dream up there: legs straight up from the irons; hands in his lap; head between his shoulders. Double Reel is a cinch to ride, next to Tippecanoe the best in my barn. Larry can't lose if he lets the horse alone. I'm watching with my fists clenched as they sweep down to the water jump.

"Over—all over!"

Yes, Larry had ridden to the big ditch like he never had a spill in his life. Still this is the first time round. They aren't racing out there, just coasting. Next time—

The boy on Kit Kat keeps looking back under his elbow. He knows there's just one horse to beat—Double Reel. The first mile is like that, but in the second it's pipe hands for boarding. Every horse in the field begins



*It couldn't be plainer; he'd pulled outside the wing and quit*

Park. Out there's the water jump where I had my smash-up. Milt, I've got to ride over this course. Is today too soon?"

"Well, I—that is—"

"You've got a horse running," he continued. "Double Reel—in the fourth."

That's true. Double Reel in the \$5,000 Handicap, and he can win it for me, too. That is, with a good boy up. But with Larry—

"Look here, kid. Not today. Money's money. I got to win that heat this afternoon. Some other time—"

"Milt," said Larry slowly. "Would you do it for father? If I asked you in his name, would you?"

That settled it. Beeline's name was enough, and a few hours later I'm giving Larry his riding orders:

"Now, kid, this horse can jump. This horse can run. This horse can whip anything in the race with one leg tied up. Go out there and win. I don't care how—but win."

"Of course. Win—I gotta win—"

to run—every one but Double Reel!

"Let him go! Take off the wraps, Larry!"

Of course he can't hear me. Or maybe it was another voice he heard—Beeline's, I don't know. Anyhow—he's coming through from behind.

Don't tell me there's anything more beautiful than seeing a favorite make his run. There just isn't: one great big picture, with all those colors flying, danger in the air, and Thoroughbred horses ready to run their hearts out. And the favorite's move puts something into it that wasn't there before. You don't see it, but you feel it—up and down your back.

That's how it was when Larry Hollis took the wraps off Double Reel. He runs a quick little race with the horse ahead—and beats him. He ran another race with the next and beat him. Then another—and another. And the first thing you know there's Double Reel and Kit Kat, head to head in front, and tincanning for the water jump.

"Larry! Larry!" (Continued on page 57)



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

January 21, 1940

Sunday,

Denver, Colorado, is the scene of the National Western Stock Show, Horse Show, and Rodeo. In this event, high class saddle horses share the arena with prize cattle and half-wild bucking steers and bronchos. It is the biggest event of its kind in this part of the country and as its program is so varied it draws a huge audience from all walks of life. This year the competition was so keen in the saddle classes that this part of the program stole the show from the rodeo for the first time. Other highlights were Maj. Hiram Tuttle's two dressage horses, Vast and Olympic; Senator Crawford, the top harness horse, the sale of the grand champion Hereford bull at a record high price.



People crowded into the arena during the judging of the grand champion steer



Carl Taussig's Hereford bull brought \$5,700, a record price for bulls at this show



It takes nerve to jump from a galloping horse and "bulldog" a steer



Barbara Ballantine was the winner of the class for children under 14



Callae Buell, Beverly Buell, and Virginia Ballantine won this three gaited team class



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

February 12, 1940

Monday.

Though not of great importance as far as wins were concerned, the informal "schooling" horse show, held to-day near North Fletcher's stables, at Camden, South Carolina, was one of those delightful gatherings that give this part of the country its charm. It was such a pleasant sunny day that a large crowd came. There were some excellent horses, too, most of them Virginia-bred. An exception being Wilhelmine Kirby's Irish Piper, an Irish hunter with substance, good looks, and quality, though the best he could do to-day was third. Marquetry, the outstanding winner, was Ward C. Belcher's lovely chestnut mare. Other winners were North Fletcher's Egg Nogg and J. E. Ryan's Kilkemney.



Harry D. Kirkover and some friends watch the horses out in the ring



Some of the contestants cantering around the ring during class number one



The judges were Lieut. Col. John F. Wall and Granger Gaither



Alex. Calvert on J. North Fletcher's Egg Nogg, one of the winners



Jane Wilbur, North Fletcher, Peggy Wing



Mrs. Donald McClare from Greenwich, Conn.



Some of the exhibitors get their numbers from Martha Singleton



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

February 19, 1940

Monday.

During its opening days at least, this year's New York Sportsmen's Show is far above other years. The exhibitors have outdone themselves. One of the best is a scene in the May woods by the New York City Water Department, with living trees and plants in the correct stages of bloom and foliage. The Province of Quebec has an authentic trapper's cabin, complete to the last detail of lobster pots, fishing gear, and a tuna hanging from a scaffold. There are many other things to give gunners, fishermen and other nature lovers a thrill. Where else in New York City can you find trout, beaver, pheasants and other birds and beasts in their native habitat?



The down-east dock, which was part of the State of Maine exhibit, had plenty of atmosphere



Pheasants and chukar partridges seemed at home in the New Hampshire exhibit



This axeman from New Brunswick chopped this boat out of a solid spruce log



This Eskimo named Robert Mayokok, and his family, had an "igloo" at the show



A real trapper's cabin, complete to the last detail, was part of the Province of Quebec display



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

February 14, 1940

Wednesday,

Another Westminster Dog Show with its famous dogs, keen competition, and assemblage of dog lovers from the four points of the compass, has ended. Beside the judging of America's outstanding show-ring performers, other interesting and important events are a part of the show. This year, for instance, they had a hound pack exhibition, a children's handling class, and Obedience Test Trials. The latter have become very popular all through the country, and excited much interest in Madison Square Garden. At the start of that contest, Vinton Breese, our Kennel Editor, presented the Country Life Obedience Test Trophy to Marie J. Leary, who won it for 1939 with her German shepherds.



This is the way the Garden looked while the judging was going on; Irish setters in the foreground



White Rose of Boveway, owned by Harry T. Peters, Jr., rests between classes



Presentation of the Country Life Obedience Test Trophy, and the winning German shepherds of Cosalta Kennels



One of the handlers "in the doghouse" and a Gordon setter



Jerry Werber won the children's handling class with his Scotty



Jerry fell asleep when it was all over



Tanyah Sahib of Cyann was the best Afghan hound



## DOG OF THE MONTH

THE judge walked over toward the line of handlers with their dogs. The crowd in the Garden was tensely silent for a moment. Then, suddenly a great roar of applause went up. The black cocker was Best In The Show and one man's 30 years of waiting were rewarded.

When, in this year's Westminster Show Dr. Samuel Milbank proclaimed Herman Mellenthin's Ch. My Own Brucie the winner over the chow, the saluki, the Brussels griffon, the fox terrier, and the boxer, each of them supreme in their respective groups, it was not only a tribute to this magnificent jet black cocker, shown at his best with beautiful bloom of coat, true action, and outstanding conformation, but to his owners' determination and ability to breed better cockers.

This has been Mellenthin's ambition for the three decades he has been interested in the breed, and he has bred many great ones. Now, Brucie, the best of them all, has fulfilled another of his hopes—to win Best In The Show at Westminster.

There are a number of reasons why Ch. My Own Brucie should be nominated Dog Of The Month. In the first place, that win at Westminster with its traditional glory would merit it alone. He had to top an exceptionally good sporting group including one of the finest springer spaniels ever brought to this

and the effect he may have on future generations of cockers. Brucie's story is the story of an amazing family tree.

My Own Brucie is the son of Red Brucie, the greatest cocker sire in the breed's history in this country. His dam was My Own Lady Huntington. Though Red Brucie was not a champion himself—he was never campaigned very extensively though he has several wins to his credit—he sired 38 champions and his blood runs in the veins of a number of the top American-type cockers of today. My Own Brucie is his last great son, and his greatest. He is from one of the last litters the old dog sired, for Red Brucie died in 1935, the year My Own Brucie was born.

There was a reason for Red Brucie. He didn't just happen by accident. Though when he came along in the early 1920's he was the first manifestation of the phenomenal success that has been achieved over the years by Herman Mellenthin's My Own Kennels. It all began ten or twelve years before when Mellenthin first visualized the type of cocker he wanted. It is said that the breed had sadly deteriorated at that time, most individuals being lacking in substance, boldness, and hunting instincts and his ideal then as now was to breed better cockers. So the groundwork for the future was laid and the selective breeding begun.

It may seem that Mellenthin was lucky. Certainly a dog of Red Brucie's stature cannot be predicted on paper nor can a My Own

Brucie or any of the other great champions that Mellenthin has bred be forecast in a litter resulting from a certain mating. But his knowledge of, and close adherence to, the proper bloodlines has brought in an element that is far from luck. The good ones were bound to come sooner or later.

THIS well-thought-out breeding program, those carefully planned matings, have taken sincere study and work, and time.

Mellenthin's innate skill and understanding are the envy and despair of other breeders, but there is still more to the picture. His insistence on proper care of the puppies. A great deal of the secret of his success undoubtedly lies in this. The brood bitches are farmed out. They are scattered far and wide in good homes where the best care of the individual is assured. From these farmed-out bitches come the fine, strong, well boned, silky coated puppies that are most likely to grow into the champions and great stud dogs of the future.

This then is the reason there is a Ch. My Own Brucie. With this background and breeding it is to be believed that he will achieve the undying fame as a sire he has already gained as a winner. In an article in "Kennel Gazette," Mellenthin is quoted as saying he believes My Own Brucie is going to do as much for parti-colored cockers as his sire did for solid colors. Perhaps he will be the greatest influence of all.



Dr. Milbank makes the awards to owner-breeder-handler, Herman Mellenthin

country, Ch. Showman of Shotton, and this dog was a close contender. Then came the final tense contest.

There was the extra glory of winning, for the second year in a row, the James Mortimer Memorial Trophy for the Best American Bred. And the fact that these honors were heaped upon others—the American Kennel Club Award for the Best American Bred Sporting Dog in 1938; Best In The Show at Morris and Essex over 4,456 dogs of 82 breeds in '39; first dog of any breed to go best at both Morris and Essex and Westminster, and a dozen lesser wins.

The fact that he so truly represents the standards of his breed, and that he is, indeed, the best cocker ever seen is also strongly to be considered, to say nothing of the fact that he is all a sporting dog should be. Self-possessed, and with a bold, friendly, alertness. It is also said that he acquits himself well in the field as a shooting dog for his owner when there are no shows in the offing.

All these factors are important, but perhaps the most important of all is the consideration of what he represents. In other words, how it happened that there is a My Own Brucie

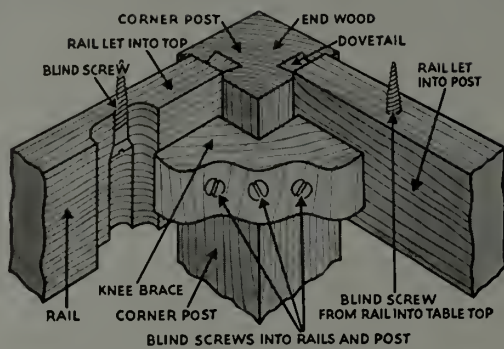


Champion My Own Brucie, best American-bred and best-in-show at the Westminster

JONES & ACME PHOTOS



# What you don't see when you buy Furniture



by FRANK CURTISS SCHMITZ, B.S.

THE design of furniture consists of two closely related but distinct parts. The first is purely artistic and involves the choice of the lines and contours of the piece.

The second has nothing to do with artistry, but covers the intensely practical problem of where joints should be placed and how they should be made to withstand the shock of the loads they must carry in service. It involves also the size and detail of the individual pieces that go to make up the completed whole.

Both phases of design date back into antiquity at least 5000 years, as is proven by actual examples of ancient craftsmanship still in existence, as well as by picture carvings, and other indisputable historical data.

The first of these two steps in furniture design need not be discussed here. Every purchaser knows if the style, size, shape and other visible details that have to do with general appearance, are acceptable. Because that part of design involved in the second phase, as a general rule, cannot be inspected, every purchaser must buy "sight unseen," especially with regard to joinery, and rely entirely on the dealer's statements as to the materials and workmanship used.

An example of what is hidden in a piece of furniture is shown in the joint (Fig. 1) between a table-top, its supporting frame, and the leg, in which several of the methods to be described later are combined. In this illustration, the rails, or aprons, are "let in" the leg with a "dovetail," and reinforced with a "knee-brace" securely fastened to rails and leg with screws. The rails are also "let in" the top, and the connection is strengthened by blind screws spaced along the length of the rail. The whole assembly is glued under pressure to add further rigidity to the finished table.

The life and stability of any table depend in no small degree on how this hidden joint has been made. The same is equally true of a chair and, to a slightly less extent, of a chest of drawers.

Historically, hand made joinery reached the acme of perfection in the masterpieces of the great age of furniture design and construction, expressed in the work of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and others, in England; and Savery, Goddard, Phyfe and

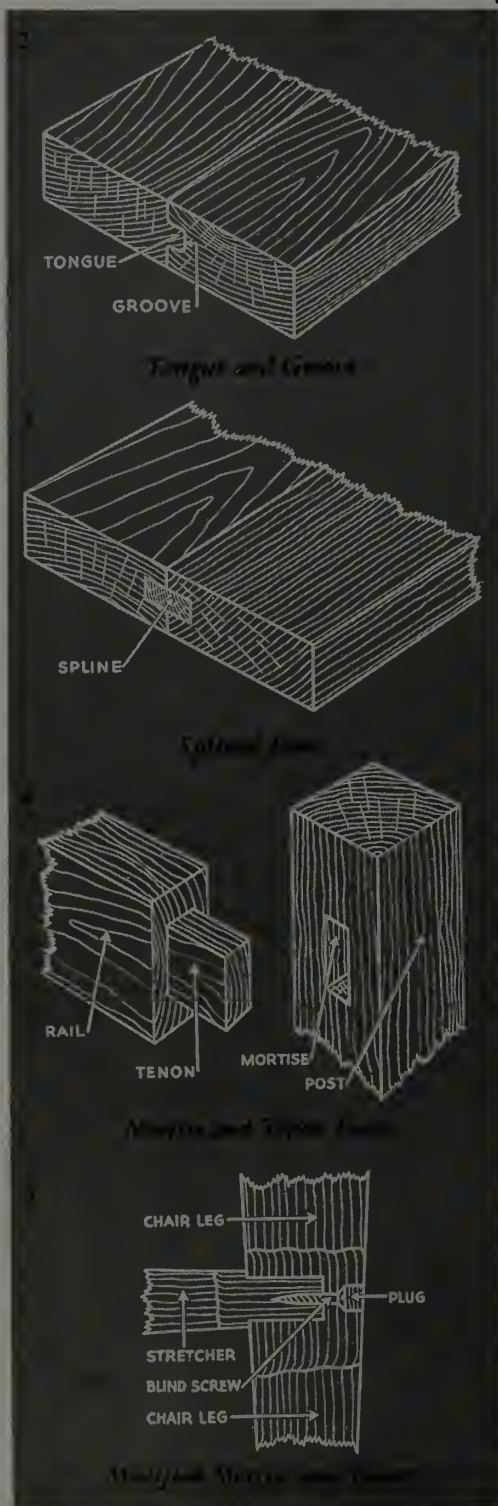
others, in America. Such work has won, and retained, the unstinted admiration of the world. However, not many are interested in a study of the joinery methods of these master builders, because so few can hope to own masterpieces made by them. On the other hand, those who buy or use furniture, and that means all of us, should know something at least about present day machine methods.

A simple, solid wood chair or table contains sixteen or more pieces joined together in the finished article by one method or another. If any part is veneered or otherwise built up, the number of individual pieces is materially increased. A chest of drawers contains several times as many as either a table or a chair. How these individual shapes are joined together in the completed article has a decided influence on its wearing qualities. It behooves the purchaser, therefore, to have sufficient knowledge of what constitutes good work in these details, to enable him to discuss them authoritatively with the salesman, to ask pertinent questions and to know whether or not the answers are satisfactory.

THE following paragraphs are confined to the framing of solid work, and leave the making of veneered construction to a later article. Before proceeding, however, the four determining factors of a good joint should be stated. First, the wood used must be carefully and thoroughly dried; second, the surfaces in contact must fit together accurately over their entire area; third, all the surfaces in contact must be glued together with first-class glue; and, fourth, the joint must be assembled under heavy pressure, and left under that pressure until the glue has set.

In some classes of furniture, glue alone is relied on to hold the assembled parts together. This is not good practice, regardless of the quality of glue used, especially if a load of any kind is to be imposed on the joint.

A simple problem is represented in framing pieces together lengthwise, with the grain, for such positions as dresser or table tops, where usually it is impossible to get one board wide enough. Such joints are made by a "tongue and groove" (Fig. 2) which almost doubles the surfaces in contact and, consequently, the effectiveness of the joint. A modification is the "splined joint" (Fig. 3) in which a groove is cut in both the pieces to





be joined, and a spline of a tough wood, such as maple, is inserted. This triples the surfaces in contact, and also reinforces the joint.

The problem of carrying a load from a horizontal to a vertical piece, as from the rail to the leg of a chair, is solved in various ways. One of these is a "mortise and tenon" (Fig. 4) in which a tenon on the end of the rail fits snugly into a mortise in the leg. Wherever it is possible to leave the rail nearly full size, the joint is stronger. A special application of the "mortise and tenon" joint is framing stretchers into the legs of a chair. Here the problem is to prevent the stretcher ends from pulling out of the leg. One method of reinforcement is to drive a countersunk screw through the leg (Fig. 5) and into the stretcher, and conceal the screw head with a plug of the same wood as the leg. Another is to split the stretcher end and insert a wedge similar to a "split dowel."

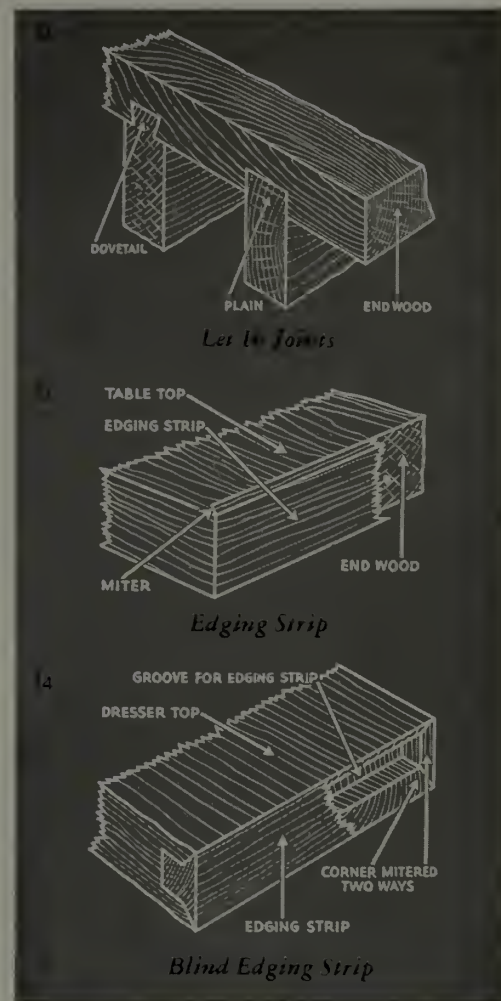
"Doweling" consists of boring accurately matched holes in the pieces to be joined (Fig. 6) with a short length of a tough, strong wood (a dowel) filling both holes. Practically every such joint should have at least two dowels. An improvement is the "split dowel," accomplished by slotting each end of the dowel (Fig. 6) and inserting wedges in these slots, before the joint is assembled. When the pieces to be joined are forced together, the wedges spread the dowel ends and give them a better grip on the wood of the companion pieces.

Often a combination of the "dowel" and "mortise and tenon" (Fig. 7) is used. "Mortise and tenon," "doweled," and similar joints, are made stronger (Figs. 1 and 9) by an inside kneebrace, where the latter is practicable, fastened to both pieces by screws.

Framing two pieces at a corner, as in a dresser drawer, is usually accomplished by "dovetailing" (Fig. 8), although where both surfaces are exposed, several other methods are used, such as "rabbeting" (Fig. 9) and "mitering" (Fig. 10).

"Dovetailing" consists of cutting alternate, wedge-shaped projections and corresponding notches in both companion pieces, so arranged that the projections on one slip into and fill the notches in the other. Most often the "dovetailing" in a drawer front is not cut all the way through (Fig. 8) and the joint is called a "blind dovetail."

Plain "rabbeted" joints (Fig. 9) are used where both pieces are on exposed surfaces. In this type, one piece, full size, fits into a corresponding notch in the other, which exposes some end wood, if the rabbet is at the end of either piece. The same is true of a "double rabbeted" joint. To obviate this objection a "miter" or "rabbeted miter" (Fig. 10) is substituted. Plain "miters" are not strong and should never be used where any



Chair rails, table aprons, etc., are frequently fitted into a groove in the under side of the chair seat or table top, as the case may be. This type, known as a "let-in" joint (Fig. 12) materially strengthens the framing, especially if blind screws (Fig. 1) or metal clips are used as an added safeguard. These clips are Z-shaped with one leg in a narrow groove in the apron and the other attached to the top with a screw. The slot is so placed that, when the screw is driven in, a strong pull is exerted on the clip, which reinforces the joint. Two types of "let-in" joints are shown (Fig. 12), of which the "dovetail" type is preferable, where its use is practical.

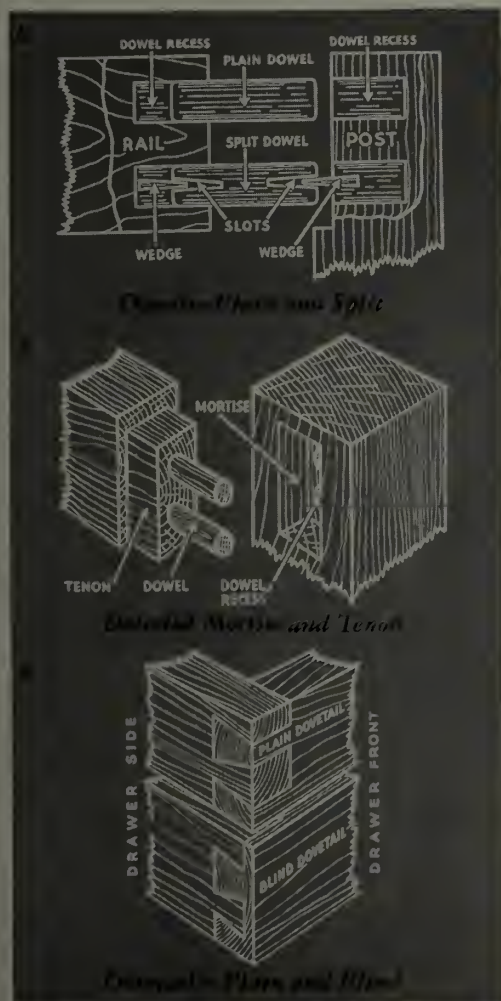
There are many reasons why end-wood is objectionable on the exposed surfaces of furniture, such as a dresser top. To avoid this undesirable situation, several methods are used, two of which will be described. In one (Fig. 13), an edging strip is openly attached, with the grain of the wood at right angles to the grain of the top. This method is effective, but does not look as well as the second (Fig. 14), in which the grain extends without a break to the very end of the top.

If a curved piece is cut from a solid plank, there must of necessity be parts of the piece where the grain of the wood is not parallel with the shape and the result is a "cross-grained" piece which is not strong. To correct this weakness, "laminated" construction is substituted. Usually all the layers are equal thicknesses of the surface wood, with the grain of all the layers running in the same direction. Glue alone is relied on to hold the layers together and the curve is permanently formed, in the making, by clamping the work in inside and outside blocks, cut to the required sweep. (Continued on page 59)



stress is present. "Rabbeted" and "mitered" joints are improved if an inside "kneebrace" (Fig. 9) is possible, fastened with screws through the "kneebrace" and into both pieces.

If two pieces are to be joined flatwise, it is accomplished by a "lap." Simple "laps" are formed by cutting a rectangular notch in the end of each piece half-way through, thus exposing some end wood if the "lap" comes at a corner. In the latter situation a combination of a "miter" and "lap" (Fig. 11) is often used. All "lapped" joints should be reinforced, if possible, with screws driven in from the back.





# The Breeding of Our POLO PONIES

by ROBERT KELLEY

UNDER the guidance of Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., chairman, the United States Polo Association has made an attempt at a survey of the pony situation in the game as played in this country.

There were various reasons behind the act on the part of the officials. For one, there was the desire to see whether anything might be shown which would indicate a way in which the association could assist American breeders; another was the feeling that perhaps too great a percentage of foreign-bred horses was coming into the game, but, chiefly, there was the feeling that adequate knowledge of the polo horse situation was not at hand in this country.

Where the top flight players of the game were concerned, it was pretty common knowledge that they rode a great deal of imported stuff, though not as much as was popularly supposed. These players, in general, take the best they can get of any description, acquiring mounts for big matches where they find the best trained, and the readiest to go, if such an expression can be used.

But the association receives frequent inquiries from interested persons who want to know the cost of starting the game, where to turn for the best ponies, and so on. So the

questionnaire method was hit upon. Its results have indicated all of the faults of most questionnaires, and considerable interest.

Every handicapped player received one of the cards at the address which the association had for him. In many cases, this address was merely a club and seasonal differences throughout the country meant that a good many of these were never delivered. Added to this, there was the usual ratio of people who never answer anything of the sort. So that the percentage of replies was not as high as it might have been, but those that were received covered a gratifying amount of territory.

When the answers were gone over, and those that could honestly be counted totalled up, they reported on 1019 ponies. And they were from the following parts of the country and its possessions; California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia, Wisconsin, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and from Canada.

The cards were sent out on an anonymous basis. That is, they required no signature on

their returns. They asked for the average number of ponies owned, the number of American bred, the total number and their breeding, the average purchase price, the number bred by the owner, and the handicap of the owner, based on a six goals and over, or under, division.

The replies indicated overwhelmingly that American ponies were playing a great deal more polo in this country than foreign-bred, and they also indicated that, in most parts of the country, it was possible to play on mounts that averaged under \$500 apiece. In many cases, there were indications that plenty of fun was to be had on horses that cost only \$200 to \$300.

Taking the 1019 ponies listed formally enough to be included in the survey, certain averages were figured out. The totals were interesting. Of the lot, they showed that 932 of the ponies were American bred, and only 87 foreign. And that of the American ponies, 177 were bred by their owners.

In the averages, came the following figures: the individual throughout the rank and file of polo owns an average of 6.78 ponies; of these, the American-breds make an average of 6.21 and the foreign bred .57, with the percentage of the owner-breeder reaching 1.17.

ON the face of it, with total percentage of .915 ponies played being American and only .085 foreign-bred, the figures would paint a glowing picture of the American breeding industry. But there was a section on the cards labelled "remarks," and under these were found, where they were filled in at all, several familiar complaints.

These could be epitomized in one remark, which said, simply, "Cheaper to buy than to breed." In several instances the reply of those who bred their own, specifically pointed out that they bred for a hobby and had been doing it for a good many years. Where dealers replied, they indicated the refusal of purchasers to pay proper prices and several gave the odd reply that there were "too many people breeding mounts."

One went into some length, saying that it was impossible to make money because the cattle business no longer afforded sound employment for ponies during the time they were being made. In other words, it was too expensive to keep the horses until they were really made polo players.

Through a great part of the replies was the indication that Thoroughbred blood was in the breeding in increasing amounts. One man had at least 7/10 Thoroughbred blood throughout all of his horses, and called several of them full-bred. He added that he thought it possible to make as excellent a pony from our stock as from any in the world.

Of the small percentage of foreign-bred turned in, the majority were Argentines, with English-bred the next in line. One owner of 12 horses said in his remarks that he had eight foreign-bred, but that two American-bred he owned were "worth all the foreign-bred put together."

There is, of course, a temptation to draw conclusions from a thing of this sort. Perhaps the most obvious one is that, with the growth of more or less inex- (Continued on page 83)





# Farnley

by HUMPHREY S. FINNEY



JOLLIFFE STUDIOS AND MORGAN PHOTOS

## An historic Virginia estate is the scene of important experiments in breeding heavyweight hunters

FROM time to time the writer had discussed with Alexander Mackay Smith the latter's efforts to breed heavyweight hunters for the market; a market which has never been able to supply the demand for them.

It was to see the result of the first three years of this work that, a short time ago, a visit was made to Farnley.

Farnley, an historic Virginia estate, was purchased by the Smiths in 1932. Lying near the village of White Post, in the northern end of the Shenandoah Valley, its soil is underlaid with a stratum of limestone, and 250 of its 450 acres are down in bluegrass with the remaining area given over to a variety of feed crops.

Alexander Smith rides at 205 pounds, and his interest in the heavy-weight hunter is natural. He is also a farmer, raising the feed for his stable, and he conceived the idea of breeding from mares stout enough to perform the labor of the estate.

Three mares, one-half Thoroughbred, the other half predominantly Percheron, were installed in the stud. They developed into fairly useful workers after a not too difficult adjustment to their new duties, and were bred to Thoroughbred sires.

It soon became evident, however, that, bred as they were, these mares seldom bred

true to type. Only the best of them would produce two decent hunter prospects out of three foals, most of them not doing nearly so well. It was impressed upon the Smiths that they must use Thoroughbred mares to obtain any uniformity of type, though breeding heavyweights from solely Thoroughbred blood seems virtually impossible in America.

The blood horse has been bred for a century and a half to run fast over a short distance under a light weight. A racing

temperament and fairly low action are imperative. The hunter needs as quiet a temperament as possible, and action high enough to clear rough country while galloping over it. Too, Thoroughbreds, while they "run in all shapes and sizes," seldom attain size enough to be real weight carriers. The many excellent Thoroughbred hunters seen in our shows are obtained only after endless combing out and searching of the studs and sales, and are expensive animals.

The Smiths felt that if they used the blood mare, crossed with the right sort of sire, they could depend on the "true breed" to impart stamina, speed, and quality to the progeny.

In the summer of 1934, Smith went to France, Germany, and England to search for a sire that could be relied upon to produce size, substance, and disposition, and to breed true to type. Various breeds were considered. In France, the Postie Breton was examined, but passed over as being too "draughty" for the job. The Norman, or French, coach horse was also considered. Many excellent individuals of this breed were seen, but as the authorities still allowed anything half-bred in the book, they could not



Riding is a family passion with the Alexander Smiths





The Master of Farnley rides at 205 lbs. and his interest in heavyweight hunters is natural; his experiments in crossing Thoroughbred mares with Cleveland Bay sires are producing some interesting results

be relied upon to breed true to type. In Germany, the Oldenburg was discarded as too big, the East Prussian horse as too much like the Thoroughbred. The Hanoverian horses were found to be attractive, but lacking in uniformity and carrying too much of a trotting type of action.

In England the old type of Norfolk hackney was searched for, but to little purpose, for the modern show-ring type has practically forced the old type out of existence. The present day Irish draught-horse was considered too new a strain to depend on, his breeding having only been carried on since 1918 in an effort to revive the splendid and ancient breed, now unfortunately extinct, which was the foundation of the world-famous Irish hunter.

IT was to Yorkshire that Smith finally turned his steps, and there came to the end of his search. In that county, England's largest shire and greatest breeding ground of horseflesh, flourishes the breed long known as the Cleveland Bay, whose name comes from the Vale of Cleveland, where it abounds.

The American visitor was at once immensely impressed with the uniformity of type and color (Cleveland bays are all bays, of course) to be seen everywhere. Investigation showed pedigrees running true back to the 18th Century. The horses were uniformly good in the shoulders, with fine fronts; stood from 16.1 to 17 hands; weighed from 1300 to 1500 lbs.; had short legs, with nine inches of bone or better; very sound, good feet, and the very best of ribs and quarters. They were seen at

work in the fields; on the roads, hauling loads to market; everywhere doing a good piece of work on little feed. Some of the best hunters in the Vale were Thoroughbred-Cleveland cross-breeds. The Smiths were very sure that they had what they wanted in the Cleveland Bay.

Smith returned home that summer with the six-year-old stallion Cleveland Farnley, still at the head of affairs at Farnley, two mares and a yearling filly. Then followed the business of getting together a band of Thoroughbred mares whose pedigrees or records did not justify their being put into high class studs, and whose size and disposition precluded making hunters of them.

These mares had little value and were almost a drug on the market. When the writer inspected the band they appeared to be generally small mares of quality, with good shoulders, deep girths and short backs. There are seven of these Thoroughbred mares of all sorts of breeding on the place now, their average cost having been about \$150. They looked like a good lot to experiment on.

In 1935 some twenty such mares, owned by the Smiths and neighbors in northern Virginia, were bred to Cleveland Farnley. The original mares at Farnley were sold, their places being taken by the pure-bred Cleveland mares who now perform the farm work. These also were bred to the stallion.

Smith became more and more interested in his breeding operations as time went on, and delved deeply into the history of previous experiments. It was found that as far back as 1820, Robert Patterson, of Baltimore, had

imported a Cleveland Bay stallion from England to his farm near Buckeystown, Frederick County, Maryland. In the stud advertisement of this horse, Exile, his importer explained: "It is the cross of this breed of horses with the blooded mare, that produces the old English hunter." In 1852 Senator William C. Rives, of Albemarle County, Virginia, imported the Cleveland sire, Emperor, to counteract, as he said, "the habit of breeding almost exclusively from the full-blooded race horse." Most famous importation, probably, was that of Scriverington, which sire Col. Rozier H. Dulaney, of Welbourne, Loudoun County, Virginia, brought over in 1856. In 1858 Col. Dulaney offered a money prize for the best colt by this stallion. The decision was made in the grove of trees alongside the road that passes through Middleburg and Upperville on its way to Winchester that still, today, is the location of the far-famed Upperville Colt Show, which thus was born. In 1887 Col. Dulaney's son, of the same name, imported two Cleveland stallions and twenty mares, whose blood remained potent in the best of Virginia's hunters for many years thereafter.

There have been three crops of foals by Cleveland Farnley from the Thoroughbred mares. On the day of our visit to the farm we had an interesting horse show, three age classes, with the owner and the writer separately judging each class and comparing notes. There were four three-year-olds, three fillies and a gelding, all of which are registered in the Anglo-Cleveland section of the Half-Bred Stud Book. They are a big, strapping lot, all up to plenty of weight. There were five two-year-olds and an equal number of yearlings. The quality of the animals appeared best in the younger lots; (Continued on page 80)



Imp. Cleveland Farnley is at the head of affairs



Farnley Advocate, bay gelding, another cross-bred



A filly by Cleveland Farnley out of a Thoroughbred



Imp. Fryup King, a young Cleveland Bay stallion



## Collectors' Item

WHY IS IT that so many men who appreciate first editions, or rare prints, or beautifully wrought ship models, prefer Four Roses above all other whiskies?

We believe it is because these men have an instinctive appreciation of masterpieces in whatever field they find them. And in Four Roses they find a whiskey masterpiece... a liquor of magnificent aroma and flavor, of mellow richness and infinite smoothness.

In short, they find that Four Roses possesses, in generous degree, every quality that makes a whiskey great.

## Four Roses

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD



*A blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*



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Hodgson Houses are not only delightfully "homey," but staunch and weather-tight as well. . . . Made from sound, well-seasoned materials; fully insulated and interior-lined. Delivered in completely finished-and-painted sections, ready to be securely bolted together. Local labor can erect—in one to three weeks (instead of months), according to size and location. Choose from many Hodgson plans—or vary to your own taste. E. F. HODGSON Co., 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., New York; 1108 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

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# The Sp

This is the second of two articles on silver trophies. The first dealt with the offerings of Peter Guille and Black Starr & Frost—Gorham.

CARTIER would not likely be the hunting ground of the average trophy committee. Aware of this, they sadly explain "we suffer

tion, line and form; in the quality and color of the silver and workmanship it is more than satisfying. This piece on a console in a hall is far more than a trophy, it is an adornment.

The "rope" bowl is another example of Cartier's original and splendid work and it is pleasant to be able



The modern French covered cup on a marble base; the fine, heavy paper knives, and the splendid "rope" bowl are examples of Cartier's original work

from *trop de prestige*."

Wishing to make these friendly connections, Cartier will tell you that given a little time and a general idea of what type of moderately-priced trophies are wanted, they will get together a collection for your selection. At the present time they have very few small pieces of silver in stock which would be suitable for trophies.

It is in the larger trophies, the really important pieces, where Cartier's prestige is eminently justified.

Lovers of old English and American silver generally find it hard to like modern silver and experience a certain sense of loss, particularly when it is of foreign influence as well as of modern make. However, there are certain excellencies which exist from generation to generation—proportion, grace of line and form, character, fine material and craftsmanship.

These can be found again and again in the prominent pieces gracing Cartier's glass cases. There is no uniformity as to design, no wearying sameness, yet each piece in itself is so well conceived and finely executed that one is comfortably assured of selecting originality springing from the deep rootage of true taste.

Of the pieces in stock, the French modern covered cup on the marble base illustrated here is to me an architectural achievement in propor-

to state that this bowl has been one of the recent choices of an important horse show trophy committee.

The large paper cutters have little photographic appeal, but in actuality they are very fine indeed and because of the sports they illustrate and their price of \$50, they would make useful, decorative and interesting trophies.



A magnificent old racing trophy, and a modern piece, from Tiffany



In the photographic record of Cartier's special orders were some pieces of a conventional nature, a few others which were too ornate for my liking, and a happy number of exceptionally fine trophies which most certainly will become heirlooms of the future.

The outstanding one in this collection was in my opinion The Whitney Gold Trophy. The Thoroughbred horse and his jockey are beautifully modelled in gold, so beautifully that nothing of a like nature seen in other shops is comparable. The horse stands on a finely proportioned marble base and is framed by a pair of marble columns and lintel. This type of trophy is dreadful unless it is well done and only great artists can do it well.

Like all conscientious people with self-imposed standards, Cartier, seeking perfection, often attains it, and quality, not quantity, is the natural result. Though some folk whose knowledge of silver is far more comprehensive than mine do not agree with me, were I entrusted with the purchase of an important trophy, one that would have to be especially created, I would go to Cartier.

Those who do not agree with me would go to Tiffany & Co. Why? Because "there is no business of any kind in the United States with a higher reputation, one which commands greater respect and trust, and from which one could be so absolutely sure of receiving full value."

This is true, but as Cartier suffers from *tróp de prestige*, so Tiffany & Co., like many a great and good man suffers from *les défauts de ses qualités*.

Be that as it may, Tiffany & Co. is certainly in a position to fulfill the highest expectations and meet the needs of every price group seeking trophies and to do it in a fashion

which would generally raise the standard of these throughout the country.

At the present time this great establishment is apparently cautiously examining the pros and cons connected with acknowledging this need, as evidenced by one glass case of loving cups and a few photographic negatives of their achievements in the field of individual trophies.

The average trophy committee coming to Tiffany & Co. today would probably spend ten minutes looking over the small assortment of cups, learn with unfounded dismay that Tiffany & Co. do not ever give discounts, and being served with great politeness but not a vestige of super-salesmanship, would undoubtedly walk out empty-handed to their mutual loss.

HOWEVER, for the committee determined to get the best from the best and willing to devote time, energy and resourcefulness to the enterprise, Tiffany & Co. can not only surprise you but surprise itself.

You can start wherever you have a mind to, for modern silver of every size and for every use is here, only at the start of this tour don't expect any helpful suggestions and do not get discouraged because little interest is shown in your quest. By and by your interest and resourcefulness will kindle a like flame under a blue serge waistcoat and you will suddenly find that Tiffany & Co. has, unbeknownst to itself, trophies by the thousand scattered all over the store.

Not that they would call them trophies, this appellation being reserved for the cups in the small glass case. Bowls are bowls, trays are trays, and plates are plates at Tiffany & Co.

If you do not find exactly what



These lustrous pieces of old English silver at Tiffany's can easily and not too expensively be reproduced in an antique finish



## No, These are NEW FLOWERS

THE blossoms you'll see spotting the landscape, when you get to The Homestead for your spring visit, aren't last year's; they're new, 1940 blossoms. In such new settings does The Homestead blossom anew with every spring; and beside that newness all the improvements The Homestead makes, all its painting, plastering, redecorating, renewing, throughout the months of winter, take lower place. It's a particular glory of The Homestead that it's new with every springtime; and that yet its personnel—whether you're thinking of management or servitors—changes little, and changes slowly.

The people who greeted your arrival last year, who served you during your stay here, are the same people who are here awaiting you today; whichever way you turn, you'll see familiar, friendly faces.

It's the same old friendly, homelike Homestead, and it's still the continent's best-liked resort. Most of the people who come here from year to year will be coming back, you'll quickly notice, in this 1940. In this, as in several other notable qualities, The Homestead offers something that's not for sale elsewhere.

When are you coming back? We want to be expecting you, you know!

Will you be here for the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club's annual performance at The Homestead Theatre? The date for the 1940 visit is April 3d, and it isn't too early, even now, to be getting your reservation into our hands.

Or will you be here for Easter, when things are always said to be "starting for the season"?



New York booking office in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

Washington booking office in the Mayflower Hotel





NANCY: "I'll give you  
three guesses."

EDDIE: "M-m-m. I only  
need one."

Unsweetened  
Refreshing Convenient  
Pure Thirst-Quenching  
Fragrant Popular  
Economical Healthful  
**HAWAII**

"What do these words make you think of?"

**"DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII"**

\*Tune in on the Al Pearce Program every Wednesday night, Columbia Broadcasting System.

you wish or if, like the author, your love for old silver dims your appreciation of the modern, Tiffany can perform their magic and produce whatever your heart desires.

Thus from their excellent and large assortment of old English silver, I chose such pieces which not only appealed to me but which could be reproduced for moderate prices.

Among the smaller pieces which can be faithfully copied in an antique finish, and which have much to recommend them are the following illustrated items: A beaker, 3<sup>7</sup>/<sub>10</sub> in. high, made in London in 1802 by Henry Sardet. This beaker can be copied for \$20 and there are many other old beakers from which you can choose a model if you wish. William Gould made the Taper Stick in London in 1740. The height of this small treasure is 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> in., the cost of reproduction is \$30 and it would be hard to find a choicer trophy for any sporting contest devoted to women.

The little pitkin is an early piece, made in 1716 by William Looker of London (Don't look pitkin up in the dictionary, for you will be sorely puzzled by its description as a county in the State of Colorado). From the illustration you will see that it is a diminutive saucepan, which could either be of use in the social concoction of spirituous liquor or of decorative charm on a sideboard. The cost of reproduction is \$27 and it is 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> in. high and 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> in. in diameter.

THE old saltcellar illustrated is one of a set of four made in London by E. Wood in the year 1732. This original set is a rarity and priced accordingly at \$745. However, Tiffany can fashion their blood brothers for \$18 each, and as a prize a pair would certainly be a very desirable and unusual trophy.

Any woman who has even a nodding acquaintance with old silver would be rejoiced to receive such a pair of old sugar nippers as are illustrated in the Tiffany group. If she is single but hopeful, she will be pleased and if wedded and fractious, this will bring her home at tea time.

This pair made by J. Marsh of London in 1770, is only \$22, and though old sugar nippers such as these do not grow on gooseberry bushes, and could not be reproduced at this price, given a fortnight's notice, Tiffany & Co. could probably find a half dozen of the same period at approximately the same price, for a committee's selection.

Anyone desirous of presenting a trophy of unsurpassable beauty, sporting interest and magnificence, by the most noted silver and goldsmith of the Eighteenth Century, had better take a long look in the right-hand corner of the second glass case of Tiffany & Co.'s old silver department.

The large tazza there, by Paul de Lamerie (1688-1751) is of impressive size (14 in. in diameter) as well as of matchless loveliness, and this last is hardly to be wondered at, as this great craftsman's work is to be found in all the important

private and public collections in the world.

The tazza is inscribed "Won at Burford the 5th of July, 1722." Engraved upon it is a race horse and jockey and above these are engraved the arms of Anthony, Earl of Herold, eldest son of the Duke of Kent.

In modern silver and in old silver you can be perfectly certain of receiving the very best, for the very best is Tiffany & Co.'s standard.

That here you find no discounts is to my mind the honest way of doing business. If a piece is fairly priced, a discount would mean at best it was being sold at cost.

Of course this does not apply to quantity production. If a trophy committee finds some pieces so pleasing that they feel justified in ordering a certain number of these every year, the cost of production is naturally less and the price too, but this is not a discount.

Tiffany & Co. makes no exceptions to the rule regarding discounts. Black Starr & Frost-Gorham offers a small discount to trophy committees, Peter Guille also, the loss in income being evidently offset in their estimation through the additional business and new contacts such a policy brings forth.

Cartier though making no discounts includes a reasonable amount of good engraving free of charge.

The gentlemen in the trashy houses bait their hooks with liberal discounts, "fine engraving at the cheapest rates," and find the fishing excellent.

It would be a fine thing for the business if a uniform rule could be enacted and enforced regarding the banning of discounts, for at the present time the reputable houses suffer and the public when buying from the less reputable are royally duped.

To return to the questions asked at the beginning of these articles. What have these four houses in common? A reputation for honor, fair dealing and fine workmanship.

In what ways do they differ? Peter Guille's business is solely devoted to old silver and modern reproductions of these. Black Starr & Frost-Gorham is a large concern with its own factory, a small stock of antique silver and a very large one of modern silver in which customers of good, bad, and indifferent tastes can satisfy their desires.

Cartier, Inc., has very few old pieces of French and English silver, comparatively few pieces of modern silver under twenty dollars, a very fine and wide choice of important silver pieces and a staff which can produce special orders to the Queen's taste.

Tiffany & Co. possesses an excellent department of antique silver, the largest stock of modern silver, the fairest of reputations for fine workmanship and true value and the background and personnel which should insure special orders being splendidly produced.

Is it worthwhile for the average trophy committee on a limited budget to visit these? The answer, my dears, is *Yes!*

N. PARKER.



## THE WATER CURE

(Continued from page 38)

yelled. "Stay with him, boy. Don't let it get you."

The two horses are like a team. You can't tell one's stride from the other, as they measure lengths inside the wings of the Big Ditch. Larry's going to do it—going to—

"OOO—HHH!"

The crowd senses it before I did. "OOO—HHHH" and then: "BOOO—OOOO!"

And you couldn't blame 'em. After all the crowd had made Double Reel the odds-on favorite. To see him backed by another horse, that'd been right. Or by the clever ride of another jock; all right, too. But not by his own jock!

And that's just what happened. There couldn't be anything plainer. Just as Kit Kat and Double Reel reached the take-off, Larry's left hand swung hard on the rein. He'd pulled Double Reel outside the wing—and quit!

Kit Kat was in at 12 to 1.

Of course the stewards wanted an explanation. They called me to the stand.

"Now, Joe Milton, we've known you to be straight and square for twenty years. What about this?"

Major Bowen, the chief steward, glared at me through his horn glasses.

"I dunno, major."

"Joe Milton, you'd better talk. Why did you take your regular boy off the favorite and put up an amateur. Why did he throw the race?"

"Major, he didn't mean to. That was Larry Hollis—you remember Beeline Hollis— Well, this son of s—"

"Where is he," roared the major. "Get him up here."

"He's gone, sir."

And that's the truth. When I'd run out to take Double Reel's bridle, Larry just got down and disappeared to the crowd. Later on a gatekeeper said he'd left the Park in his boots and colors. Somebody had to make the rap.

"Joe Milton, we're lifting your trainer's license—for good."

Well, when your job's gone, you got to close shop. I sold my whole ring—all but one. I kept Tippecanoe.

### III

Beeline came down to see me at the ten acre farm I bought in Virginia.

"Milt, I guess you know how I feel."

"Forget it, Beeline."

He shook his head. Beeline looked old. He seemed to age in front of my eyes as he talked.

"You might as well hear the whole story, Milt. Something happened to Larry when he took that lick on the head at Belmont. It broke more than his skull—it broke his nerve."

"But he ain't a steeplechase jock. He's a doctor. After all—"

"He's a brain surgeon, Milt. That takes nerve too. It takes a steady hand—courage and confidence. That's what nerve is, isn't it?"

I nodded. Poor old Beeline! What

the hell? I've lost my trainer's license, but they didn't cut it out of me with a knife. I never saw a man before who looked more dead than alive. Beeline did. He kept on talking.

"After that smash-up, Larry wasn't the same. His hand shook. Milt, one day in the operating room—he killed a patient. Or thought he did. He came back home and told me: 'I lost my nerve on the steeplechase course. Father, that's the only place I'll ever find it again.'"

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know," said Beeline. "He's gone away—I don't know where."

WE sat there in my new house and had a couple drinks together. We didn't talk about Larry any more. We talked about Tippecanoe mostly. I let Beeline in on the secret. At first he wouldn't believe me.

"Phar Lap—? Milt, you're crazy!"

"No," I laughed. "It sounds crazy, but it's not. Phar Lap—they called him the Australian wonder horse. He died in California, you'll remember."

"And you think Tippecanoe is his colt?"

"Beeline, I know darn well he is."

I think it did the old man good to have something on his mind besides Larry. The rest of the summer I kept writing him about Tippy's workouts. This horse wasn't just good—he was genius. It was just as well I had him down on a farm where there were no touts around. Otherwise I'd never have gotten the odds I did. I bet him twenty-to-one to win the Foxcatcher. On the day we vanned him up, I had every cent I could borrow on his nose—fifty grand!

Of course, officially, I couldn't train the horse. A friend of mine, Bud Logan, had his string of flat horses at the Foxcatcher meeting. All I had to do was arrange for Bud to saddle Tippy; and the day before I told him what to do.

"Bud," I said. "If you can pull a girth tight, that's enough."

"Ain't this his first start?" asked Bud. "If he was mine I'd run him in blinkers, so's he wouldn't swing his head at the crowd. But I don't know nuthin' about 'chasers—"

"All right," I said. "Put blinkers on him. Just in case—"

"In case of what, Milt?" says someone at my elbow.

"My God—you?"

"Why not?" grinned Larry. "Milt, I've come to ride him for you."

### IV

Well, I'm a fool. I know it. Larry and I talked late that night in the hotel room at Elkton. A hundred times I told him no. Finally he said:

"Well, all right, Milt. I guess that's that."

I looked at him hard. Yes, this race meant money to me. But to Larry—it meant life. I could see that. And to Beeline—what did it mean to him? Did I forget to mention what Beeline did for me once? Well, when I was Larry's age, the meds decided I had t.b. It was Beeline's money that sent me to Arizona. And here was Larry. Beeline's son—

"Okay," I said. "You're riding. Go

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The club house provides most comfortable accommodations for fifty people.

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Correspondence with the Secretary is invited.

EDGAR W. NICHOLSON, Secretary  
815 Land Title Building  
Philadelphia, Penna.

to bed and get a good night's sleep."

And when he left, I telephoned Beeline at Baltimore. I told him what had happened, and his voice came shakily over the wire.

"Thanks, Milt. I'll be there tomorrow. Look for me."

V

I did look. He didn't show up at the hotel in the morning. He wasn't around the paddock. By three o'clock with thirty thousand people there, I gave up looking and hurried out to see Larry in the paddock. He came over to the fence.

"Now, kid—" I began.

"Please don't," he said. "No peptalk, Milt. Read this when you get a chance."

I shoved the envelope into my pocket, keeping my eye on him. He'd been in training somewhere since Belmont. I could see that. He was thin but hard. And his eyes didn't have that lost look either. I stared him in the face. If he showed any signs of that old funk, I'd have scratched Tippy, and to hell with it. But Larry was tense. He wasn't scared.

"Best o' luck," I said, and went away.

You don't have to guess where I stood to watch the race. Right there by the water jump. It looked like a Dutch dike. I certainly felt like a fool, all right. Me, supposed to know racing, and sending a man with broken nerves to ride over jumps like this.

"Fifty grand!" I groaned, and shoved a hand into my pocket to feel my handful of tickets. It was then I remembered the envelope Larry'd slipped me. A telegram—I hadn't noticed:

LAWRENCE HOLLIS FAIR HILL  
SADDLING PADDOCK MAN  
IDENTIFIED AS YOUR FATHER  
IN AIRPLANE CRASH HERE  
FRACTURED SKULL CANNOT  
OPERATE WITHOUT CONSENT  
OF NEAREST RELATIVE ADVISE  
CITY HOSPITAL ELKTON MD

VI

"They're off!"

And Tippecanoe in front. I couldn't have missed that long antelope stride and the great stand-up ears sticking out of the blinkers. You could tell that Larry wasn't funkng today. He's going to run this race from the front end. Tippy opened up ten lengths before he even got to the first fence. I'm watching him come at it. In another minute I'll see him leave the ground in one of those big zooming take-offs— That's what I'm thinking and then—

"He's down!"

He's not, though. Almost—not quite. I couldn't believe what I'd seen. Tippecanoe hadn't raised more than twelve inches off the ground.

How he stood up I'll never know. Or how Larry stayed on him. Tippy had simply crashed through a solid wall of packed cedar, slid on his nose—and kept his feet.

"Just one o' those things," I'm

thinking. "He won't do it again."

But he does—at Number Two. one of those falls that you can't lieve even when you're looking at Tippy struck with his chest somersaulted, while Larry flew spre eagle high in the air. I had to s my eyes as the twenty other hor poured across. It didn't seem p sible for eighty hoofs to miss man and horse. But through it I'm still not believing what I've se Tippecanoe—he could jump like stag! Yet he hadn't raised at eit of those fences! He might just well have been blind-folded—

"Blind-folded! That's it! Th blinkers—!"

I could hear myself yelling seemed to be trying to tell every there about it. Two kinds of blink—for flat racing, where a horse o sees the ground under his feet; for steeplechasing, where he has see the top of his fences. But Lo has put the wrong kind on Tippy.

A roar from the crowd seems snatch the breath from my thro I look-up and here comes Larry— behind the field but tin-canning the water jump.

"Don't, Larry! Pull him up!"

I'm doing all I can to save ha Ducking under the wing of the ju I run out into the course wav my arms. I had to stop him.

"The blinkers, Larry. He can't s The blinkers!"

Larry heard me. He wasn't feet away. And he shouted back.

"Okay, Milt. Thanks for the t

Suddenly the crowd was hush You could hear the pounding hoofs from the far turn of the cou but I don't think anyone was look at the race. Somehow the people sensed something. I always wonder how—but several persons told later that they knew—here was rider going to a fence that his ho couldn't even see.

Oh, it can be done. You've he about Gantry, the blind horse; you know that foxhunters, come home after dark, can take a nag short and set him over a pair bars. But a steeplechaser—running his stride—that's different. I'm thin ing wildly that Old Beeline mi have done it. He could do anyth to a horse because he had hands v the delicate touch of a safe cracke

"Or of a surgeon!"

I know I screamed this out lo and I think Larry heard me. You could have heard a whisper just th Larry and Tippecanoe have reac the take-off.

Ever see a marionette expert v his hands full of strings, and e string controlling the limbs of a wooden doll? Well, that's Larry. reins and legs have caught the pu of Tippy's stride; they're control every muscle that drives it. I see ts hands come up. He sways back n the saddle. Tippy goes up on is hind legs, his great forefeet threshg the air. He lunges forward and o-ward, off his hocks.

I don't think I saw them la Flying gorse and muddy water me a curtain between them and the ar side of the fence. But I didn't he to see. You could tell what had h-



ned from the shriek of the grand-  
nds. They were over!

Well, I'm an old-timer. I've seen  
orse races. Or anyhow I thought I  
d. But nothing like this one. Larry  
ached forward and ripped off the  
inkers before he reached the next  
nce. From then on it was just a  
estion of how long it would take  
ippecanoe to catch the leaders. I'll  
ver forget that finish. Five horses  
reast, and Tippecanoe's big ears  
ider the wire by inches. I think the  
dges would have called it a dead  
at if it weren't for those jack-  
bbit ears.

Larry made another quick get-  
vay in his colors and boots. We  
abbed a taxi at the Park gate.

"Elkton Hospital," he shouted at  
the driver. "Step on it."

Then Larry turned to me. He held  
his hands and brought the finger  
ps together. In the dizzy sway of  
the cab there wasn't a quiver.

"Milt, I want to do this operation  
yself. What do you think?"

"I guess Beeline would like it that  
ay, kid. If he pulls through—"

"Not if," said Larry firmly.  
When."

And as Beeline says: "That's how  
was."

## CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN

(Continued from page 36)

throughout to produce a diffused  
low, or a brilliant light, as the oc-  
asion requires.

The all-electric kitchen is a culi-  
arian's Utopia, with every conceiv-  
able facility for simplifying kitchen  
duties. Two electric ranges are com-  
ined under a single stainless steel  
op to produce a 9-burner equipment  
with three ovens and three broilers,  
ret when only the small one is  
eeded, it can be operated separately.  
abinets are flush with the walls, on-  
cessed bases, as an aid to cleaning.  
China and glass storage sections are  
quipped with sliding glass doors. Re-  
essed lights are directly over work-  
ing stations, and all counter tops and  
ink bowls are stainless steel. Five  
efrigerators of varying content, are  
onvenient to bar, range, larder, but-  
er's pantry, and to the delivery en-  
rance in the basement. The range  
icche is lined with metal with baked-  
on white enamel for easy cleaning  
nd better light.

The color scheme, extending to  
servants' dining room and sitting  
oom, so that the entire service sec-  
ion is unified and related, is a soft  
blue-green, white and stainless steel,  
roducing an effect that is cleanly  
nd cool. The floor is rubber in blue-  
reen, with narrow white inlay strip,  
nd the rubber base is white. The  
ounter tops and all of the metal trim  
re of stainless steel, as are the work-  
ng stools, covered with washable,  
blue-green leather-upholstered seats.

Nine coats of enamel cover the  
walls and they are hand rubbed and  
waxed to a soft luster that is a move  
oward easy maintenance. Venetian  
blinds are white enameled, metal-  
covered slats for easy cleaning, and  
the window sills are stainless steel.

The corners of all cabinet bases and  
counter tops are rounded, and closets  
for cleaning equipment are concealed  
in the walls.

G. McStay Jackson, Inc., were the  
architects, builders, landscapers and  
designers, a consolidation of func-  
tions effected to achieve a completely  
coordinated whole. Their work in-  
cluded all the details of furniture,  
fabrics, ceramics, silver services and  
metal accessories.

## FURNITURE

(Continued from page 45)

The various methods of joinery  
described and illustrated have been  
reduced to their simplest elements  
for the sake of clarity; and it must  
be borne in mind that almost count-  
less combinations and variations of  
them are used in actual practice.

Inasmuch as glue is a fundamental  
part of practically every joint, some-  
thing should be said about it: the  
proper method of preparing wood  
for its reception, and how a good  
glue joint is made. As to glue itself,  
little need he said except that, thirty-  
five hundred years ago, the Egyptians  
not only knew how to make it, but  
also practiced the art of building  
furniture that is still in existence,  
in which glue played an important  
part. It should also be stated that  
high-grade modern glues are as good  
as, or better than, any ever pro-  
duced. The one assurance, with re-  
spect to glue, a purchaser should in-  
sist on, is that first-class glue has  
been used and correctly applied in  
making the piece that interests him.  
The one to give that assurance is his  
dealer. It is worth repeating here  
that careful workmanship is neces-  
sary in the preparation of wood to be  
glued together, so that the surfaces  
to be in contact fit accurately and  
are not hollow or lumpy in spots. In  
addition, they should be thoroughly  
cleaned and heated, if hot glue is  
used, before the latter is applied.

An effective joint is one without a  
free film of glue, because such a  
film reduces its strength. To insure  
that all excess glue is squeezed out  
and the wood surfaces are in actual  
contact, heavy pressure should be ap-  
plied and maintained until the glue is  
set. In short, a first-class glue joint,  
regardless of its details, consists of  
perfectly fitted pieces, joined under  
heavy pressure by as thin a coat as  
possible of high-grade glue.

Here are a few things to re-  
member:

1. Joints held together with glue  
alone are not strong.
2. A joint with a single dowel  
usually is not a good joint.
3. Split dowels are more effective  
than plain ones.
4. Plain miters are always weak.
5. Laminated curved work is  
stronger than the same shape of  
solid wood.
6. Wherever possible, examine the  
joints in the piece you buy.
7. If a dresser-top is of two or  
more pieces, the joint should be re-  
inforced by a tongue and groove or  
spline.
8. Trade with a reliable dealer.



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Puerto Ricans do, for  
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grance and delightful,  
delicate flavor.

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coastal waters; Rainbow (Kam-  
loops) and other Trout in the lakes  
and streams. American sportsmen  
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change this year, so exploration of  
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JANUARY is drawing to a dark, tempestuous close. As I drove homeward this evening, the sun went down in a haze of icy vapor while a keen, incessant wind, straight from the Arctic, whipped long streamers of dry snow crystals across the road. The fields lay white and bleak and the woods stood dark and frozen in a landscape vacant of any sign of life or trace of color. My thoughts went ahead to my fireplace and my books. Those of my friends who can do so have fled these bleak scenes to luxuriate in gentler climes. No doubt they are fortunate, yet I think they miss certain opportunities to enjoy the quiet, less active recreations of the sportsman. Now is his proper time to arrange the wood on the hearth, put a match to the kindling and experience that feeling of competence and security that comes to a man who watches the growth and glow of a fire built with his own hands.

"Ah," he says to himself as the flames lick upward and the blizzard screeches and rumbles in the chimney, "as long as I can make a fire I am not without resources."

Until man had his first fire going he must indeed have been a helpless, abject creature on the face of the earth. His days were spent in fear, and his nights in terror. The fire at the cave mouth gave him his first defense against the sabre-tooth and the others of the nightmarish lot which roamed the world. To this day the physical being of the fire builder seems to remember and acknowledge an age-old debt of gratitude long after the mind has forgotten the primitive reason for the reassurance that the glowing hearth engenders in him. I pity the man who is so miserably domiciled that for warmth he must depend entirely upon plumbers' contraptions which furnish comfort at the turn of a valve, but never contentment.

I do not envy those who reside in lands wherein at no season of the year is there any opportunity to experience the exquisite, painful satisfaction of spreading one's numbed hands to an open fire of wood.

The walls that shield and circumscribe my hearth this wintry night are well lined with books. Some are old and some are fresh from the press. These shelves contain nearly everything that a sportsman might wish to read on a night like this, and in such agreeable circumstances, but there is one volume lacking that I would give much to possess. I can never expect to find it listed in a dealer's catalogue, nor hope to recognize it amid the heaps and rows of books which comprise the literary democracy of the second-hand book shop. The volume is not out of print; it never was in print; it never attained even to the embryonic stage of manuscript. It is the shooting



THE RUFFED GROUSE •

*November eighth:* Outdid myself today. Three grouse in four shots! In the ravine I heard a bird flush in some small pines and shot at the sound. Missed. A little further on I heard another fly out of the big hemlocks, shot at the sound and heard the bird hit the ground. After looking for it for fifteen minutes saw it at my feet, the dog having walked over it without scenting it. Half way down the ravine a bird got up at least thirty yards away and I downed him. After lunch C. and I were in the alders and he flushed a bird over my head. I fired at a brown streak and got him. Never expect to repeat this performance.

A page from "Feathered Game From A Sporting Journal" by E. V. Connett and Dr. E. Burke, published by the Derrydale Press

diary that I have never written.

I do not know who made the first entry in the first shooting diary, but I'll wager that his library or gunroom had an open fire and that his house stood in a country visited for a few months each year by "winter and foul weather." Whoever he was, he had the good sense to see that a well kept diary of days afield would be his best companion for the nights when "all above is mist and darkness and all below is mire and clay." The fens and marshes might be frozen; the partridge and the hare shivering under stack and hedge, but inside his house the firelight illumined shelves of books and gleamed upon the barrels of his gun and the copper powder flask hung beneath it. There would be a mug on the hob giving off a spicy fragrance, I'll warrant. Then that wise old sportsman takes down his diary to find, as many have since discovered, that the greater part of the enjoyment of a day afield is experienced after the event, not while it is happening.

The most important counsel that an older sportsman can give to the youngster with his first gun should deal, of course, with the rules of

safety; the next certainly should be to urge upon the neophyte the necessity of keeping a shooting diary—not merely a game register.

I speak with the extreme earnestness of one who realizes too late the true value of a great opportunity lost long ago. I would give my two best guns tonight in exchange for a well-kept record of what I have done with them and all the others, back to the long single-barreled muzzle loader that was the companion of my earliest adventures; of the places where I have been with them; the episodes and encounters on field and marsh, in forest and thicket.

It is true that I have something resembling a diary, but procrastination, neglect and indolence have managed matters so that the blank pages outnumber the written ones, as the Russians outnumber the Finns. It is nothing more than an inconsequential, haphazard assortment of scraps and bits of flotsam snagged from a stream of glorious experience that has been flowing past my door for two score years and more. Even these fragments, however, have power to bring back to me many events otherwise forgotten. When they happened

I could have sworn they were unforgettable.

One of these isolated entries concerns the receipt of a new bird gun—a Woodward Over and Under, 1 bore, ordered in April, 1923, and delivered into my hands on October 2 of the same year. It had been many years in the planning. That page reminds me that the grouse and woodcock season was open at the time. Birds were unusually abundant. On the 18th, so the notes inform me, Mr. Schaffler of the old firm of Von Lengerke and Detmold, wired me that my gun was in customs. A night train took me from Vermont to New York City and a cab from the Grand Central to V. L. & D's on Madison Avenue, where the president, Henry Von Lengerke, the vice-president, A. M. Schaffler and the treasurer, Captain W. H. Schaffler, received me, rendered honors, and escorted me to the president's private office.

THERE was among these gentlemen on that occasion, no hint of the artificial joy of the hired wedding guest. Von Lengerke and Detmold's happiness was as great as my own. They understood the significance of the moment when I was to meet a new "best" gun. The diary observes that the gun was "a beauty"—an understatement of fact—and also records the fact that back again on the shooting grounds the following day I bagged seven grouse and two woodcock with it without a miss. Four of the grouse were taken in Vermont, the remaining three across the State Line in New York, in case there is a question of legality raised. Perhaps no memorandum of that day was necessary, although I have a dim suspicion of forgotten others that were just as splendid.

I trust that I have by this time said enough and said it forcibly enough to turn the least diligent sportsman-diarist to a way of conduct more pleasant and profitable. If so, then we may give consideration to the practical matters involved in diary-making and -keeping.

The first requisite of a shooting diary is that the book itself be durable. This means that it must be bound in leather, and that only the finest, toughest parchment should lie between its two covers. The number of pages depends upon the prospective diarist's "life expectancy"—a grotesque little phrase if ever there was one—and whether he prefers one volume to cover fifty years of shooting, or to divide the material into five or ten year periods. Blank books for use as shooting diaries may be purchased ready bound, ruled and marked for the first entry, or a man can make his own from materials available.

Do not mistake a "Game Register" for a "Shooting Diary." The former is readily (Continued on page 86)



# Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

MARCH is without doubt the most unpleasant month of the year. In the first place, its name is a complete lie. Romulus, having furtively disposed of Remus by putting ground glass in his Falernian, justified the murder by claiming that Mars, the god of war, was his father, and just to prove it he named a month after his putative sire. Madame Perkins and Harry Bridges might just as reasonably claim that Stalin was respectively her or his father and name the same month Starch, and perhaps they will.

In any event Mars was, and is, a nasty fellow and his name was rightly given to a loud, a gusty and a disagreeable segment of the swiftly swirling cycle of the year. Eyes tired of frost and slush peer in vain into the pasture for hints of green, and ears listening for peepers get no response. So in an otherwise dour and unhappy world, let's turn to inner comfort and discuss the subject of cassoulet.

It was at a dinner party at the home of Sacha Guity in Paris that I first became cassoulet conscious. Some of the most civilized citizens of the world were present, actors, writers and musicians. In such a company food, naturally, was frankly discussed as one of the major arts. Every one there seemed to be, *inter alia*, a chef in his own right. Each had some particular dish to exhibit. I listened to their culinary adventures, to the combination of this or that Norman or Gascon or Provençal dish, with such and such a fine wine, until it seemed to me that these United States, no matter how humbly, should have some small voice in the matter. With becoming modesty, I asked if I might be permitted to tell them about America's astronomical gift to mankind—Boston baked beans. They were at once all polite attention. Yes, yes they had even heard of Boston. It took its name from a certain dance, is it not so? And its males, during the mating season, got homicidal about tea or was that Patrick Henri?

Just to get them on the right track, and solely in the cause of international amity and exchange professorships, I set out firmly to bake my beans. I soaked them over-night, I salted and scraped my salt pork. I boiled the beans and was just about to season them, add the molasses and the pork, and put the whole mess into the bean pot when my host cut the lesson short by saying—

"*Mais oui, cassoulet Americain.*" What, with pardonable Chauvinism had considered to be one of the brightest gems in America's gustatory diadem, was just American cassoulet to this French gourmet. Furthermore, the whole crowd issued spirited challenges on behalf of their own particular cassoulets, and it did not take me long to learn that the

pride of our New England kitchens was considered to be a very insignificant member of the meat and beans family, whose various offspring are scattered all over the map of France.

I was told that it would take me months to make a bean tour and to sample them all. There seems to be hardly a province or even a locality that does not boast loudly of its own particular cassoulet, and is willing to defend it to its last breath against all rivals.

M. Guity, who had so casually interrupted my little story, finally insisted that I should return a few days later when he proposed to serve me his own version of the cassoulet Languedoc. He said it was the grandfather of all cassoulets. Whether he originally came from Languedoc, and was therefore partisan, I do not know. In any event, his presentation of the bean pot made our Boston contribution look like a very dull country cousin from Pittsfield.

My host told me the story of his cassoulet. It begins with a trip to the market and the purchase of the biggest and whitest butter beans that you can find. You wash them in many waters and then soak them in cold water for 24 hours. Then they are drained and given the benediction of 1 tablespoon of goose fat, a couple of ounces of chopped bacon, an onion stuck with 4 cloves, a clove of garlic, a touch of thyme and pepper, and salt to taste. This goes into a covered kettle on the back of a slow fire, where it bubbles languidly for three or four hours.

In the meantime you have found yourself a half dozen good pork chops neatly trimmed, but with most of the fat left on. These you sauté, so as to draw out as much of the juice as possible. The beans, meanwhile, have burst their jackets, and you place them in an earthenware pot with the pork chops and the

gravy thereof, and as a final Languedoc touch, a leg of pickled goose—if you happen to have a pickled goose in your household at the time.

The whole amply swelling marmite is well sprinkled with bread crumbs, dotted with butter and placed in a slow oven where after six or seven hours baking it should be ready to serve. A bottle of Burgundy is the proper accompaniment to this dish.

As I took a third helping, my host explained to me that in his opinion this presentation of beans was but an imitation of the dish as it is prepared in Aude. There, on his native heath, the cook is not content merely with pork but insists on some sausage of Toulouse and some diced ham. He takes his bean pot to the bakers and lets it simmer in the big oven for 12 hours.

It is in the choice of meats that most of the regional baked beans specialists show their independence and inventiveness. In Alsace, for instance, they add a jointed goose, half a pound of veal knuckle, part of a calf's foot, smoked sausage and smoked ham, for an earthenware mardi gras with the beans. First they brown the meats, pour over a cup of beef stock and let it boil down for about 10 minutes. The beans are prepared as before. Then they alternate a layer of the meat with a layer of beans, and bake them slowly for several hours.

The citizens of Toulouse add a pig's foot and pieces of mutton to the other meats, while those of Carcassonne prefer a boned leg of mutton, pricked with garlic and three-quarters braised, as well as a couple of half-cooked partridges.

We Americans limit ourselves to pork with our beans, and the French have no such restrictions. They search the whole range of the gastrological scale to make their bean pots interesting. They even make a

"sea-food cassoulet," injecting into it in place of meat odd bits of fish, and shrimps and eel, and de-salted cod takes the place of pickled goose. This particular manifestation of their art, remotely rich with the happily-shed tears of onion and garlic, touched with thyme and rosemary, and blushing with the kiss of a pinch of saffron, is superior to any bouillabaisse that I ever chanced to meet.

It would seem to me that I would be doing less than my duty to a highly distinguished and estimable audience if I did not devote a brief portion of this March department to a discussion of bread, what it is and what I prefer it should be. I have been forcibly reminded of the subject by a recent bread shortage in my own household, due to a plethora of extra guests who consumed our entire supply of whole-wheat, pumpkin-nickel and sour rye on a holiday when all the shops were closed. As a make-shift, we borrowed a lone loaf from a neighbor. It was, of course, a loaf of the ordinary white bread of commerce. I am frank to say that it does not have the same lure for my palate that it seems to possess for most of my countrymen. Its virgin whiteness has no greater appeal for me than had certain similar qualities, in the younger and purer ladies of Venice, for le Sieur de Cazenove. The sacrifice of some of the sturdy, health-giving elements of wheat on albino altars has ever seemed to me to be a ranking gustatory error, I like a good rough, coarse bread that you can put your teeth into, and that perhaps is one reason for having teeth and for keeping them.

The successes of Thomas with his protein bread and of the lady from Pepperidge with her whole-wheat loaf have demonstrated, perhaps, that I am not alone in my preferences and that there is a demand in this country far beyond the supply of what the Dean of St. Patrick's once called "the staff of life."

A FEW notes, *en passant*, about things to drink. My compliments to the Hotel St. Regis for its superlative wine-list. In a fairly well traveled vinous life, I do not remember a finer collection of vintages under one hotel or restaurant roof. The selection is comprehensive and well considered and the prices, as prices go, are reasonable. Under the heading of Champagnes there are fifty-six examples of the top crust of bubble-dispensers. There are fifty-nine red wines of Bordeaux, ranging from *vin ordinaire* to a Château Haut-Brion of 1874. White Bordeaux, the Burgundies, the wines of the Moselle and the Rhine are amply represented. One may make a pleasant tour of the leading vineyards of the world, right here at the St. Regis.



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André L. Simon reports unhappily that the 1939 vintage in France is a failure. I quote the introductory paragraph from his account, in the "Wine and Food Quarterly," of last autumn's disaster:

"The vine-clad valleys of France were 'valleys of tears' at the vintage time this year. After a hard winter, spring frosts, pests, diseases and hailstorms throughout the summer months, at last September had arrived and the vintage was near, the vintage that is the reward, the prize so patiently awaited during eleven months of daily toil, suspense and anxiety. But, this year, when September came, war came, too, and in France all able-bodied men are called to the colours at once. It is not a question of standing by and waiting to be called when and if wanted. All must go and all did go, leaving the old people and the women to do their best, to pick the grapes and to press them, to watch the newly-made wine's birth and to lodge it properly. The old people and the women certainly did their best, but the clerk of the weather did not: he was vile and helped not at all."

THERE has arrived on this editorial desk with a blare of typographical trumpets a two-volume work entitled "The Gentleman's Companion", by Charles H. Baker, Jr. One volume deals with food and one with drink. It is issued by the Derrydale Press. Volume I bears the sub-title "The Exotic Cookery Book" or Around the World with Knife, Fork and Spoon."

Mr. Baker writes well and entertainingly of his gastronomic travels. His keen and knowing nose has evidently sniffed in far-flung kitchens that most of us will never be fortunate enough to see.

I am frank to say that I read his cook book from cover to cover on a lazy Sunday with admiration tempered with envy. I could savor the fun that he had had and was acutely sorry for myself that I was not present when the following picnic was in progress:

"Blini rolls, au caviare, à la kasbek, from Paris, in 1926.

"Paris again, but this time at Kasbek over in the Montmartre direction and in a dim cave with red-checked tablecloths lighted through the wooden tops, from underneath. Music again with the Caucasian girls singing and dancing, and a seven-stringed Russian guitar played by a man who used to play for Nicholas in the grand gone days in St. Petersburg. . . . Brush Blini with butter, then sour cream, then spread with caviar. Roll and skewer with toothpicks every inch and cut across with sharp knife, showing caviar in spiral layer. Lemon and a bit of onion pulp were the side additions, and a fine still white Burgundy—Bâtard Montrachet '11, and the same girl who sang 'Brown Eyes' for them in English to the Russian guitar. Heigh ho!"

I'm sorry but I can't see eye to eye with Volume 2, "The Exotic Drink Book" or "Around the World

with Jigger, Beaker and Glass". This is a memory book of bibulous horrors most of which might well have been forgotten, or better still, never even conceived.

There are two mysteries which offer matter for nice speculation—as to who invents indelicate stories and who first concocts katzenjammer combinations of alcoholic beverages. There is a well circulated theory that customers' men in Wall Street are responsible for the stories. At any rate, here is a first-class obscurity that, in all probability, will never be solved.

I have my own private notion about so-and-rightly called mixed drinks. Pousse Café, Angel's Fits, Angel's Blushes, Kisses, Cherries and other manifestations, adorned with whipped cream and maraschino abominations, have always seemed to me to be the dream-children of soda jerkers afflicted with an over-secretion of the thyroid gland, with the inferiority complex of a lion-tamer who perforce deals with bunnies, and just more than a touch of dementia praecox.

Hawley Harvey Crippen once worked in a drugstore. I can see in fancy on his ageing countenance the rapt and creative look of the born mixer as, in the pantry of 30 Hilldrop Crescent, he set about the concoction of his chef d'oeuvre—a stirrup cup for bouncing Belle Elmore, his wife.

Perhaps with the facility for nomenclature that is the stock in trade of all top-notch mixers he had a name for the brew—"Death at Dusk", "Dust to Dust", or "Goodbye Mrs. Crippen".

Here possibly is his formula: "Take 1½ jiggers of Kirsch, ¼ pony of cherry syrup, and the juice of one big green lime. Shake the mixture with 4 ice cubes, turn ice and all into collins glass of 14 oz. capacity, drop in a spiral peel of green lime, add a pony of hydrobromide of hyoscin triple sec, fill glass not quite full of good old chilled club soda," and make sure that the brakes are off as you slip into gear.

Mr. Baker shyly confesses to have been the creator of this little Borgia Bye Bye, without the hyoscin, of course, and he fancifully calls it "Farewell to Hemingway." Page Mr. Hemingway.

SHOPPING NOTES:—At Hammacher Schlemmer's there are among other fine things the new Bakon Crispies, tightly curled ribbons of ground bacon rind; serve them as appetizers with cocktails and you will have everyone munching.

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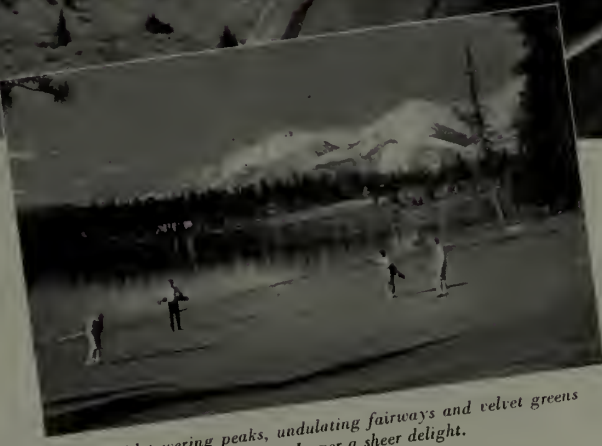
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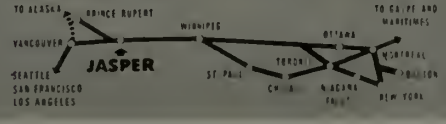
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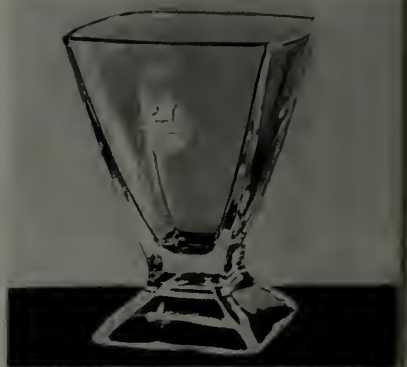
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*March*



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Through a recent innovation, the Reflection Initial Clip Pin, your initials may now be used as an integral part of the design of a jewel reflecting your personality. Though inexpensive, these pins have the distinction and elegance of the most costly jewels. Trabert and Hoeffler-Mauboussin, Park Avenue.



This printed linen carries six different studies of hunters, by James Reynolds, each design a complete picture. It provides a new note for draperies and upholstery, and is especially appropriate for a home in the hunting country. One design approximately covers the back or seat of a chair. In 24 different color combinations. 50 inches wide. \$12 a yard. W. & J. Sloane, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Spring heralds its approach with this new luncheon set which has been introduced exclusively by Mosse, Inc., 659 Fifth Avenue. The set consists of a center piece, 8 plate mats and 8 napkins. Particularly charming is the embroidered design of strawberries and leaves on natural-colored linen. \$16.25.

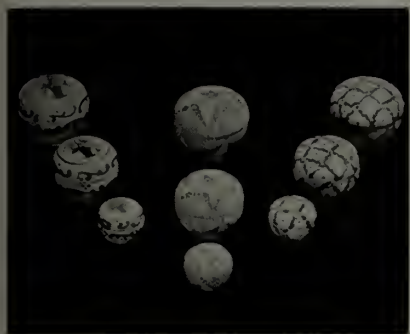


It takes only a few seconds to fold this Dog Bed, ready to move to another spot or to carry in the car. When open, measures 24" x 18", suitable for terriers. Made of plywood, with kapok, cedarized cushion, covered in drill. Folds to 24" x 4". At Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue, New York. \$8.50.



# in the Shops

This crystal vase, "Diana," was designed by Vicke Lindstrand, and is characteristic of the renowned Orrefors Swedish glass, now on display in their new galleries at 5 East 57th Street, New York. A feature of the galleries is a miniature theatre. Sculpture by Carl Milles, and modern costume jewelry are also on display. The price of the "Diana" vase is \$55.



These charming hand-painted French Porcelain boudoir jars are filled with Henri Bendel face powder, rouge and creams. The large size, with cleansing cream, is \$5.00. Medium, with face powder, \$4.00. Small, with cream rouge or night cream, \$3.50. Set of three, \$12.50. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street.

This useful, decorative and inexpensive wallpaper screen has a dahlia design on gray-blue background with rose, pink and yellow flowers. Wood frame with heavy compo board. Panel, 19½" x 68". Also in five other designs. \$15. The Pembroke drop-leaf mahogany table, in Hepplewhite design, is \$16. Marble base Colonial table-lamp, complete \$13.50. McGibbon & Co., 49 East 57th Street.



Sport shirts, for cruise or Southern resort, are featured by W. A. McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue. The shirt at top is made of imported flannel, while the other is of Egyptian cotton fabrics. With short sleeves but obtainable with long sleeves, if desired. May be worn open or with a tie. From \$11.50 each.

Birds migrate to the shelter of this sanctuary, where they can eat and sing under the watchful eye of St. Francis, their own patron saint. This bird feeder is staunchly made of chestnut, natural finish, while the soft-colored figure is in relief on tile. Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue, New York. \$12.50.



## Old English Silver

An interesting example of the George III period, is this Old English Silver Hash Dish and Cover, made in London by J. Robins in 1766. A popular interpretation of its use is for the serving of vegetables. On view also at the Galleries is a notable collection of Modern Reproductions.

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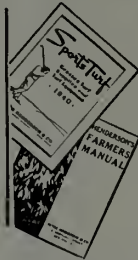
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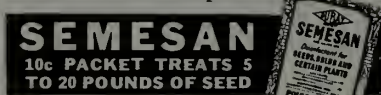
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# GARDENS

**C**OLOR scheme in a garden; so important and, in a way, a big challenge. A challenge to good taste, careful planning, and resourceful planting. No garden that is a jumble of flowers, thrown in any old way is a success. Do not confuse this with a garden that gives the *impression* of a jumble. That is often the most fascinating kind. But if you could look behind the scenes you would find that that effect was the result of a skillfully thought-out plan.

In my previous articles I have mentioned color schemes, but only in connection with some particular garden. Now I should like to take up this momentous question in more detail. After years of fussing and trying out many experiments (including plenty of failures!) I hope I can give some helpful suggestions on a general policy of color combinations. Remember, I say general policy, because space forbids my going into half the detail I would like to.

I could ramble on indefinitely about lovely color ideas, but must restrain myself and refer anyone interested in detailed color combinations to Miss Jekyll's book, "Color Schemes for a Flower Garden." Her ideas are most valuable, but, before plunging into any exact copy, acquaint yourself with the plants which are practical in your particular American climate. Many a tear has been shed over trying to reproduce identically an English garden on this side of the water.

When commencing to work out a color plan, the first thing, naturally, to be considered, is personal taste. Also the question of which season you wish to emphasize in the garden. If you work and live in your garden principally through July and August, I should doubt if it would be a particularly happy thought to feature red. If, however, you spend the hot months in Maine and return for September and October, you would probably welcome the gayest kind of autumn colors.

An all-white garden is very chic just now, and for some purposes and places, it is enchanting. I was once given a rather unusual task. My client owned a lovely little crystal Madonna, and said she wanted a garden built for her. So, I designed a small garden, enclosed it with a white-washed brick wall, and built a set-in oval niche, that was painted blue. There, in her shrine, the little Madonna lives, and looks down very serenely on an all-white garden. That, of course, was the obvious place to use white, and often there are other occasions when all white is delightful, especially if you sit in your garden very often on summer evenings. For a steady diet, however, I believe you will miss the warmth, the cheer, the light and shade that color gives you.

My general suggestions for an

easy solution to the color problems are as follows. If you have more than one flower garden try this as an idea. In one use nothing but pastel shades, white, pink, blue, lavender, and pale corn yellow. (It is always important to use blue, because as someone said, "blue is the shadow in a garden," and we all know that shadow is essential for all lovely outdoor effects.)

**F**OR the other garden, get as gay as you want. Use all sorts of colors—white, light and dark blue, purple, apricot, yellow, orange, and red, but no pink, and heaven knows, no magenta! I believe that, if judiciously placed, all gay colors blend and set each other off, if you rigorously exclude pink.

Speaking of gay colors, I want to make a special plea for red. So often I hear someone say, "Oh, I hate red! Won't have a bit of it in my garden." Half the time, I think, red is associated only with the abominations of flower life: red salvia, cannas, brick-colored zinnias, and old-fashioned orange-red poppies. I agree that those particular reds should have no place in any self-respecting garden. I would just as soon have a tooth drilled as to have to look at a garden blooming happily with magenta phlox, "nigger-pink" zinnias, and red salvia. But the



The house was on the main road and there seemed nothing to start on

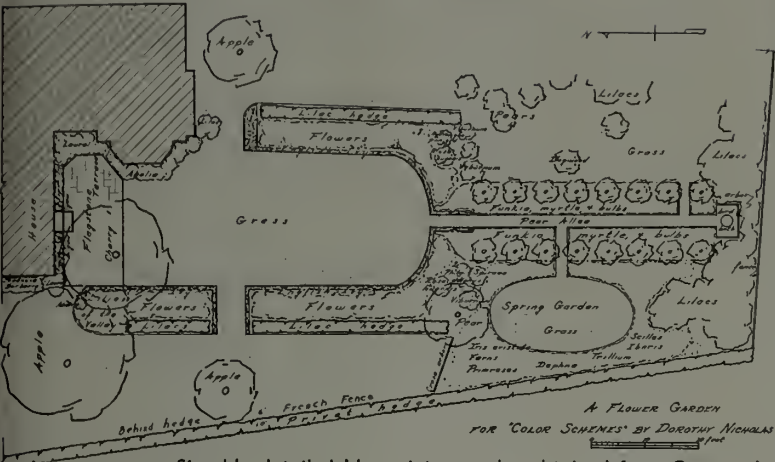
use of non-yellowish and dark, ruby red, found in plants like Sweet William, hollyhocks, poppies and dahlias, and the lovely brighter reds of the mignon dahlias and zinnias, do wonders for picking up the garden and giving it character, warmth, and depth.

If you have but one garden, here is another suggestion.

In the spring and early summer keep to "gentle" colors; white, blue, lavender, sulphur, yellow, and lots of soft pink. These colors will be represented by delphiniums, foxgloves, anemones, peonies, salmon-pink pop-



BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS



Sizeable detailed blue-prints may be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE

pies, Canterbury bells, pink Sweet William, white and lavender phlox, pale yellow hemerocallis, etc. Then as summer wanes and autumn approaches, encourage the delphinium and phlox to bloom again, and substitute for the biennials gay blades like yellow and orange marigolds, red Coltness dahlias, apricot and yellow mignon dahlias, sulphur yellow and crimson zinnias, tawney colored chrysanthemums, and a few tall clumps of black-red dahlias in the background. These gay autumn colors, mixed in with whites, purples, and quantities of blues will never clash, but make a glorious, splashy, fall garden. But remember again, no pink, and if a poor innocent phlox or zinnia comes out pink, run and pull it up, or the teeth will be set on edge, and the dentist idea will intrude again!

And now a few words on the garden illustrated in this issue. The first time I saw this piece of land my heart failed me. The house was on the main road, and where the pear trees are now was a rubbish heap. A good, big, twenty-year-old (at least) rubbish heap, fortified by empty gin and whisky bottles. The cherry tree by the porch was only a little fellow, and there did not

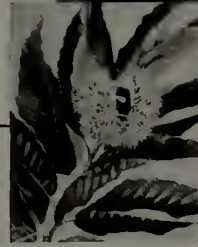
seem much of anything to start on or with. I will not dwell on these troubles, however, because, today you would not guess that the road was close by, the rubbish heap has long been forgotten and the garden is now a charming, secluded, outdoor living room.

The color scheme follows the system given for the one garden idea. Soft colors are used for spring and early summer, starting with the Darwin tulips in pastel shades, then carrying on with the blues of the early "forget-me-not" anchusa and delphinium, the pale yellow of the rosa hugonis and German iris, the lovely pale colors of the aquilegia, the pinks of the peonies and heuchera, the whites and lavenders of Japanese iris, white phlox and candidum lilies. Then, for late summer and autumn, two nice splashy groups of red Coltness dahlias, backed up by pale yellow zinnias and bright yellow and orange marigolds, all made pleasant and mellow by the help of the blue ageratum, white phlox, and the second blooming of delphinium. This is a very small garden, so it is not expedient to use many varieties of the late gay-flowering plants, but it has a constructive and pleasing color scheme for the entire season.



GOTTSCHE PHOTOS

The rubbish heap has been forgotten and the garden is now charming and secluded



A Burr and Nut from the "Bartlett Chestnut"

## A TREE with a Story...

GROWING UNDER OBSERVATION AT  
THE BARTLETT EXPERIMENTAL GROUNDS

Of the thousands of trees which have been under observation at the Bartlett Company's 200-acre Experimental Grounds during the past 27 years—none perhaps has a more interesting history than the Chestnut shown above.

When it became apparent, some 30-odd years ago, that all of our native chestnut trees were being destroyed by a blight which was believed to have been brought into this country on a shipment of trees from China—the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, through their Bureau of Plant Introductions, imported a quantity of nuts from a Chinese Chestnut (*Castanea Mollissima*)—a variety which showed a resistance to this disease that our native American Tree (*Castanea Dentata*) evidently lacked completely.

These seeds were planted—a few of them matured—and later the nuts from these trees were cross-pollinated with various other species of Chestnuts in an effort to increase the sugar-content, conspicuously lacking in European and Asiatic varieties, but so ample in our native American nuts that they required no roasting but were palatable when eaten raw.

In 1918 the Bureau of Plant Introduction shipped a number of seedlings from these hybrids to the Bartlett Research Laboratories. These tiny trees were planted with great care and watched over by the scientists at the Laboratories with an eagle eye.

The tree shown above fruited when only 18" high and produced nuts as deliciously sweet as our American Chestnut. As this tree matured it proved highly prolific—yielding a fine crop yearly. Moreover, its scarred trunk is mute evidence of its ability to successfully resist attack by the Chestnut Blight.

Of the seedlings of this tree which have reached fruiting age, all bear nuts identical to those of the parent tree. And blight-resistant Trees are now being propagated under the name, "Bartlett Chestnut."



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**SANTO DOMINGO**  
(Continued from page 33)

that had supplied the Vatican for centuries. Our bouquet rum was piped, you might say, from nearby stills that our cane supplied. Our Scotch came from the source, via the British West Indies, minus the enormous tax to the Crown. And our clothes—I shall always remember our host's perfect tropical evening togs—were *a la mode*-plus, for he was a regular patron of London, Paris and New York. Our hostess did all her buying through an expert professional shopper in New York. Only that morning, an Angora cat and 4 quarts of fresh strawberries had arrived by plane.

"I am always disappointed," our host was concluding, "whenever I go home for a visit. The myopic point of view. The damned provinciality, if you'll pardon my saying so."

The "Toot! Toot!" of one of the 40 locomotives drawing a train of 20 of the 800 steel cane cars around a bend in the valley, broke in on our conversation. I raised a jealousy and could hear the incessant grind of the distant mill and sniff the strong smell of molasses that was always in the air. Sixty white men and their families. Such a small white island in the midst of a dark sea of 30,000 sugar workers and their broods! Which kind of a provincial would I rather be? I wondered.

Our host was still protesting. "We Dominicans by residence are as cosmopolitan, as well-read, as well-informed, and as well-traveled, you'll find, as most of the diplomatic hacks and half-pay colonels in any Pall Mall club. . ."

And as though to prove it, our eight dinner guests burst in. After that, we had to pinch ourselves, for we might have been anywhere in Sophisticadia.

OUR host's private golf course lay just over the rise. Former guests Joe Kirkwood and Gene Sarazen had both admitted it to be one of the best short courses they had played. The Joe Davies, of Washington and Moscow, had voted it the best Nineteenth Hole in the Indies. Luis, the Filipino barkeep, had all the liquid answers. After a late-afternoon game, we leaped into the 20-foot deep pool of mountain water and swam to the nearest table on the terrace. When the wild guinea fowl flocked over the course too thickly, we would organize a shooting foursome.

Just after the monthly golf tournament with the neighboring sugar estate was over, our host announced a week-end party over at Mortimer's Place. It sounded as simple as a jolly trip to a house party along the hard sands of the Florida east coast. "By plane," he added.

I had seen the chromium ship, with the red morocco lining, out on the end of the golf course that was used as a landing field. "Can't we motor over?" I asked.

"Sure," replied my host, in a tone I had come to distrust. "It takes a day by motor and only an hour by plane.

That's why I bought the ship; to go over to Mortimer's—and to New York."

We set out on our 150-mile journey at six the next morning. This road to Santiago was little more than a donkey trail. The donkeys went 'round the boulders, but we had to climb over them. We paused for coffee at a cigar-maker's shed; our next stop was to make our way 'round a local bus that had broken down. Once we slaked our thirst at a waterhole, where the women of the neighborhood had gathered with their gourds and stopped to gossip. A caravan of wood-bearing donks gave us some trouble; we had no aid from their riders save a continuous swinging of their long, lanky legs. We made our noon halt at a village cockpit set up under a mango tree, where we saw and bet on several bloody battles.

THE whole cavalcade we had passed on the road caught up with us here, and cast aside mere business for the more serious pursuit of pleasure. We were diverted a little farther on by the sight of a good-looking, chocolate-colored school teacher with a rose in her hair, coming to the door of her thatched school house to flirt, accompanied by half a dozen halfnaked pupils, all looking very wise, with books in their hands. At Moca, we withdrew from the burning early-afternoon sun to the shady side of the excellent Spanish cathedral, to cool off and watch several small boys throwing coconuts shells up into a breadfruit tree to bring down the ripe fruit. We were blocked again in front of the concrete public market, opposite the newly-painted Roxy's movie palace. The traffic congestion was caused by two donkey trains meeting like an irresistible force disputing with an immovable obstruction.

A tiny señorita with a rose in her hair climbed on the running board and frowned at us long and curiously. She encouraged other passers-by to pause and stare at us, as though we had been Dominicans in a New York street. A tall gentleman in white, wearing spurs over his linen trousers, a youth with two skewers of very red meat, and a peon with a yoke of two heavy bunches of bananas, regarded us with burning interest. A half-hour later we were sweltering through a burning desert of cacti. There was diversion at every little roadside hut, however, that offered us native cakes, coconuts, papaya, plantain, bananas, mangos and yams.

Mortimer's Place straddled a mountain top in the cooler region more than 4,000 feet above Santiago, already flashing like a corsage of electrified jewels when we arrived. In the opposite direction, in the twilight, we could trace the course of the Conquistadores to the shores of the Caribbean some thirty miles away, by the silvery thread of the Yaqui River.

Mortimer, in person, received us at the gates of his mountain park estate, wearing the same white polo outfit in which he would be best remembered in American sporting circles of some 20 years ago. We soon

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discovered that he had transplanted the United States to the top of this Dominican mountain in the form of a rambling white house, Spanish Caribbean in line, yet with a tell-tale touch of a New England colonial farmhouse about it. The flower beds, the lattices, the walks, the chimneys and the scattered colonial antiques were reminders of by-gone Connecticut days and ancestry that must have raised a cloud of nostalgia to half obscure the tropical realities, despite all his protestations to the contrary.

WE were escorted to our particular guest house, where sweet-smelling lignum vitae was burning on the Yankee hearth and it all seemed as though we had taken a convenient lane, somewhere off the Merritt Parkway. The personal servants were Spanish; the others Chinese. My man and I seemed to have met before. He knew all my little quirks, to a shirt stud.

Our first meal was planned to fit the gustatorial yearnings of a group of people who had been a long while kidding themselves into believing that they could change the map and move their natal locale around the world with them. For me, a strawberry shortcake such as our old Abbie back in Redding, Conn., used to make, blotted out the whole Caribbean; and our pseudo-Dominicans kept swinging the reminiscences back home, as though they were hungry for tidings. We tried in vain to shake off home ties, ourselves, before going to bed that night, by going out into the garden to the edge of the cliff, and gazing up at the Southern Cross and the Big Dipper turned upside down.

Next day, cocktails were served under the white trellised pergola, where, with every swallow, we downed a delicious admixture of Caribbean sunset, hazy mountain peaks, clouds of bougainvillea, the wild lilt of the soldier-policeman on the lower road, singing a song that had sprung from the Moors in Spain, and finally this suggestion of a Connecticut farm house rising like a tantalizing dream in the dusk.

Mortimer had had to carve this little world out of a tropical wilderness. Even the natives had shunned it for centuries. It was too cold for sugar cane and citrus fruits. But Mortimer had seen the possibilities of coffee. Now his prosperous coffee plantation spread itself in orderly rows over all the neighboring hillsides. Riding through them, astride a small mountain horse that resented even a bridle because he knew infinitely more than any Gringo rider, was a sport that kings have neglected.

In place of a tennis court, a latticed enclosure had been built for ping-pong. There were adjacent showers and clothing lockers, a bar and humidior filled with imported smokes, and all the other paraphernalia of a thumbnail country club. The place was built for parties. Refrigerators were all over the place, all filled with drinks, with a servant always ready to serve them. Electrical gadgets served the servants. Devices for cleaning knives, for sifting flour, for

cracking ice, for squeezing juices and shaking cocktails.

It was everything and had everything that a sophisticated American could desire, except home, and that is what they all seemed to desire most, though none confessed it.

My host and I returned to our sugar estate via air. We climbed into our plane one perfect Indies afternoon, and were soon leaping from one wad of wooly clouds to another, as though it were a sled and we were Santa Clauses. Occasionally, we could discern our motor road, like a piece of string dropped on the landscape, but revealing none of its virtues or vices. An incredibly serpentine river wound in silver coils through the jungle. We soared out over the sea, the shore waters mottled lagoons of aquamarine and lapis lazuli, with always a ruching of lacy foam. Dark mountains rose from the earth as though to bar our way. We rose high above, and glided over them, and found banks of clouds opposing us and making the going as bumpy as a ploughed field. Finally, the land was unrolled, flat again, a length of figured linoleum. It was our plantation of 100,000 acres of sugar cane, like a well-kept lawn of many shadings of green.

"From this viewpoint and elevation," my host shouted, "you might say that life down there was provincial, perhaps not even civilized!"

"You never can tell," I shouted back. "To the people on earth down there, we don't look like much either, only a pin point perhaps."

**POLO HANDICAPS**

THROUGHOUT most of the changes noted in the handicap lists of the United States Polo Association which became effective throughout the country December 1, there is an upward revision, including some veterans and several of the younger players who have been showing progress the past couple of seasons.

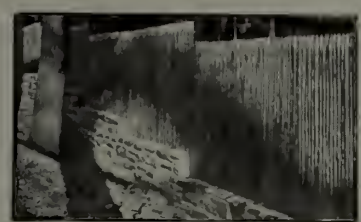
The latest handicaps, which will carry through the season of 1940, leave Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Stewart B. Iglehart and Cecil Smith at the top of the list with the 10-goal rating. The fourth to hold that rating during the past season, Michael G. Phipps, has been lowered to 9 goals, at which point he has been joined by Winston F. C. Guest, raised from 7 goals, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, raised from 8 goals, and Robert Skene, from 7.

Guest played with the United States team against Great Britain last June, Tyrrell-Martin and Skene both played with the invaders. Each remained here to take part in our Open Championship, Tyrrell-Martin aiding Bostwick Field in winning that title and Skene playing brilliantly for Greentree, the runners-up.

Two other members of Bostwick Field were raised in the new listing, Elbridge T. Gerry going from 7 goals to 8 and his brother, Robert L. Gerry, Jr., from 6 to 7.

Two other 7-goal players were made with raises given to George Oliver and Terence Preece, both going from the 6-goal mark. Two of

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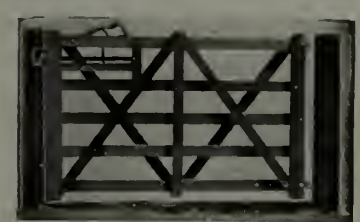
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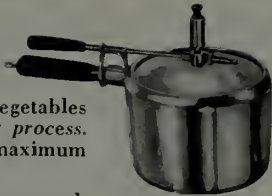
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the younger players reached the 6-goal figure, Peter Grace and Clarence Combs, both among the most highly regarded of the rising group of players.

Other interesting changes among younger players saw Alan Corey, Charles von Stade and Jay Secor going from 4 to 5 and George Mead from 3 to 4.

A complete list of the changes follows:

Name	Club	From	To
Aaberg, Charles, Oak Brook		2	3
Adams, Lt. J. Y., Army		New	0
Akers, Lt. R. F., Jr., Army		0	1
Aldwell, Lea, Fairfield		1	2
Allen, F. S., Meadow Brook		2	1
Almy, Robert B., Dedham		1	2
Anderson, Lt. C. H., Army		1	0
Andrae, Lt. H. H., Army		New	0
Andrews, William, Los Tamaracs		3	4
Armstrong, John B., Meadow Brook		2	3
Atwell, George J., Jr., Meadow Brook		2	1
Ayer, Frederick, Myopia		2	1

Badenhop, Norman, Monmouth County		0	1
Bahr, Lt. R. C., Army		0	1
Bannister, John, Oak Brook		New	1
Barden, Capt. A. R. S., Army		2	3
Barnett, Ralph, Harbor Hills		0	1
Barry, Harold, Houston		4	5
Barry, Paul, Austin		4	5
Barry, Roy, Southern Hills		4	5
Beadleston, A. N., Rumson & Sirewsbury		0	1
Bell, Arch, Southern Hills		New	0
Bernstein, Vernon, San Mateo-Burlingame		New	0
Berry, George B., Kansas City		0	1
Biddle, Capt. W. S., Army		2	1
Bixel, Capt. C. P., Army		1	2
Blaha, Lt. E. C., Army		New	0
Boeuf, Count Carlo, Big Horn		New	0
Borden, Gen. H. S., Rumson & Shrewsbury		3	1
Borzage, Frank, Uplifters		1	2
Bostwick, Dunbar, Bostwick Field		6	5
Brewster, Capt. M. W., Army		1	2
Britton, Lt. F. H., Army		1	0
Brooks, Gallion, Maryland		New	0
Brooks, Lt. George W., Jr., 110th Field Art.		0	1
Burns, M. B., Camden		0	1

Cadwalader, Henry, Penlynn		New	0
Campbell, John, Twin Cities		0	1
Candler, Lt. H. W., Army		New	0
Carlisle, Floyd, Blind Brook		New	0
Carroll, Del., Pegasus		0	1
Carroll, W., Hunting Valley		New	0
Carusone, Lt. J. J., Army		New	0
Case, Paul, Pogonip		New	0
Chambers, Francis T., Jr., Penlynn		1	2
Chandler, Lt. T. W., Army		New	0
Chapman, Maj. C. P., Army		1	2
Childers, Cecil, Oak Brook		4	5
Chisholm, William H., Blind Brook		1	2
Christensen, Lt. D. P., Army		0	1
Clarke, Humphrey O., Santa Barbara Co.		New	0
Cllyburn, Capt. J. W., Army		New	2
Collier, Capt. J. H., Army		0	1
Combs, Clarence C., Jr., Pegasus		5	6
Compton, Lt. C. C., Army		New	0
Corey, Alan L., Jr., Meadow Brook		4	5
Cowperthwaite, John, Burnt Mills		New	1
Craig, Maj. W. H., Army		2	1
Crawford, Allan, Aknusti		New	2
Crites, Hershell, Santa Barbara		4	3
Critz, Lt. H. H., Army		1	2
Cross, Tom, Pikes Peak		2	3
Culpepper, Maj. R. W., Army (USMC)		New	0
Culton, Maj. H. G., Army		2	1
Curtin, Andrew, Monmouth County		New	1
Curtis, Maj. R. W., Army		1	2

Damon, Lt. J. C., Army		New	0
Daniels, Forrest L., Twin Cities		New	0
Daniels, John H., Twin Cities		0	2
Dannemiller, Lt. E. McC., Army		New	0
Davey, William, Del Monte		New	1
Davis, Lt. K. S., Army		New	0
Davison, Lt. M. S., Army		New	0
Decker, Stan, Uplifters		New	1
Deery, Capt. J. J., Army		1	0
Dempsey, Gerald, Meadow Brook		3	4
Dewey, Capt. F. O., Army		2	1
Dillingham, H. Gaylord, Hawaii		2	3
Dinkelspiel, Lloyd, San Mateo-Burlingame		0	1
Doan, Capt. L. L., Army		1	0
Downey, Lt. S. W., Army		New	2
Draper, Lt. P. H., Jr., Army		0	1
Dritt, William, Houston		3	4
DuBose, C. P., Jr., Camden		1	2
Dunn, Fred S., Blind Brook		0	1

East, Harry, Burnt Mills		5	4
Eaton, Lt. S. K., Army		New	0
Eckert, Capt. H. D., Army		1	0
Elias, Harry, Blind Brook		New	0
Elliott, William C., Philadelphia		1	0
Elmslie, W. G., Pikes Peak		1	2
Enemark, Lt. W. A., Army		New	1
Eshelman, Roy, West Shore		0	1
Evans, Henry J., Jr., Loudonville		1	2
Evinger, Harry, Fairfield & Houston		4	6

Fink, Merrill, Blind Brook		4	5
Fink, Wesley, Blind Brook		1	2
Finley, Lt. G. S., Jr., Army		New	1
Fitch, Ralph, Harbor Hills		1	2
Fitzsimons, H. A., San Antonio		0	1
Flagg, David, Philadelphia		0	1
Fleming, Wallace, Pogonip		New	0
Fletcher, Dan, Midwick		0	1
Fletcher, Frank, Midwick		1	0
Fletcher, Donald, Manila		New	0
Flint, William, Southern Hills		New	0
Foot, George F., 110th Field Artillery		1	2
Fowler, Anderson, Burnt Mills		2	3
Fox, Frank, Bostwick Field		0	1
Franklin, Lt. J. F., Jr., Army		3	2
Frownfelter, Frank, West Shore		1	2

Galbreath, Gerald, Southern Hills		1	2
Gardner, Don, Big Horn		0	1
Gaver, Raymond, Harbor Hills		New	0
Gerry, Elbridge T., Meadow Brook		7	8
Gerry, Robert L., Jr., Meadow Brook		6	7
Gillis, Bobby, Pogonip		New	0
Gillmore, Capt. W. N., Army		2	1
Gillmore, William G., San Mateo-Burlingame		1	2
Gilson, Leo, Pittsfield		New	0
Gloekner, Donald, Loudonville		1	0
Gooch, Lt. S. W., Army		0	1
Goodwin, Lt. J. E., Army		New	0
Grace, J. P., Jr., Meadow Brook		5	6
Graham, Haldane, Pogonip		New	0
Gray, Lt. W. S., Army		New	0
Green, Lt. M. L., Army		New	0
Grier, Lt. J. L., Army		New	0
Guernsey, Arnold, Kansas City		0	1
Guest, Winston F. C., Gulf Stream		7	9
Guille, Peter, Bostwick Field		0	1

Haas, George, Jr., Blind Brook		New	0
Hains, Capt. P. C., Army		New	0
Hall, Maj. W. C., Army		New	0
Harris, Frank H., Harbor Hills		New	1
Harris, Otis, Harbor Hills		New	0
Harrison, Capt. E. L., Army		2	1
Hartman, Willis L., Fairfield		2	3
Hartshorn, Lt. E. S., Army		New	1
Harvey, Lt. T. C., Jr., Army		New	0
Hawes, Lt. B. W., Army		New	0
Hayden, Peter, Philadelphia		1	2
Hempt, Max, West Shore		New	1
Hensey, Capt. W. R., Jr., Army		2	1
Heriot, Lt. J. J., Army		1	0
Herrick, Lt. C. J., Army		New	0
Hersberger, Lt. J. D., Army		New	0
Hicks, Mercer, Blind Brook		New	0
Hill, Capt. J. P., Army		0	1
Hillman, E. A., Jr., Santa Barbara		1	0
Hines, Lt. B. D., Army		New	1
Hoch, Herman, Blind Brook		New	1
Hochschwender, Herman K., Blind Brook		1	2
Hogan, Lt. S. M., Army		New	0
Holloway, W. G., Sr., Meadow Brook		1	0
Holloway, W. G., Jr., Meadow Brook		0	1
Holt, Tim, Midwick Country		3	2
Holton, Lt. E. F., Army		New	0
Hopping, E. W., Aiken		5	4
Hyde, Charles Lee, Jr., Twin Cities		0	1

Inskip, Lt. J. L., Army		New	1
Ivory, John F., Jr., Detroit		New	0

Jackson, Carl A., Maryland		1	2
Jamson, J. V., 3rd, Maryland		1	2
Jamson, Richard A., Maryland		0	1
Janzan, Lt. R. V. D., Army		0	1
Jennings, John, Uplifters		New	0
Johnstone, A. V., Santa Barbara		3	2
Jones, Lt. S. E., Army		0	1
Jordan, Gerald, El Valle		0	1

Kalakuka, Capt. T., Army		New	0
Kemper, David Woods, Kansas City		New	0
Kemper, James M., Jr., Kansas City		1	0
Knox, Seymour H., East Aurora		6	5
Koontz, Maj. Amos R., 110th Field Art.		0	1
Kurtz, Bruce, Midwick		0	1
Kuykendall, William, Shreveport		4	5

Lambe, Claude, Fairfield		1	2
Lauman, Lt. P. G., Jr., Army		New	0
Law, Theodore N., Southern Hills		2	1
Learman, Lt. B. L., Army		New	0
Le Moine, Lt. McP., Army		New	0
Leuschner, R. D., Del Monte		1	2
Lewis, John H., Dedham		0	1
Lightfoot, Carl, Camden		New	2
Lindquist, Lt. C. L., Army		New	0
Loewenstein, Robert, Bostwick Field		3	4

MacNeely, Capt. C. O., Army		1	0
Maddox, Capt. H. G., Army		2	1
Maraist, Maj. R. V., Army		2	3
Martin, J. W. Y., Maryland		1	0
McAllister, H. J., Oak Brook		New	0
McGowan, Walter, Pogonip		New	0
McMaster, Capt. R. K., Army		0	1
Mead, George H., Jr., Meadow Brook		3	4
Means, Lt. D. E., Army		New	0
Milburn, John, Meadow Brook		2	3
Millenbruck, Capt. E. L., Army		New	0
Miller, Capt. A. M., 3rd, Army		1	0
Miller, Gilbert, West Shore		New	0
Minor, Lt. G. H., Army		New	0
Mitchell, Lt. C. B., Army		New	0
Morrison, Leith, Riviera		2	1
Morrison, Morris, Riviera		2	1
Mudge, Capt. V. D., Army		New	1
Murphy, J. Philip, San Mateo-Burlingame		New	0
Murray, Lt. C. R., Army		0	1
Myers, Ralph, Del Monte		1	2



Naumburg, Phillip, Blind Brook	New	0
Nelson, Lt. R. E., Army	New	0
Niehoff, J. Bauer, 103rd Cavalry	New	0
Niehoalds, Robert, Oak Brook	4	5
Noble, Capt. C. H., Army	2	3
Norvell, Lt. J. E., Army	New	0
Nunn, Gilmore, Troquels	New	0

Williams, Guim, Riviera	4	5
Williams, H. W., Austin & Shrewsbury	6	5
Williams, R. W., Riviera	1	2
Wilson, Lt. H. B., Army	New	3
Whun, Lt. J. R., Army	New	0
Worton, W. A., Army	New	0
Wrynn, Vincent, Squadron C	New	0

Oden, Lt. D. M., Army	New	0
O'Keefe, Maj. D., Army	1	0
Olliver, George A., Jr., Monmouth County	6	7
O'Meara, Lt. A. P., Army	1	0
Ostrander, Lt. D. R., Army	New	0

Zeller, Capt. H. M., Army	1	0
Zimmerman, Frank, West Shore	New	0

### ENGLISH HOUNDS

Paec, Hollis, Fairfield	1	2
Paddock, J. Howland, Midwick	4	3
Parker, Lt. D., Jr., Army	0	1
Parks, George R., Kansas City	0	1
Parsells, Albert, Pegasus	0	1
Pesaock, Dan, Fairfield	3	2
Peeke, Lt. C. N., Army	New	0
Penrose, Julian, Phila. City Cavalry	1	0
Perkins, A. P., Midwick & Pikes Peak	5	4
Phillips, Hubert, Meadow Brook	1	2
Phillips, J. H. H., Meadow Brook	5	4
Phillips, Michael G., Meadow Brook	10	9
Polk, Lt. J. E., Army	New	0
Pool, Joseph F., Myopia	1	3
Preese, Terence Q., Del Monte	6	7
Preet, Lt. C. Jr., Army	New	0
Price, Lt. Col. T. E., Army	1	2
Prince, F. H., Jr., Meadow Brook	3	2
Prior, Frank, Jr., Southern Hills	New	1
Proctor, L. (Bill), Midwick	New	0
Puckett, T. Lyle, Riviera	2	1
Purnell, Henry, Southern Hills	New	1

Quill, Capt. J. B., Army	0	1
Quintanilla, N. A., San Antonio	New	0
Quisenberry, J. B., Blind Brook	1	0

Rand, William B., Jr., Pittsfield	2	3
Reed, Lt. A. W., Army	New	0
Reed, Hobart, Houston	3	2
Rlee, C. G., 2nd, Myopia	0	1
Robertson, Charles, Camden	New	2
Rogers, Charles, Riviera	1	2
Rogers, Lt. G. F., Army	1	2
Roxas, Eduardo, Los Tamaeos	1	0
Rubio, Carlos Perez, Jr., Los Tamaeos	New	0
Rush, Harvey D., Jr., Kansas City	0	1
Russ, Lt. J. R., Army	New	0

Sands, Capt. T. J., Army	New	0
Sanford, Stephen, West Chester	6	5
Sapia-Bosch, Maj. T. A., Army	0	1
Scheldrup, Alfred, Twin Cities	0	1
Scherrer, Lt. E. C. D., Army	New	0
Schiffer, Herbert, Norwood & Monmouth	0	1
Schiffer, Kenneth, Blind Brook	1	2
Schull, Lt. E., Army	New	0
Scott, Capt. J. D., Army	2	3
Seull, R. Barclay, Penlynn	1	0
Schwartzmann, Melvin, Riviera	0	1
Seor, Jay K., Meadow Brook	4	5
Shea, Lt. L. C., Army	New	0
Sheldon, Capt. C. A., Army	New	0
Shew, William D., Farmington Valley	0	2
Shiffet, Capt. A. W., Army	New	0
Short, Maj. J. C., Army	New	1
Shrout, Sgt. Ambrose, Army	New	1
Skene, Robert, Bostwick Field	7	9
Skidmore, Billy, El Rancho	4	5
Smith, Glenn, West Shore	1	2
Smith, Robert M., Kansas City	New	0
Snellenburg, Nathan, Philadelphia	New	1
Springer, Howard, Manila	New	0
Stefani, A. J., Detroit	New	0
Stephenson, Capt. W. G., Army	2	3
Stevenson, Malcolm, Meadow Brook	2	1
Stirling, Lester, Del Monte Polo	1	2
Stoddard, L. E., Jr., Meadow Brook	2	3
Stokes, W. Standley, Jr., Philadelphia	New	0
Storer, Lt. George F., 110th Field Artillery	0	1
Sudduth, Lt. D. W., Army	2	3
Sundt, Lt. H. S., Army	New	1
Surles, Lt. A. D., Jr., Army	New	0

Tabor, Phillip, Jr., Southern Hills	New	0
Taylor, Stanley, Blind Brook	New	4
Taylor, Lt. Col. T. F., Army	New	0
Tejan, Fred, Southern Hills	3	2
Thackeray, Lt. D. W., Army	New	0
Thelmer, Lt. J. E., Army	2	1
Thornburgh, Capt. T. T., Army	3	2
Tips, B., San Antonio	New	1
Tiernan, Bartholomew, Squadron C	New	0
Todd, Maj. W. N., Army	New	0
Topper, Kirby S., Camden	1	2
Truxton, Lt. T., Army	New	0
Tyrell-Martin, Eric, Del Monte	8	9

Van Houten, Capt. J. G., Army	2	1
Ven, Tony, Uplifters	0	3
Von Stade, Charles S., Meadow Brook	4	5

Walker, Lt. E. A., Army	3	4
Wallach, Lt. M., Army	New	1
Walsh, Tom, Gulf Stream	3	5
Walson, Lt. C. W., Army	New	0
Weber, Lt. R. E., Jr., Army	0	2
Wesner, Capt. C., Army	3	1
West, Lt. W. W., 3rd, Army	New	3
Westmoreland, Lt. W. C., Army	New	0
Weyrauch, Lt. P. R., Army	0	1
Whalen, Lt. H. K., Army	0	1
Wheeler, C. W., Loudonville	1	0
White, Carlton, Pogonip	New	0
White, Capt. I. D., Army	2	1
White, Capt. Wesley J., Uplifters	3	2
Whitehead, Lt. A. K., Army	New	0
Williams, David, Jr., Southern Hills	New	1

WAR has forced England's North Cotswold Hunt to abandon hunting and the Master, W. W. B. Scott, has shipped the pick of his pack to this country. The draft arrived in New York in October, twelve couple going to Mason Houghland, Master of the Hillsboro Hounds, and five couple to J. Simpson Dean, Master of the Vicmead Hunt.

The North Cotswold hounds had the reputation of being one of the best hunting packs in England and were sent here for safe-keeping, with *carte blanche* as to use, breeding and future disposition.

Despite a very slow crossing, the hounds arrived in excellent condition. Those with the Vicmead were regularly hunting within ten days of arrival and shortly after that all participated in a most unusual run.

The pack of over 20 couple ran a fox for some three miles in open country, within view of Master and huntsman, and in what amounted to a race. For the entire distance a blanket could have covered the entire pack and, although an American hound led, there was no noticeable difference in the speed of the acclimated pack and that of the newly arrived English hounds. Two broken-coated bitches appeared to lack extreme speed but there was no tailing out; all hunted as a pack.

However, the new arrivals could readily be picked out as they hunted in the typical English manner.

In appearance they are quite unlike the traditional Peterboro type, lacking the bulkiness and exaggerated straightness which fashion has decreed. All are predominately white in color and several show, by their broken coats, the Welsh influence in their breeding.

This dissimilarity is not the result of chance but has been carefully produced through supervised breeding since the World War. Isaac Bell and Sir Edward Curre started a movement nearly twenty years ago to place nose and cry as the primary characteristics to be sought for in brood stock, rather than a standardized appearance.

Scott joined in the movement and, using Sir Edward's Welsh foxhounds for a cross, has developed a splendid working hound with excellent nose and greatly improved cry. The draft are uniform and even in appearance and, regardless of their Welsh blood, are all registered in the English Foxhound Stud Book.

Dean considers the new hounds a definite contribution to the conformation of the Vicmead pack and the excellence of their nose and cry has become a matter of record. It will be interesting to see the results of breeding operations already under consideration.

D. v. I.

## A Worthington Estate Ranger gives you better-looking lawns and plenty of power and traction for mowing and light farming



Hard rubber rollers enable Worthington Cutting Units to overlap on concrete, brick or flagstone walks without injury — only rubber touches the ground. Saves time and labor of hand-trimming later. Pneumatic tires all around prevent rutting of turf, save trees from harm and enable the Estate Ranger to transport itself, with cutting units hydraulically raised, from one mowing area to another without injury to curbs and walks.



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## RACING

**T**HAT this is a time when racing is at a very critical point, no student of sport or the turf can seriously question. The difficulties now being experienced in such key states as New York and New Jersey are evidence enough.

The example set at the Keeneland track in Kentucky is therefore doubly important.

Most followers of racing know that Keeneland is a "model" track. Situated in the heart of the Bluegrass, it is properly operated primarily for the good of racing—not for the pockets of promoters or the pleasure of politicians. The track aims at racing of the best type, so conducted as to pay its own way, but entirely to eschew a profit.

In its few years of existence, Keeneland has done well. The racing has been excellent; the atmosphere has been just what it should have been; expenses have been covered; purses have risen. Keeneland has distinctly been a credit to the turf.

Now the Keeneland directors want to go a step further. They want to reorganize their association so that all the net receipts after expenses are paid shall be turned over to educational institutions devoted to the horse, its health, its breed, such as the Experiment Station of the University of Kentucky.

Our congratulations to Keeneland.

## STEEPLECHASE

**A** NEW type of steeplechase has been introduced this year, to be run at three of the big tracks. This race is the result of months of work by a special committee of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, appointed to develop ideas that should further stimulate interest in steeplechasing in 1940, and consisting of F. Ambrose Clark, A. C. Bostwick, Morris H. Dixon and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

The Spring Maiden Steeplechase, a subscription stake, will be run as a series of three races during the spring meetings at Pimlico and Belmont Park and the annual meeting at Delaware Park. Subscriptions of \$150 each (\$50 for each race), entitle the subscriber to name *one* horse for the series of three races, and close March 15, 1940. Horses must be named on or before April 15. Each of the three racing associations will add a sum equivalent to the subscription fees or a maximum of \$2,000 each, the subscriptions to be divided equally between the three races. Each race should carry a value of at least \$4,000.

Conditions specify four-year-olds and upward, maidens at the time of closing entries. Weights are five pounds below scale and penalties—for winners after the closing of entries—vary from three pounds for the winner of a race to 16 pounds for the winner of \$2,000 twice.

The Croatan Steeplechase, to be run March 16 at the Sandhill meeting, near Southern Pines, was modeled after the Spring Maiden with entries confined to non-winners over brush. Entries closed February 1 with 20 subscriptions of better than average quality for a hunt meeting; nine of the entries have raced over hurdles, at least three have accomplished something on the flat and one was a timber horse last season. The innovation has already stimulated added interest and should be equally popular. D. v. I.

## SOCIABILITY

**A**SK any horseman you know who is sixty years old—or older—and he will remember the sociability there used to be around the race tracks.

A man of sixty is suggested, because a much younger one couldn't recall the Sunday clambakes at Sheepshead Bay, or the trainers' outings at Saratoga Lake, at which grooms and exercise boys were welcome and at which owners of the largest stables, racing officials, and bookmakers met in the honest goodfellowship prescribed in the dictum that all men are equal on the turf and under.

Slightly younger people who have spent their lives around horses can speak with nostalgia of the almost community Christmas celebrations at New Orleans and Juarez. But with the transition from sport to Big Business, and the coming of so many new magnificent race courses, whose boards of directors and stockholders are frankly commercial, much of the old cordiality has gone out of racing.

Sentimentalists will be glad to know, however, that it's not dead. Only a short time ago it was revived with more than a faint flush at Hialeah Park. A day or two before Christmas, Marshall Cassidy, who looks after racing at the Miami Jockey Club for Joseph Widener, thought it would be a pleasant holiday gesture to serve a tot of eggnog to all the grooms and exercise boys at the track. Trainers, jockeys, and clockers were welcome, too, but the party really was for the men who do the horses.

It also was an experiment to see if the old spirit really was dead.

So he telephoned Mr. Widener, who was in Philadelphia, and Mr. Widener was delighted with the idea. And so Cassidy and some of Frank Stevens' handy men brewed an enormous quantity of eggnog, for there are around five hundred stablehands at Hialeah Park. It was good eggnog, too; made from a famous recipe with nothing but the best ingredients—cases of eggs, gallons of cream, sherry, brandy and whiskey—plenty of good whiskey.

And at six o'clock on Christmas morning, which is about half an hour before the first sets come out on the track, he loaded the

stuff, in five-gallon milk cans, into a truck decorated with holiday bunting, and started his rounds of the stables.

The first stop was at the barns of the Wheatley, Belair, and Greentree Stables, where everyone was invited to have a Christmas drink with the compliments of the Miami Jockey Club. Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains the Phipps and Woodward horses, observes the holiday by giving each of his charges an extra apple and a couple of lumps of sugar, and Mrs. Payne Whitney sends every employee of Greentree a gift, but the men were a bit hesitant and uncertain nevertheless. Yet before the truck left its next stop, the Calumet Farm Stable, and George Odom's barn, everybody was coming back for a second helping.

Curiously, but perhaps not so curiously after all, the appreciation of the swipes in shed-row—or what would correspond to shed-row if it weren't Hialeah Park—was keener than around the big stables.

The party lasted about two hours and nobody was forgotten. There was even a can of eggnog at the starting gate for the boys who might have missed the wagon because they were out with a set of horses.

If there's a moral to this Christmas story—and I suppose there must be to all Christmas stories—I expect it is that a race track isn't a bad place to be after all. Also, I fancy that there'll be no stablemen's strike at Hialeah Park this winter. G. F. T. R.

## STARTING GATES

**O**NE of the developments of 1940 will be the general introduction of new starting gates.

Several have been tested and, apparently, two types have already passed muster. One is the so-called Santa Anita-Westinghouse Control Gate, which was to be used officially for the first time at Santa Anita when the meeting opened there on December 30. The other is the Puett Electric Starting Gate, which has been used with success in Canada, was tried out publicly last fall at Pimlico, and is installed on Eastern tracks this spring.

The two gates are not dissimilar in general plan, though they differ somewhat in detail. Both have padded stalls approximately 28 inches wide from the ground to the stirrups, then widening to 35 to permit more arm and leg room for the jockeys. Both have double gates that open outwardly from each stall, so designed as to make horses break straight. The one has protective webbing behind to keep horses from backing out; the other accomplishes the same end by a protective bar.

The principal difference, apparently, between the Santa Anita-Westinghouse Control Gate and the Puett Gate lies in the locking arrangement employed. The Santa Anita gates are locked by electric magnets and open when



the current is cut. The Puett Gate uses the Douglas airplane bomb locks, such as are standard equipment for the U. S. Army and Navy war planes, and release when the current is turned on.

The latter locks have never been known to fail. The gate was tested 50,000 times by the Douglas people, and in the months of actual use at Vancouver, Bay Meadows, Tanforan and Pimlico, there has never been a failure, mechanically. The only failure on record occurred recently in Maryland when an assistant starter failed properly to close a stall, resulting in one horse being "left." This failure caused Puett to put a double check on the closing of the gates to prevent a recurrence.

The magnetized starting gate is not considered as difficult to introduce as were other innovations at Santa Anita Park. When Santa Anita Park opened in 1934, the photographic finish of each race through photo-electric cells the United States. Its value to prevent errors and assure spectators and contestants of accuracy in the placing of the horses is now generally recognized and is in operation on all leading tracks.

Electrical timing was installed first at Santa Anita Park four years ago and has continued in operation. Timing each quarter and the finish of each race through photo-electric cells and other equipment, and having the results immediately flashed on the board, was a step forward. It eliminated possible human error in timing and gives an accurate measure of speed at which the horses are running.

The advent of the Santa Anita-Westinghouse Control Gate will not make necessary Santa Anita's precautionary and protective high-speed motion picture camera to accurately record each start, which had been a regular practice for the past couple seasons.

**REGISTRATIONS**

THE registration of Thoroughbred foals reached an all-time high in 1939 with 6,257, almost a 10% increase over the previous record year, 1938. Such an uptrend in a year when the future is uncertain, when

costs of feeding and stabling are going up, when no one knows what is coming next, is truly remarkable.

The records for the past thirty years show some fascinating changes. In 1909, thirty years previously, the total number of registrations was little more than half of last year's, 3,124, while twenty years ago they amounted to less than a third of the 1939 total. (Incidentally 1919 was not the low spot for registrations, for in 1913 only 1,740 foals were reported.)

A great many changes of interest have occurred.

In 1909, most Thoroughbreds foaled were intended for the racetrack. A few years later, when the present Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes led New York to legislate against betting, the demand for Thoroughbreds practically disappeared. When the World War ended in 1919 there were only 1,829 registrations.

Since then the demand for Thoroughbreds—and of course no horse deserves the description Thoroughbred in this country unless it is actually in the American Stud Book—has increased immeasurably. Today most of the top polo ponies are Thoroughbreds as well as an increasingly large proportion of hunters. Indeed, many Thoroughbreds are foaled whose owners are not in the least interested in racing but keenly interested in the added value given their stock by the fact that they are "in the book."

D. v. I.

**TODAY and TOMORROW**

*"And good men follow the good men gone.  
Hark! They're running, they're running on.  
The old give way to the eager young.  
And still do the running dogs give tongue."*

ONE of the Casanova Hunt's most valuable assets is the keenness of its Young Entry, meaning children this time, not hounds. There are a number of them, at least a baker's dozen, ranging from six to 16 years of age, who are ready, willing, but not quite able as yet to follow the hoofbeats of their

elders. Something just had to be done about it.

Miss Charlotte St. George Nourse, former M.F.H. of the Casanova Hunt, had a seeing eye which looked into the future as well as the present.

She appointed herself a committee of one, personally to escort the children across country every Saturday, weather permitting. Knowing the country thoroughly, and the way of foxes and hounds, she gives the children glimpses of the chase and enables them to tune in on the music that only hounds in full cry can make, and an occasional sight of the hunted fox fills their cup of happiness to overflowing.

All the while, the children are absorbing, unknowingly perhaps, valuable training from Miss Nourse's wealth of experience.

Parents are not always hunt-minded and are sometimes known to discourage their youngsters, and rightly so unless they are



The Casanova Hunt cares for its children

satisfied as to their safety. Even a hunting parent is very reluctant to pilot a son or daughter through a day's hunting, but there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that your child is growing up in the way he or she should grow, with a minimum of risk. They learn self-reliance, courtesy, and consideration for their mounts.

The field catches a glimpse of the children from time to time, silhouetted against the skyline, or standing out in bold relief, against a tapestry of red and yellow leaves. They marvel at their being so well placed, not too close, nor yet too far; only one well versed in the art of the chase, could maneuver it so cleverly.

It is not uncommon for a member of the field to join the juniors, after a stiff run, in lieu of a second horse, knowing full well that he has had enough, yet reluctant to call it a day.

The youngsters jump occasionally, but if there is any doubt as to the pony's or the rider's ability, the rider dismounts and leads over.

A season or two with this auxiliary field is often all that is necessary before a child can hold his own with the oldtimers.

The Young Entry of today are the M.F.H.s of tomorrow, and here is to the long life of the Casanova Hunt, may its music and its hoofbeats echo down the years! T.J.A.

**HORSE ASSOCIATION**

AT the annual meeting of the Horse and Mule Association of America, held at the Palmer House, Chicago, in December, Louis E. Stoddard of New York, internationally famous polo player and for years chairman of the United States Polo Association,



How to get children started hunting, safely, is a serious problem



was elected president of the association. Grant Good, Belgian breeder from Ogden, Iowa, was elected first vice-president; W. H. Weeks, general manager of the Kansas City Stock Yards, second vice-president, and F. M. Holmes of New Britain, Conn., treasurer. Wayne Dinsmore continues as executive secretary.

Directors elected were E. N. Gosselin, Joliet, Illinois; A. B. Hancock, Paris, Ky.; F. M. Holmes, New Britain, Conn.; W. A. Schwahn, Eau Claire, Wis.; J. J. Searcy, National Stock Yards, Ill., and Louis E. Stoddard of New York.

The meeting was attended by horse and mule men and men from allied industries from 21 states. Interest was keen.

Besides the routine business, election of officers, etc., the members present listened to addresses bearing directly on horse and mule production and use.

Dr. H. W. Schoeing, chief of the Pathological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, in an address on equine encephalomyelitis stated that the number of cases occurring had decreased enormously over 1938; that in 1938 there were 184,000 cases, while in 1939 there were only 7,869 cases reported to date.

Addresses were made in the afternoon by Thomas P. Cooper, director of the Kentucky Experiment Station, and by Dr. B. J. Errington of their division of animal pathology on periodic ophthalmia, commonly called moon blindness, in horses.

Dr. Schwartz made an exhaustive address on internal parasites in horses which cause great damage, but which may be controlled by proper sanitation and treatment. An article by him on this subject will appear in an early issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

## QUITTERS

**F**AILURE of race horses to take advantage of openings to go between horses ahead of them, even if they have the speed to do it, is not necessarily the sign of a quitter.

The horse may have defective vision, suggests Dr. B. J. Errington of the Department of Animal Pathology, University of Kentucky, who spoke at the annual meeting of the Horse and Mule Association of America. Shying on the part of race horses, animals that shy at shadows, or saddle horses that fail to hold their gait when working with other horses—all of these are signs of defective vision, Dr. Errington said.

While a farm work horse, or a broodmare, can still be useful with only 50 percent sight, any loss of vision on the part of a racing, polo, hunting or riding horse will hamper the usefulness of the individual. For in horses of this type perfect performance means perfect sight, Dr. Errington brought out. And in this connection, he said, it is important that handlers or prospective buyers of horses train themselves to detect periodic and acute ophthalmia, or blindness.

According to Dr. Errington, the average laymen can, by careful examination and observation, learn to detect various stages of defective vision in horses. Acute cases of ophthalmia in which the membrane of the eye is inflamed, the lids closed because of pain or irritation caused by light, are comparatively easy to detect. A common cause of trouble in these cases is irritation or injury

caused by a foreign substance, Dr. Errington told horsemen. Where injury is severe the eye may take on a cloudy appearance, or an opaque spot may appear.

But in cases of periodic blindness there are numerous symptoms. In chronic cases there may be a gradual decrease in the size of the eye with the chance of total blindness in direct proportion to the decrease in size. Irregularities in the shape of the pupil of the eye, cataracts, or large pieces of black pigmentation, are other symptoms of defective vision that can be detected with a little practice.

Nearsightedness in horses is usually not bad enough to affect performance, except in Thoroughbreds or polo mounts, Dr. Errington reported. In some cases of nearsightedness the horses act normally in the stable or pasture. But when in training, or on the track, they become nervous and unmanageable, cannot be guided in a straight path, and will not run with other horses.

## EXPERIMENTAL HANDICAP

**E**ACH year the wise and knowing J. B. Campbell makes public his "Experimental Handicap," which is his rating of the two-year-olds and gives a line on what he expects them to do at three. It is an interesting list, and parts of it will create considerable argument.

We publish it here as a matter of public interest:

Bimelech . . . . .	130	Bashful Duck . . . . .	116
Carrier Pigeon . . . . .	126	Call to Colors . . . . .	116
Andy K. . . . .	124	Camp Verde . . . . .	116
Roman Flag . . . . .	124	Charlieinfeld . . . . .	116
Calory . . . . .	123	Briar Sharp . . . . .	115
Dit . . . . .	123	Jacomar . . . . .	115
Flight Command . . . . .	121	Merry Knight . . . . .	115
Now What . . . . .	119	Miss Ferdinand . . . . .	115
Boy Angler . . . . .	118	Mythical . . . . .	115
Epatant . . . . .	118	Parasang . . . . .	115
Rough Pass . . . . .	118	Philosopher . . . . .	115
Straight Lead . . . . .	118	Polymelior . . . . .	115
Victory Morn . . . . .	118	Sirocco . . . . .	115
Barnet . . . . .	117	Smart Bet . . . . .	115
Roman . . . . .	117	Your Chance . . . . .	115
Sir Mill . . . . .	117	Barre Granite . . . . .	114
Star Chance . . . . .	117	Faymar . . . . .	114

Fenelon . . . . .	114	Bonzar . . . . .	108
Skin Deep . . . . .	114	Cardell . . . . .	108
Abrasion . . . . .	112	Chatted . . . . .	108
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Stagefright . . . . .	112	Ginobi . . . . .	108
Third Covey . . . . .	112	Glorious Time . . . . .	108
Williamstown . . . . .	112	Jeanne d'Arc . . . . .	108
Betty's Bobby . . . . .	110	Liberty Kerr . . . . .	108
Bold and Bad . . . . .	110	Red Dock . . . . .	108
Clyde Tolson . . . . .	110	Strawberry . . . . .	108
Drury Lane . . . . .	110	The Gob . . . . .	108
Ekwanok . . . . .	110	Wake Robin . . . . .	108
Gen'l Manager . . . . .	110	Woof Woof . . . . .	108
Liberty Franc . . . . .	110	Dotted Swiss . . . . .	105
Little Risk . . . . .	110	Dudie . . . . .	105
Maecaro . . . . .	110	Equifax . . . . .	105
Millbriar . . . . .	110	Inscold . . . . .	105
Piquet . . . . .	110	Mission Step . . . . .	105
Rameses . . . . .	110	Only Girl . . . . .	105
Rosetown . . . . .	110	Radiogram . . . . .	105
Rouslan . . . . .	110	Sun Mixa . . . . .	105
Small World . . . . .	110	True Call . . . . .	105
Teacher . . . . .	110	Cutter . . . . .	100
Tedbriar . . . . .	110	Dusky Fox . . . . .	100
War Beauty . . . . .	110	Grey Wolf . . . . .	100

## LARGEST HORSE

**S**TANDING 20 hands and one inch, the crown of his head, as held in the photograph, nine feet from the ground, weighing 2850 pounds, with a girth of nine feet and wearing a No. 9 shoe, Pat, the property of Frank C. Conner, of Donegal Farm, Phelps, N. Y., is the largest Suffolk ever bred.

His owner writes: "He was raised from normal parents and fed the same as the other colts, but grew faster and larger than they. He is still growing.

"At three years of age, he was broken to work and we never had a better work horse. After working two years he outgrew any horse we had for a mate. His sister, weighing a ton, looked small beside him.

"He was one of a family of four pure-bred colts, all full brothers and sisters. Pat has been exhibited from New England to Florida, and has made a host of friends."



Donegal Farm's Pat is not only the world's largest Suffolk, but a fine, friendly work-horse, too



## JAMES FITZSIMMONS

(Continued from page 46)

at seemingly brief intervals by the champions Omaha, Granville, and last year's brilliant three-year-old, Johnstown.

Fitzsimmons now trains for three well known owners in addition to Woodward. They are the Wheatley Stable (Mrs. H. C. Phipps), Whitney Stone and Ogden Phipps. His establishment is divided into three parts, the Belair Stable, the Wheatley Stable and the Combination Stable. Each one is run as a separate entity with a foreman in charge.

One of these foremen is Vincent Mara, son of the famous steeplechase jockey, Jimmy Mara. Over the three foremen is a superintendent, Tom Driscoll, who reports directly to Fitzsimmons. As his chief-of-staff, Mr. Fitz employs George Tappen, who was his valet in the days when he rode at the outlaw tracks.

Tappen, known as "Fish" because his father ran a sea-food restaurant, has another important function: he is the stable's official worrier. When someone comes to Fitzsimmons with a long face and tells him that such and such is very serious and should cause him great concern, Mr. Fitz will say, "All right! George, you worry about that."

The last and most important feature of the organization is the racing dynasty of Fitzsimmons. Mr. Fitz has three capable sons, all of whom are devoted to the turf. John looks after the complicated financial affairs of the stable, the taxes, expenses, winnings, etc. Jimmy and Harvey act as liaison officers for their father, and often do the actual saddling for him.

The entire Fitzsimmons family thinks, breathes and lives, racing. They have a complete library of moving picture films of the important races in which a Fitzsimmons horse has run. If an argument is started concerning any of these races, Mr. Fitz will say, "Just a minute, I'll prove it to you. John, get the projector."

The machinery is brought out and in a moment or two Granville will be galloping on a screen in a corner of the room. "Now watch," says Mr. Fitz. "See there! The boy hit him against orders. That's why he lost."

Once started on their pictures the Fitzsimmons are apt to keep on showing race after famous race until two or three o'clock in the morning.

To return to the stable, Fitzsimmons employs a man and a boy for each three horses in his charge, and there are always a few extra boys.

"I don't have as easy a time with my employees as Rowe did," says Mr. Fitz. "In those days, if a boy was disobedient, you gave him a clout on the head that soon taught him to mend his ways. Now you have to handle them with gloves, for they don't care whether they keep a job or not. If you don't feed them, the government will.

"It's hard to get boys now, too, what with the child labor laws and all the state insurance and compen-

sation laws. I don't dare let anybody, who isn't regularly on the payroll, even come near the stable for fear he'll be injured on the premises and file a big claim against me."

In spite of his difficulties with labor, every man in Fitzsimmons' employ is held strictly accountable for doing his job well, and their record is surprisingly good. The horses are given the most meticulous care. For instance, before any horse is saddled, even for an exercise gallop, his temperature is taken, and should it be in the least off normal, either up or down, he is kept in the barn until the trouble is rectified.

Fitzsimmons says his greatest difficulty with the cheap horses is getting them to eat enough. "A real good horse will always take his feed," he asserts, "but it is the very devil to get enough food into the cheap ones."

Rowe's hospital equipment consisted of rub rags, liniment and coolers, but Fitzsimmons takes full advantage of modern inventions. For sore joints and muscles he uses either diathermy or infra-red beams. "What's good for a man is good for a horse," is his motto.

This also applies to sunshine, in the benefits of which Fitzsimmons is a strong believer. "In the old days," he says, "they used to rout the horses out at 4:30 in the morning. I remember, when I was exercise boy for the Brennans, walking the horses around in the pitch darkness waiting for the dawn. The gallops used to be all over before ever the sun was up.<sup>1</sup>

"I made up my mind then, in those stifling dark hours, that when I had a stable, my horses should not be routed out in the middle of the night. It isn't good for them. They need sunshine, just like anybody else. Seven A.M. is plenty early to get them on the track."

"Besides," he adds, honestly, "I hate to get up early myself, and if I don't eat before I work I feel ill all day."

But in one thing Fitzsimmons has a harder life than Rowe. The Keenes' trainer had three full months off in the winter, but nowadays the horses run the year 'round. Mr. Fitz must follow them from Hialeah to Kentucky and Maryland, on up to the Metropolitan tracks, then to Saratoga and back over the same ground, with never a break in the travel.

Almost his only relaxation is going to the movies, in which he delights.<sup>2</sup> Sometimes he slips away from the track to go to an especially good show. Nevertheless he is, unlike Rowe, a very sociable man with a host of friends. This facet of his character is exemplified by his affectionate nicknames of "Sunny Jim," and "Mr. Fitz."

Also unlike Rowe, Fitzsimmons refuses to state which he considers the

<sup>1</sup> Maybe they worked so much in the dark to keep clockers confused.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Fitz went to the movies, quite unconcerned, the afternoon before Johnstown's great trial in the Preakness when practically everyone else interested in the horse was running around in circles.

# America's Own Masterpieces IN RIDING HARDWARE



FOR years, many horsemen believed that fine riding hardware must be imported. Then they began to notice Star Steel Silver. Attracted at first by its graceful beauty, they soon found it superior in performance, too.

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greatest horse he has ever trained. "Diavolo, Gallant Fox, Omaha, Granville, Johnstown," he says, "they all did what I asked of them. They were all good horses. I wouldn't try to judge them unless they actually met. It isn't fair."

Fitzsimmons is very modest about his preeminent position in his profession.

"You talk about great trainers," he says, "It takes great horses to make a great trainer. Without them he can do nothing; and the owners can help or hinder a lot, too. Mark this well: No man can do his best if he has to consider the whims of an interfering owner, but one who sends you fine horses and trusts you with them, deserves the utmost you can give him."

"That's the truth of it," says Mr. Fitz. "Great horses and wise owners make a trainer. I have been fortunate in having both."

#### FARNLEY

(Continued from page 50)

possibly the more recently used mares are the better. These youngsters have won ribbons in half-breed classes at Upperville, Culpepper, Carter Hall and other shows, though it is not until they are growing into maturity that they show to the best advantage, as they are slow to develop, and are not pushed in any way.

Of the half-dozen yearlings inspected there are five of the Cleveland-Thoroughbred cross, one by a Thoroughbred sire from a Cleveland mare. This youngster is notably lacking in quality as compared with his mates. It is Smith's opinion that more uniformly good results are obtained by using a good Cleveland stallion on blood mares, than vice-versa. Economically, this is the more readily accomplished, for there is a more or less unlimited supply of cheap Thoroughbred mares available, but a very limited supply of Clevelands. Shipping rates have recently been considerably increased, but it is still possible to import a good Cleveland stallion for about \$1250 but a good mare of the breed costs \$700 or \$800 to bring in.

Smith is well aware that most hunter breeders think that a Thoroughbred sire is a *sine qua non* of successful hunter breeding, but his experiments and observations prove otherwise to him. It is certain that the young hunter stock at Farnley is remarkably uniform in appearance, and the writer questions whether any Thoroughbred sire could have marked as evenly as many progeny from as many various mares. Smith tells me that he has hunted a number of Anglo-Clevelands in England and has found them uniformly big-striding horses, bold at their fences, yet quiet to handle as well as being up to "carrying a ton."

While we would take nothing from Cleveland Farnley himself, it should be remembered that he comes from a breed that has been bred for type and color for 150 years or more, while the blood horse has been bred during the same period for speed

primarily, and for type, perhaps, secondarily. It is Smith's observation that it takes two crosses of Thoroughbred blood on Cleveland dams to produce as much quality as one sees with one cross of the Cleveland sire on the Thoroughbred mare. It is notable that, while Thoroughbred yearlings out-grow and out-show Anglo-Clevelands, yet the latter, in another year, have generally far outstripped the clean-breds.

These half-breds are generally very good doers, requiring comparatively little feed or housing. The broodmares and yearlings at Farnley run out all the time, being fed daily in an open shed and having access to good soya bean hay. Cleveland Farnley himself, a great, strapping 17-hand horse, weighing some 1550 lbs., gets only three quarts of grain daily under ordinary conditions, six in the breeding season, and right well he looks under it.

I saw the pure-bred Cleveland mares that do the work at Farnley, and in discussing their performance with their drivers learned that they will stand heat or cold better than any other work horses, and, though the teamsters are not on record as enjoying it, they will outwalk the Percherons while seeding, spreading lime, or performing the many operations of the various seasons on the farm. Consuming about half the rations of the bigger horses, they will remain cool when the others pull up panting at the row's end.

There is a young Cleveland Bay stallion at Farnley that I liked very well. Fryup King, by imported Glenholme, out of Fryup Queen, was imported as a yearling and has developed into a massive, rugged horse of immense bone and substance, standing 16.1 hands, weighing 1350 lbs. As a two-year-old, he worked on the farm to aid in his muscling, and did a creditable job. This horse was leased in 1939 to the Farmers' Federation of Asheville, N. C., where they like an active type of horse for mountain work.

BEING well pleased with his first year's work, Smith took his family and hied back to Yorkshire's vales in 1936, determined to secure more Clevelands for his stud. After a month in England and Ireland they returned with a mixed lot of Cleveland Bay mares, white and brindle bull terriers and Dartmoor ponies. Of the latter there were a stallion and three mares. The Dartmoors were selected for the rising generation of Smiths—the whole family rides, as witness the winning family group at the Blue Ridge Hunt show—because they have well set-on heads and necks, good shoulders and withers, and because they were found to be somewhat quieter than the Welsh ponies, even though not as good looking in some cases.

The stallion has been crossed on pony mares, as well as on a few small Thoroughbred mares, the latter with particularly good results. I saw two two-year-olds and three yearlings thus bred that will grow into miniature horses, from 14-14.2 hands, showing the Thoroughbred quality and appearing to have the

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hardness and toughness of the pony breed. Like rabbits, they will jump anywhere they have a mind to go.

The morning before we visited Farnley there arrived from England an excellent type of Welsh pony stallion, Bowdler Bright Light, by name, a gray fifteen-year-old that stems to the best of the breed and that has been winning blues across the ocean all his life. This pony shows very marked Arabian characteristics and was in wonderful bloom when inspected, despite his twelve-day trip. We also saw six pure-bred pony mares, three Dartmoor and three Welsh, and some of their offspring. Of the Dartmoor mares, one, Hey Diddle Diddle, dam of the Dartmoor stallion, Hey Nonny, has had nine foals, eight of which won blue ribbons. Criban Sunray, one of the Welsh mares, won the broodmare class at the Warrenton Pony Show over 11 other entries in 1938.

We had no idea when we went to Farnley how extended were the equine interests of the Smiths, nor of the thought and care with which they go into each division of interest. Nothing that is not "tops" is tolerated on the farm. In the hunter division there are seven in regular work that carry Mr. and Mrs. Smith with the Blue Ridge Hounds, and with Winston Guest's hounds. On his strapping Bayard, son of imported Brian Boy, Alex Smith won the heavyweight divisions of both the Orange County and Warrenton point-to-point last spring.

**I**n all there are at Farnley six pure-bred Cleveland mares, three three-year-old fillies, two two-year-old fillies, and one colt of the same age as well as two yearling fillies and one yearling colt, all good individuals of the breed. All these fillies and mares can and will work, and breed early. The mares have, as a rule, from ten to fifteen crosses of pure blood in their veins. They are a finely boned lot throughout, as might be expected on a farm limed every three years and scientifically treated with superphosphates and potash to supply the mineral that is taken out by the crops grown on it. Smith, like many another thinking breeder, is of the opinion that to get the proper bone into his horses, they must be raised on pastures that grow grasses and hay that have the right mineral content. He is also a great believer in the efficacy of the chain harrow as a means of aerating the roots of the grass and spreading the droppings in the fields.

Smith has recently returned from England, where, by the way, he is an active vice-president of the Cleveland Bay Horse Society, and is on that society's very select panel of recognized judges. On his return he brought back a Cleveland Bay stallion depot which is subsidized by the Dominion government. Experiments have proved the breed to cross well on big draught mares, the resulting cross being a sensible work horse, not too large, and of good disposition.

Whatever the outcome of the Farnley program may be, it will be

watched by hunter breeders with considerable interest. There are many who openly make fun of the idea. To them we say: "Can you suggest a better means of producing uniform heavyweight hunters?" There are some who say that the results of the second cross of the Thoroughbred stallion on these Anglo-Cleveland fillies will prove misfits, as, they say, will be the case with Cleveland crosses on Anglo-Clevlands. Of the former we shall soon see, for the fillies are being bred as three-year-olds at Farnley to Thoroughbred sires.

Whatever the outcome, all power to the Smiths in their pioneering. If they win out, many will profit.

#### HIGH DOGS

(Continued from page 47)

and middle-westerners of sporting proclivities, who annually find refuge from the rush and hurry of business life in the soothing restfulness of Carolina's carefree atmosphere. Included in the membership, however, are several who make this attractive "low country" their year-round home.

These plantations, as a rule, embrace large acreages, almost small dominions within themselves. Distances between, therefore, are necessarily long, making frequent "visiting" none too convenient. So the field trials are made the occasion of an annual "get-together" among the plantation owners, their families, guests and employees.

It is a jollification of no mean proportions from the standpoint of attendance, duration or enjoyment. The actual running of the trials occupies the greater part of two days, and there generally is a "warm up" day for the drawing, one devoted to an old-fashioned mid-day barbecue, when Gullah cooks, masters of Southern coastal cuisine, moving like shy and timid ink-spots, proudly parade the products of their genius for particular palates.

On this occasion everybody turns out in best bib-and-tucker and the matter of "who's visiting who" becomes the subject of entertainment plans for the next few days. During the shooting season, every week is an open-house week in the low country—but field trial week is the gala period of the year when everyone makes an extra effort to see that everyone else has a good time. To express it in the language of the house boys, "It's duh out-beatin'es' time us has."

Social activities, however, do not comprise the paramount purpose of these trials. Enjoyable in the highest degree, they provide a delightful background for the more serious side—the development of the most suitable bird dog for comfortable, and thrilling, shooting in the varied terrain of the low country. This is the real purpose of the Plantation Owners' Bird Dog Association. And its members are earnestly working toward this end.

The progress made more than justifies this club's existence and its continuation.

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Time was when the "grass prowler" reigned supreme. True, this native-bred, "nigger-broke" dog, gave one a comfortable day's shoot. So comfortable, in fact, that one could brew a pot of tea and drink it, or take a nap and enjoy it, from the time he "struck" game scent until the covey was finally located. This grass-crawling, slinking "foot-scenter," too often made over-cautious by heavy handling, could hunt all day, for he never exerted himself to any great degree. He could generally be depended upon to find game and, if given plenty of time and allowed free rein, would often give his master a shot at every single in a scattered covey of quail. With a pair of fair marksmen behind him he could be counted upon to do his share toward filling the game bag.

But he was strictly a "meat dog," a plodding laborer whose work was



The author, on the right, with some of the gallery

measured by the day and not by the quality of performance. His ground work was slow, his tactics on game methodical. Although thorough, his efforts neither thrilled nor inspired, and while the game bag might be full at the end of the day, his part was generally so matter-of-fact as to be forgotten when a recount of the day's happenings was in order. I have seen more than one of these dogs jog-trot from point to point, and do it with deadly precision. But the realization that there was much lacking in the performance left nothing to remember with proud pleasure.

Before the association was organized, this type of dog was the one most likely to be found on the low country plantations. He still plays a part in the picture, for fortunate indeed is the kennel of sizeable proportions which can boast of a full string of quality shooting dogs. Bird dogs are comparatively short-lived, and it is quite difficult to maintain a top shooting string year after year, particularly when many of the guests on these plantations are novice shooters. Dogs sense the degree of a gunner's experience and so it is only natural that the "boss of the big house" usually keeps a few old stag-ers of the meat-dog class, fool-proof in the field and under the gun, "just in case." Some, of course, are kept out of sentiment.

One cannot, however, afford to discount the ability of the low country

"native" too heavily. I know one member of the association who is most particular about the breeding of his retrievers, yet whose southern bird dog kennel is made up entirely of natives. And his dogs usually give a good account of themselves in these trials. They don't make one's hair curl, it is true, but they possess acceptable snap and style. After all, the native of the low country is more often than not a well bred pointer or setter, merely without benefit of the *known* family tree necessary to make him eligible to inclusion in the canine social register. A check of the field dog records will reveal the Carolinas in the front van of states producing well bred and winning bird dogs.

The breeding of natives, while admittedly productive of an occasional valuable animal, is, nevertheless, frowned upon by those who have the future of the bird dog breeds at heart. And properly so, for it is only through intelligent, selective breeding, carefully recorded, that quality can be maintained and improved.

For many years the majority of plantation owners in this area gave little thought to field trials. A horse race, a cock fight, a shooting match? Yes—at the drop of a hat! But while all were proud of their gun dogs and stoutly maintained that each owned the best, no effort was made to settle these friendly arguments in public competition. It was always "My old Jim can find more birds in a day's hunt than any dog in your kennel." "For how much?" would be the challenged's reply, and then and there another dog contest was in the making. These events seldom were satisfactorily convincing. They were conducted on the plantation of one of the two interested parties and, in the event the host emerged the winner, there was always the element of "familiar territory" to use as an alibi.

Back in the early spring of 1932, James Kidder, well-beloved owner of Green Pond Plantation at Yemassee, S. C., conceived the plan which brings about a higher degree of understanding, a closer social association between the plantation owners and their families and contributes greatly to the season's outing, as well as bringing about the production of better bird dogs in that section.

This was to organize the Plantation Owners' Bird Dog Association, with the improvement of the bird dog breeds as its primary object. Kidder talked the matter over with Charles L. Lawrence, then master of White Hall, and Joseph Stevens.

After further pow-wow among the winter residents, the organization meeting was held in the form of a dinner at the Brook Club on Nov. 10, 1932, with the following present: W. W. Caswell, William R. Coe, Henry W. Corning, Z. Marshall Crane, Eugene F. Dixon, Bayard Dominick, Robert P. Huntington, James Kidder, Charles L. Lawrence, Franklin B. Lord, Hal Marvin, Joseph Stevens and George D. Widener. The meeting was a follow-up



of the first trials during the same year, a sort of trial balloon idea which had met with enthusiastic response.

The first trial was purely an experiment. Now the stakes are organized with definite purposes in view. There is the Derby, pronounced by some of the uninitiated (or otherwise) Darby. This is a stake for young dogs which show promise, to be handled by amateurs or professionals in the employ of the owners. Then there is the All-Age stake, for dogs of any age handled by the owner, a professional in his employ or a member of his family. In this event the winning owner is awarded a leg on, and a year's possession of, the beautiful Chauncey B. Spears Memorial trophy.

Now comes the "milk of the coconut," a shooting-dog stake for dogs handled by the owner or another member of the association. Herein the association is plowing fertile fields, and this event probably provides keener competition than the others. It was originally conceived to demonstrate the adaptability of shooting-dog to gunner, and vice versa. With the owner, a member of his family or another member of the association handling, the event is of simon-pure amateur complexion, and encourages the owners, the majority of whom regularly employ professional trainers, to become more proficient in the art of piloting their own dogs. Sometimes this provides a pretty severe test for the dogs, for the owners make no claims to expertness in the field of bird dog training, and occasionally some situations arise which provide considerable amusement for the gallery.

Retrieving is taken into consideration in this stake, and this sometimes adds to the merriment. For the owner-handler-gunner is always conscious of the fact that scores of his friends are riding along in the gallery, always ready to lend him encouragement in the form of a refined "Bronx cheer" when his shooting eye is not functioning to complete satisfaction. Some of the members sidestep this embarrassment by delegating the "shooting authority" to a friend, and sometimes, in the interest of safety, an official gun is appointed. The Joseph Sampson Stevens trophy is awarded in this stake to the dog whose gun can "take it".

Yes, there are laughs aplenty, but all, of course, in friendly feeling, the camaraderie of the shooting field. For rare is the man who can maintain outward aplomb and inward composure in the shooting field when 25 to 50 of his close friends, in high good humor, are sitting behind him in a critical attitude, waiting for a chance to engage in good-humored raillery.

This sort of stake, where man and dog must work in unison, is the type of competition the real sportsman most appreciates. His success depends on his own efforts, the quality of his dog, the understanding between the two, and the breaks of the game. When one wins with his own dog he knows a sense of satisfaction

which comes only with full knowledge of a job well done, made more pleasant by confidence in the tools at hand.

The little group which met at the Brook Club had the development of better shooting-dogs at heart. The progress made in the past few years is so obvious that even the casual and uninitiated observer is annually surprised. For the dogs now winning in these stakes possess all the verve, dash, fire and spirit of those regularly campaigned on the major field trial circuit. The difference lies in the locale of training, the method of hunting and conditioning. It has been my pleasure to see several dogs competing in these shooting-dog stakes which would, if given the proper work over terrain of a more open nature, press some of our well known field trial winners sharply, perhaps even beat them.

The association has known a gradual but healthy growth. Among the plantations over which the various stakes have been run are the properties of George D. Widener and Harry P. Bingham at Alameda, and Good Hope, the plantation of Herbert L. Pratt.

As long as the present membership is maintained, game management practices will continue to make the low country one of America's most delightful spots for the sportsman who loves dogs, guns and horses, and who appreciates the charm of the Old South.

These field trials have come to stay. And throughout the "big houses" of the plantations, from Harry B. Hollins, Jr.'s, "Broadmarsh" and Frederic Ewing's "Huspah," to A. H. Caspary's "Bonnie Doone" and R. P. Huntington's "Gravel Hill," cups will be raised annually to the old sentiment. "May the best dog win!"

### THE BREEDING OF OUR POLO PONIES

(Continued from page 48)

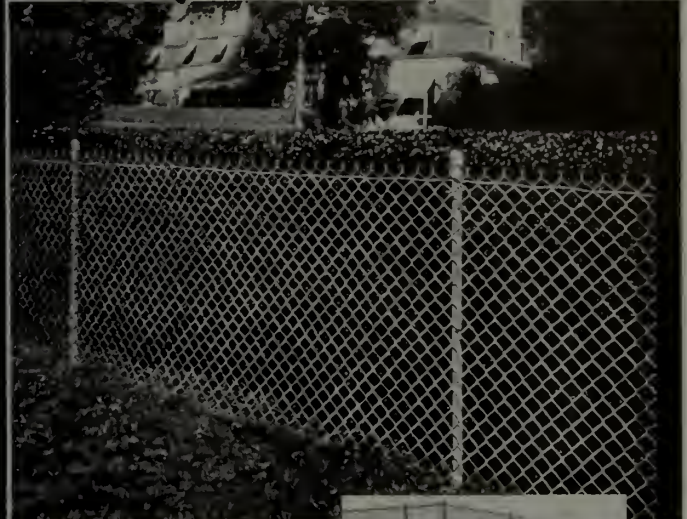
pensive polo, the American-bred will come into the game in increasing numbers. The war, of course, will contribute to this, with the difficulties of finding ship bottoms that are free from war work, and the difficulties of international exchange in any commodity.

The officials did feel, however, that the replies gave very definite encouragement to the idea that the American game could be—was, in fact, almost so now—fully self-sustaining, and that organization of some sort was needed for the breeding industry or, perhaps, for the sellers more than for the breeders of ponies.

Just how that could be accomplished is not known at present, but polo continues to grow and it is doubtful, if the war lasts very long, that the next generation or so of players will be as foreign-conscious as their predecessors. Very probably the American market for horses is facing the biggest boom it has had since the game reached a real footing in the United States.

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ARE your pastures, hay and grain fields yielding as heavily as they should? Are the hay and grain you feed your stock as rich in essential mineral elements as they should be? These are questions of vital importance to the livestock man, yet they are questions that heretofore have been nearly impossible to answer with any accuracy.

There is a very definite connection between plant chemistry and animal nutrition, and many livestock men have been aware that their animals could be "fed through the soil."

Scientists have also shown considerable interest lately in the nutritive value of minor mineral elements. A number of bulletins have been published on the subject. Several chapters in new books on nutrition and fertilizer have been devoted to it. The Federal Government is cooperating with Cornell University, and a new building now under construction on the Cornell campus will be devoted to the study of plant elements and their relation to nutrition.

The subject is of such timely importance that this department is greatly indebted to Marshall C. Rumsey for the results of recent experiments he has made along these lines. He has not only made an intensive study of how the mineral content of soil affects its production and the nutritive value of crops, but most important of all he has found a way to test grain and grasses so that it will be possible to tell what elements are lacking. His findings are most interesting and enlightening and are given in essence below.

Being in the seed business, and therefore close to all phases of crop and soil problems, Rumsey has felt for many years that in a good part of this country we weren't getting the yields per acre that we should. Results didn't check with the seed sown and the ability of the plants to produce. He knew that soil handling, nitrogen, weeds, moisture and its conservation, played important parts, but in recent years it became more and more evident to him that other factors counted, too.

For instance, in some of the country's oat-growing districts where, 25 to 30 years ago, they were getting 100 or more bushels to the acre, testing 40 lbs. or more to the bushel, the best they can do now is 50 to 65 bushels to the acre, testing 17 to 26 lbs. Plenty of water doesn't seem to help matters much, and certainly changes in climate alone haven't been enough to do this.

A few regions—the thumb of Michigan, the Pacific coast, western Montana—still seem to do well. On the other hand, farmers in some of the greatest growing regions have shifted to the early, thin type of oat which seems to yield a bit more than the plump variety, but nothing to brag of.

After considerable observation and study Rumsey finally concluded that deficiency in minerals is one of the chief limiting factors.

The next problem was to find a way of determining what elements were lacking in different sections, on different farms, and even in different fields, if practical use was to be made of the knowledge that is now forthcoming on these minerals.

So he went to the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station, at Geneva, to have a test made of samples of oats. But the authorities there didn't have time. At the State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, he was told that he couldn't afford to have these tests made. It would take a year to test ten samples for eleven elements, they said, and it would cost between \$2000 and \$5000.

Still, he couldn't give up the idea that the mineral content of soil could be learned from the grasses and grains grown on it. Nor would he believe it was impossible to make these tests at a reasonable cost.

The answer, when it finally came, was the spectrograph, that amazing tool of science which will reduce almost any substance to its mineral components. It was suggested by a man who had done considerable plant pathology work and who is also a student of soil deficiency. So a spectrograph of the grating type, and equipment to show seventy mineral elements, were put to work.

This spectrograph process is complicated, and tests can only be made by a scientist with experience. Suffice it to say that materials to be tested are first reduced to an ash. The ash is volatilized by a graphite arc of 7000 degrees, the grating breaks the vapors into the characteristic wave lengths of each element and the spectra are photographed. Control spectra prepared from known proportions of all elements are also photographed and appear on each film with the spectra of samples being analyzed. The film, and a master film, are projected on a screen and the minerals thus identified.

All elements cannot be identified by this method. Sulphur, for instance, has to be determined by what is known as an iodine-starch titration method. Carbon cannot be determined, neither can iodine, nor eleven other mineral elements, but Rumsey has been able to find writings on only two of the latter, and on these very little.

Of the nine gas elements, three are contained in all organic matter, three come from the air and are said not to ionize in solution, one is in salt and he can find nothing on the nutrient value of the other two. The cost of quantitative spectrograph analysis is \$50 per sample and for qualitative analysis which merely indicates the minerals present without volume, \$25. Tests for sulphur are \$10 per sample when done at time of spectrographic analysis.

The results of the tests show that breeders of livestock, particularly owners of horses who are calling on their animals for a lot of work, should raise, or have raised for them, all of their feed, whether it be pasture, hay or grain, on land rich in all the known desirable minerals and these minerals must be in a quickly available form.

Commercial grain and hay cannot be depended on for proper mineral content, nor can any uncontrolled pasture. Pasture and mowing grasses must be selected for kind and strain for best results. Mixtures must be sown so that proper mineral nutrients will be taken from the ground and proper growth periods maintained.

As far as tested samples of oats are concerned, Rumsey says he doesn't feel that he has found why the plump type of heavy oat gives the best results with hard working, active horses, which it evidently does. However, he can see reasons why certain sections cannot grow as many bushels of the plump type as they can of the thin type, without applying quickly available minerals to the soil.

Of the eighteen minerals to date detected in oats, copper and titanium are the only ones that consistently appear in smaller volume in the thin type than in the plump type. It may have been, of course, that all the thin samples were from soils deficient in these minerals.

Taking the oat samples as a whole, the greatest variation in content was found to be in aluminum, boron, calcium, chromium, copper, iron, magnesium, manganese, sodium, titanium, and vanadium. Phosphorus and potassium seem to be most constant. No sample was consistently high in each mineral. Most of them were only in the high group with two to five mineral elements.

The samples of oats represented the same varieties grown in different sections, and different varieties representing different types grown in the same section. The same thing was done with grasses, and here the advantage of using selected strains and kinds for pasture and mowing was most apparent.

Taking five grasses from one experiment station it was found that a perennial rye grass was highest in calcium, magnesium, phosphorus, silicon, and zinc; a cocksfoot highest in potassium and good in several others; a bluegrass good in several but not highest; a late-flowering red clover highest in copper, iron, manganese, sodium, and good in some others; a timothy fair to good in several; a meadow fescue highest in boron, chromium, titanium and good in several others; a red fescue fair to good in several.

Most of the grasses used in the test were of late or fall growth. It



D. E. AHLERS



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has been observed that stock do better on spring pasture, on growth following a dormant period, when the ground hasn't been drawn on for a while and there has been plenty of moisture so that minerals could go into solution thus making them quickly available to the plants.

To get a true story, samples should be tested both late in the season when the quickly available mineral content is lowest, and also in the spring, when it is highest. To tie in with this, a test for minerals in the soil should be made, but not right after fertilizer has been sown. With the latter test, it should be possible to judge, according to the season, just how the mineral content stands.

Rumsey says it is reasonable to believe that different types of crops can be grown successfully in many sections where heretofore they couldn't be produced, provided the deficient minerals are supplied in available form. This is evidenced by experiments conducted in many sections of the country. He also says that these minor elements are not expensive to supply.

He warns, however, that it isn't wise to try to bring your soils up too fast, that is, faster than you can check results. Also, he recommends small starts carefully carried out. Small fields or parts of fields should be treated and compared with other areas to see if you are on the right track.

Apparently this is not a problem for general farming as yet. Rumsey feels that increase in the yields of farm products going through regular channels would only serve further to depress already depressed markets, and reduce even further the value of farm land.

The man who is going to utilize his crops to bring his own animals to a higher state of perfection, or otherwise use his produce at home, or the man with a special outlet for animal feed, or who furnishes vegetables and meats to people able and willing to pay for these richer health-giving products, are the ones who, for the time being, should carry on this work.

**GUNS AND GAME**

(Continued from page 60)

distinguishable by the brevity of the entries made in it. Here is an example:

Date	Kill	Place	Guns
Oct. 17	3 grouse	Long Cover	I. Stannard,
1939	2 cocks		M. Palmer and self

That will give you correct information as to the total head of game you have taken and the places where you found it. Twenty years later you may still be able to recall some of the more interesting incidents of a certain day, but that is very doubtful unless you had the wisdom to add a few observations and notes to stir the memory. I would, I am sure, find little satisfaction from such a barren record, yet such is my poverty that even that leafless bough would be better than none at all.

If he loves guns for their own sake, the diarist should, by all means,

have space reserved in which to record the make and gauge of the weapon and the load that was used in it. It is interesting, and in time these specifications furnish valuable practical information based on actual experience. I would not, however, go so far as to urge a man to put down an item like this: "4 grouse—15 cartridges," or "9 teal—20 cartridges."

AFTER all, the book is intended to give pleasure, not chagrin, to its author, and that it will not do if with every turn of the page he finds a cold reminder that his skill was less than he imagined it to be. I have tried it. In the first place I discovered that it was terribly difficult to make an honest entry on a bad day, and that if I did so the pages bearing records of occasions when perfection attended my efforts were present only as a very insignificant minority. You may sometime be beguiled into placing your diary in the hands of some wolf in sheep's clothing who will use those totals of "cartridges per bird" to destroy you, and make of your good name a laughter and a hissing. The recollection of a missed shot—unless its consequences have been especially dolorous—fades quickly from the mind of shooter and observer, alike, and I see no reason why the thorn in the flesh should be perpetuated.

Instead of teaching humility, which might be advantageous, a record of misses frequently referred to is very likely to destroy one's confidence. The Constitution, or something, protects a man from the dangers of giving testimony against himself, so in case your diary has spaces ruled off in which to enter the number of cartridges used to make each day's bag, the proper entry, as I advise, is "unknown."

The life of the shooting diary is found—if it breathes at all—under the heading of "Notes" or "Memoranda." It is here that the gunner has his best opportunity so to treat each day that no detail of it will afterwards seep away through a crevice in the bowl of memory.

Eugene Connett has, by far, the finest, best-kept, most eloquent diary I have ever seen. As I examined it I envied him, and I understood, better than ever, that the figures set down under the heading of "game killed" were of the least significance—it was in the notes, drawings and remarks that I found the stories of the author's days, each one with its color, whether somber and beset by ill-luck and minor misfortune shared by graceless and dull companions, or bright with success and heightened by merriment, novel experiences and good cheer. Now and then Connett had pasted a tuft of woodcock or grouse feathers upon the page among his notes and description. The sight of those delicate symbols gave the cachet of reality to the script that impressed me.

If posterity succeeds in finding the one simple sentence for my memorial that will epitomize my life and works, it will probably be this:

"He knew what to do—and never did it."



In the matter of the shooting diary, I cannot go back for a fresh beginning, but if I could do so I'd never allow a night's sleep to get between a shooting excursion and the task of recording it in some form more reliable than that of fickle memory. Nothing would be omitted. There would be some account of the way the shadows of stump and snag lay on the water of Reelfoot in the early morning; the sharp fragrance of the witch-hazel bloom in the pasture on old Mount Hamilton where I gunned for grouse so many years ago; the furtive sound a squirrel makes as he chisels a hickory nut from the stem, the outlandish appearance of a woodcock seen on the ground beneath an old apple tree, the curious remarks heard and encounters made, the disasters and the joys of each day; all these would be there, between the pages of the book I do not have by me this night.

### HORSE SHOWS ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES

AT the annual meeting of the American Horse Shows Association, reported in COUNTRY LIFE last month the following were named members of the important division committees:

**HEAVY HARNESS DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Mrs. W. C. Cox, Massachusetts, chairman; Mrs. Loula Long Combs, Missouri; Thomas W. Clark Pennsylvania.

**LIGHT HARNESS DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Prof. E. A. Trowbridge, Missouri, chairman; R. C. Flanery, Illinois; Mark Peak, Illinois; Robert McCray, Kentucky.

**SADDLE HORSE DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Charles W. Green, Missouri, chairman; W. D. Lee, Missouri; Arthur Roberts, Kentucky; Hugh B. Young, California; Wallace Bailey, Michigan; Walter H. Gant, Oklahoma.

**MILITARY DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Gen. Guy V. Henry, Maryland, chairman; Major Marion Carson, New York; Col. Harry D. Chamberlain, Kansas; Col. Pierre Lorillard, New York; Col. Frank R. Whittaker, as representative of the Chief of Cavalry; Major Tupper Cole, as captain of the U. S. Army team.

**POLO DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., New York, chairman; Gerard S. Smith, New York; Carleton Burke, California.

**DRAFT HORSE DIVISION COMMITTEE**—(to be appointed).

**HUNTER DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Henry L. Bell, New York, chairman; George Humphrey, Ohio; F. Woodson Hancock, Jr., Pennsylvania; Mrs. James H. Van Alen, New York; Miss Deborah Rood, Delaware.

**EQUITATION DIVISION COMMITTEE**—Lewis E. Waring, New York, chairman; Mrs. George T. Mascott, New York; Mrs. Chauncey Fox Howe, New York.

**WALKING HORSE DIVISION COMMITTEE**—(to be appointed).

**WESTERN STOCK HORSE DIVISION COMMITTEE**—(to be appointed).

### GUNNER-HANDLER FIELD TRIAL

FOR years the field trial dog has suffered under the stigma of artificiality in the minds of a substantial portion of the shooting public. Whether pointer, setter or spaniel he was supposed to be a mysterious creation geared only for speed and absolutely devoid of brains or control.

If you were a so-called field trial man you loaded "Field Trial Champion Whizzer III" into the dog wagon and departed for a field trial with hope in your heart. Hope that, when once you cast him off, you would see him again the same day and that he wouldn't run out of the county or be killed by a railroad train. On the other hand, if you really wanted a day's shoot and meat in the pot, you simply called "Old Dan," who invariably did his stuff and you brought home the bacon. and the idea grew that one and the same dog could not perform in both capacities.

A contradiction of this unfortunate belief, however, comes from an event which was staged at "Pheasant Run," the estate of Mr. Robert McLean, at Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, on November 22nd, last. The day previous brought to a close the Open All Age Stake of the Valley Forge Field Trial Association, the last trial for spaniels in the East for the 1939 season, and an invitation was extended to owners and handlers to compete in an event in which there were no official guns but in which each handler shot over his own dog, the event to be judged on the basis of the most pleasing and efficient cooperation of the two units, the gun and the dog.

To say that the idea caught on is putting it mildly. Twenty entries, both cockers and springers, came to the starting line on Wednesday, and those who didn't have dogs borrowed one from somebody else, and strange as it may seem, some of these borrowed dogs put up remarkably good performances with their new handlers. Only one entry was allowed each handler and the dogs were run singly. Fraser Horn and Donald Carr consented to act as judges and did a grand job. Don't think for a minute that this was any plug shooting-dog stake. In order to enter the competition, your dog must have been placed previously in some stake in a Spaniel Field Trial which had A.K.C. approval, and the entry list included three field trial champions. With the exception of the Western dogs, and some of those from Fishers Island, which unfortunately did not remain over, the list included practically all the well known spaniels which had campaigned through the 1939 field trial circuit.

And now for the surprising part of it! Dogs with the reputation of being hard to handle, "fire eaters" in the field trials, worked like well oiled machines. The handlers worked their dogs quietly and without difficulty, and with two notable exceptions, shot over them with deadly accuracy.

I have never seen a field trial stake, which, on the whole, produced

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Now let's just try and analyze this a bit. Why is it that many dogs are so difficult to handle in the heat of field trial competition and are models of propriety when out for a day's shoot? Years ago an internationally known amateur trainer and authority on gun dogs told me that the best springer he ever owned or saw failed to reach the heights because of what he termed "field trial fever." This is not an isolated example.

Among field trial followers it is a well known fact that certain dogs are almost unbeatable on the days when they will handle, but on other days they will turn a deaf ear to the loudest whistle, break shot and do all kinds of fool things. These same dogs in training or on an ordinary shooting day won't put a foot wrong. How can you account for it? I used to believe that the automobiles, people, dogs, guns and so on at the starting point of a field trial filled the dogs with such excitement that in some cases it amounted almost to hysteria. But at our Wednesday event we had a fine gallery, lots of cars, plenty of dogs and guns and yet there was no undue excitement on the part of the dogs during the running. It was urged afterwards that the fact that each handler carried a gun when running his dog served to create the impression in the dog's mind that he was just out shooting and not in a field trial.

I think the answer lies deeper than that. Every great athlete, race horse, or field trial champion became great because of one thing: the overwhelming desire to win, the determination not to be beaten. I believe some dogs, particularly the great ones, become extremely jealous when in field trial competition, and the determination not to be out-run or beaten to birds accounts, at least to some extent, for the wide going, hard-handling dog whose overpowering enthusiasm sometimes gets him into trouble, and gives the public the impression that all field trial dogs are nothing but sky line runners devoid of any idea of control.

On this particular day, with only one dog down at a time, this temptation was avoided, and, while this may not be the sole reason, I believe it comes nearer the truth of the matter than any reason yet advanced.

In any event, we proved that a

good field trial spaniel can still be a good shooting dog, and that you don't have to support one of each kind in order to enjoy both phases of sport.

Far be it from me to belittle the "Old Dan" type of shooting dog, but I'll take Field Trial Champion Whizzer III for mine.

Two further items are interesting. One is that the event was won by the son of the dog in whose name the trophy was given, Chancefield Flush of Earlsmoor. The other is that the winner, Gay Flush, was bred and trained by the same man who handled him and shot over him in the event.

FRANCIS J. SQUIRES

### INDOOR POLO AT CHICAGO

At the half way mark, three teams in the senior division, and two in the junior, find themselves bunched for top honors in the Metropolitan Indoor Polo League tournament, which has been drawing capacity crowds consistently each Saturday night to the 124th Field Artillery armory in Chicago.

Holding a slim lead in the senior, or seven goals and upward, class is the 124th Field Artillery combination of Lieuts. Don J. Rice, William D. Fergus and Russell Rasmussen. This team won the championship in 1938, and again last year, with Capt. Romeo E. Mura, now leader of the Chicago Ramblers, in place of Lieut. Rasmussen.

The present league pace-makers are closely pressed by the Detroit Rangers and the Evanston Polo Club. Detroit's lineup is composed of Jay K. Secor and Volney P. Bayley, regulars, and Jack Ivory and A. J. Stefani alternating in rounding out the team. For Evanston it is Claude Mackey, Bobby Nicholds and Capt. William S. Everett.

Regarded as the upset of the season thus far, was the 13 to 6 victory by Evanston over the 124th threesome, on the evening of February 3. Up to that time, the artillerymen had been unbeaten in four starts.

In addition to the Ramblers, the senior division is made up of Oak Brook.

The junior class, four to six goals, has brought two teams in a tie for first, each with three triumphs and no defeats. They are the Ranchers, of which the three Healy brothers, Jim, Tom and Mike, are members, and the Chicago Shamrocks, who line up with W. J. Schmidt, Maj. Leslie R. Ireland and Lieut-Col. Claude K. Rinehart.

Tied for third in this bracket are the Woodland Polo Club of Hinsdale and the 122d Field Artillery, each having two victories and the same number of losses. The other contenders, the Meadowbrook Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Culver Military Academy, of Indiana, are still after their first win.

The caliber of polo in the senior division has been uniformly excellent and nearly every game bitterly fought, with the rival teams tearing in after each other like tigers. It has

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been high-speed and fierce competition, from the opening gong.

On three occasions, a sudden-death overtime session was required to settle the decision, namely, when the 124th Field Artillery downed Detroit by 10 to 9, when Detroit defeated Evanston by 9 to 8, and when Evanston took the measure of the Ramblers by 13 to 12.

A high-light of the season was the feat of Mackey in playing two games on the same night, the first with Woodland, of Hinsdale, against the 122d Field Artillery in the junior division, and the second on the Evanston side against the 124th Field Artillery in the senior class.

The ace players of the league have

come up to expectations and are playing the best games of their careers. This statement applies to Nichoalds and Capt. Everett of Evanston, Secor and Bayley of Detroit, Lieuts. Fergus and Rice of the 124th Field Artillery, Capt. Mura of the Ramblers, and Dan Peacock and James A. Hannah of Oak Brook. Gene Bauer, of the Ramblers, Mackey of Evanston, Jack Armstrong of Oak Brook, Lieut. Rasmussen of the 124th, Maj. Ireland and Schmidt of the Shamrocks, and the three Heals of the Ranchers, have also performed in sparkling manner, as has Capt. Robert Selway of the Ramblers, a newcomer this season to Chicago polo.

## THE COUNTRY LIBRARY

### FISHING

"Leaping Silver," by Lee Wulff—George W. Stewart \$3.50. Limited Edition (500 copies) \$15.00.

THE author, a well known fisherman, artist, and writer explains the life cycle of that magnificent game fish, the Atlantic salmon. He goes into its habits in so far as they are known to man; when, where, and by what methods they are most likely to be caught; what rods, lines, flies and leaders to use, what parts of a stream to fish. In short, the whole story.

The photographs by the author with which this book is profusely illustrated tell the story almost as well as the text. They are well chosen, and are undoubtedly one of the finest collections of salmon photographs ever assembled.

Lee Wulff, who wrote this book, is not of the old school. Indeed, he may be regarded as a heretic by some. In pursuing the sport of salmon fishing he has not followed blindly in the footsteps of the old masters, but has kept his eyes and ears open. Consequently, he is able to offer a fresh approach to this subject about which so much has been said and written.

"Leaping Silver" is written in an easy style that flows as swiftly as the northern streams where salmon run. It is crammed full of practical information for novice and expert alike.

It deals with many details of the sport that have been left out of other works or, at best, lightly touched on. For instance, men have never known where salmon go when they leave their streams. They still don't know for sure. However, Wulff has a logical explanation. He says:

"Salmon are never seen feeding in the ocean except just before entering spawning streams or just after leaving them. If, like pollock and tuna, they fed on the herring, capelin, and other small school fish, the men engaged in netting herring for the market would see them at their feeding. Instead, they are equipped to withstand the great pressure of the ocean's lower levels. It is there they spend their time in the sea."

This book should appeal to all who have ever cast a fly over salmon waters and a lot who haven't. Though there may be some who will disagree with the author on some points, no one who knows him will doubt his ability to catch salmon—and write about it.

### SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE

"All Seasons Afield With Rod and Gun," by Raymond R. Camp, Whiteley House. \$3.50

SINCE the days of Frank Forester a vast number of America's sportsmen have summed up in book form the knowledge and experience of their days afield. Some of these articulate gunners and fishermen are experts, and have discoursed with varying degrees of skill on their chosen subjects.

Others, with a broader knowledge, have reminisced back through the years. The tales they tell, and the advice they give, all too often have to do with the days of big bags, long seasons, battery shooting, abundant game, and fish inhabiting lands and waters where "posted" signs were unknown.

For this reason "All Seasons Afield" fills an important need. Its author, Ray Camp, doesn't tell of things that could only have happened in "the good old days," but of conditions as they are now; the enjoyment and proper pursuit of American game birds, animals, and fish in this age of automobiles, posted property, and rigid restrictions.

This book covers a great deal of ground. It not only dips into nearly all phases of shooting and fishing, but tells where to go, what to wear, what gun or tackle to use. Naturally, the author cannot expound on individual subjects as thoroughly as some specialists have done. However, what he tells you is sound, whether it concerns hunting the black bear or fishing with nymphs and dry flies. He speaks from experience still fresh in his mind and says what he has to say with a light, skilful, touch that insures good reading for the expert, as well as good council in the fundamentals for the beginner.

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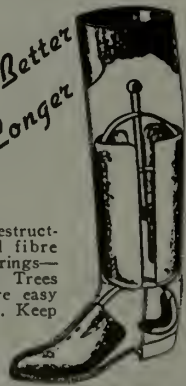
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# KENNEL & BENCH • BY VINTON P. BREESE

ALTHOUGH the sixty-fourth annual renewal of the Westminster Kennel Club fixture, held in Madison Square Garden, February 12, 13, 14, suffered a decrease from 3,069 dogs last year to 2,738 this year there seemed to be little or no evidence of this to the casual observer strolling between benches or viewing the judging from ringsides and balconies.

The benching was apparently as well filled with dogs as usual and the same may be said of the classes. However, what the casual observer probably did not, but the cognoscenti did, notice was a higher degree of quality throughout the rang and file of canine exhibits. It seems that as the years go by the average exhibitor is becoming more and more educated as to the merit of his or her dogs and that the latter must be highly typical in order to win or even place in the ribbons at Westminster. Also that it is merely a waste of time and money to enter anything of mediocre quality for a three-day stay at America's oldest canine classic.

Of course, by right of pre-eminent prowess, initial comment must be accorded the dog winning best-in-show which towering triumph is traditionally acclaimed to carry with it the unofficial title, champion of champions of the year.

The six winners of the variety groups displayed themselves in pose and pace before Judge Samuel Milbank, than whom there is no more efficient nor better qualified amateur all-rounder. Amid resounding salvos of applause as the various favorites were examined Dr. Milbank soon centered chief attention on Herman E. Mellenthen's home-bred cocker spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, and James M. Austin's imported smooth fox-terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler which aroused the loudest plaudits



Ch. Nornay Saddler, the great fox-terrier

from the 14,000 attendance and on both their perfection of type and monumental past performances had been picked by keen observers as the probable contestants in a final duel.

Brucie, the best representative of America's most popular breed ever seen, was awarded the premier prize in what appeared to be a hairline decision. He is a jet black dog of model make and merry manner and

put everything he had into a superb performance. Outstanding among his many previous triumphs was best-in-show at Morris and Essex over some 4,000 dogs while Saddler holds the record as the greatest best-in-show winner of any dog of any breed in kennel annals with fifty-one such successes to his credit. (For a full account of the best-in-show winner see special article on page 43). They



Ch. Morjan 2nd, best in hound group

had headed the sporting and terrier groups respectively while the remaining contenders were John Phelps Wagner's boxer, Ch. Utz von Dom of Mazelaine; Mrs. Anna Marie Paterno's saluki, Ch. Marjan II; Mrs. A. V. Hollowell's chow, Ch. Lle Wol Lah Son and Mrs. Rosalind Layte's Brussels griffon, Ch. Burlingame Helzapoppin'; winners of the working, hound, non-sporting and toy groups. Automatically with highest honors Brucie won the James Mortimer Memorial Trophy for best American-bred.

The best brace in show were Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's home-bred poodles, Ch. Blakeen Michael Mont and Blakeen Mirandello, two beautifully barbered black dogs perfectly matched in size and type and showing superb style. Best team in show was Miss Elizabeth D. Whelan's Shetland sheepdogs, Ch. Sea Isle Merle Legacy, Penstemon of Beach Tree, Timberidge Truth of Pocano and Bil Bo Dot Blue Flag of Pocano, a most remarkable victory for a beautifully balanced blue merle quartette of the miniature collie breed.



Ch. Lle Wol Loh Son, best non-sporting

In winning the sporting group under-Judge Joseph C. Quirk, substituting for Mrs. Walton Ferguson, Jr., who was ill, Brucie was obliged to get by fourteen of probably the finest field dogs ever seen at Westminster. Next in order were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Q. Quay's springer spaniel, Ch. Showman of Shotten, a liver pied dog of excellent type, fast free action and rated by some as the best



Ch. Utz V. Dom, best working dog

of his breed yet seen here; Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke's English setter, Ch. Maro of Maridor, a son of the celebrated Ch. Sturdy Max whom he greatly resembles and a litter brother to Daro of Maridor, the 1938 Westminster best-in-show winner, whom he has excelled in mature development and himself a best-in-show winner; and C. Frederick Neilson's Irish setter, Rosecroft Premier, a stylish, high headed, upstanding, young dog of splendid type who promises to carry on the deeds of his dynasty which included the famous champions, Milson Top Notcher, Milson O'Boy, Higgins Red Coat, Higgins Red Pat and many other titleholders.

To top a hot lot of twenty-one terriers, under Judge John G. Bates, had an equally difficult task to perform and did it to perfection. Properly shown on a loose leash and never touched by his owner he veritably begged for the prize and was rightly rewarded. Following him were Halcyon Kennels' Welsh terrier, Ch. Aman Superb of Halcyon, a richly colored bitch of proper proportions, size, substance and style who typifies her name in quality; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Harbauer's Bedlington terrier, Ch. Lady Rowena of Rowanoaks, another extremely attractive bitch, as usual put down in the finest form, the current leader of her breed, rated by some the best of her sex ever seen and a best-in-show winner and Harold M. Florsheim's Airedale terrier, Ch. Boynehouse Brutus of Harham, a richly colored dog, well set up combining substance and quality in an ideal degree, showing true terrier style and action and with many important wins to his credit.

Working dogs numbered nineteen contenders ably judged by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge and were well up to the preceding groups in quantity and quality. Utz, the winner and a German importation, is a fawn colored dog of proper proportions, cleanly muscled, symmetrical outline, excellent head and expression and with his many best of breed and group victories has clearly established him-



Ch. Burlingame Helzapoppin', best toy

self as the leader of his breed during the past year. Second, Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Crane's imported Great Pyrenees, K'eros de Gueurveur of Basquaerie, a big, snow white dog of powerful build and grand type, put down in full coat and perfect condition; third Waseeka Kennels' home-bred Newfoundland, Ch. Waseeka Sea Drift, a larger and more massive dog as befits this breed, excellent type and the correct lumbering gait; fourth, Mrs. Lewis Roesler's old English sheepdog, Ch. Merriedip Master Pantaloons, a pigeon blue with full white markings, proper size, square build and plantigrade like gait, weather resisting coat and an outstanding winner in breed and variety competition.

THIRTEEN high class hounds offered extremely close competition for Judge Quirk to separate and for Marjan to reverse the jinx number. In his modest manner he is always a crowd pleaser, a rich red hound put down in perfect condition, superb symmetry, free easy action, plenty of driving power, excellent running gear and the only representative of his breed ever to win a best-in-show. Next in order were Windholme Kennels' grey hound, Ch. White Rose of Boveyway, a medium sized, pure white bitch of beautiful outline, good gait and a veteran marking her fifth year in succession to win best of breed; Mrs. William du Pont, Jr.'s., Ch. Meadowlark Draftsman, winner of The American Kennel Club prize for best American-bred of all breeds last year. The judge later remarked that he did not show quite life enough in his gait and felt a shade soft in flesh and back



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and Miss Rosanelle Peabody's Borzoi, Ch. Otrava of Romanoff, a big, highly handsome, full coated, pure white hound, great driving power and absolute action.

Eight non-sporting dogs were the smallest of the groups but very close in competition for Judge Carey W. Lindsay. The winner, Lle Wol Lah Son, is a big, massive built red dog carrying a coat of the correct texture, excellent head and expression, characteristic stilted hock action and a consistent group winner. Second going to Strathglass Kennels' Dalmation, Ch. Hollow Hill Pepper, came as somewhat of a surprise; however, he is a well spotted dog of good make and shape and the judge remarked that he considered him the soundest dog in the ring and but for a minor fault he would have placed him first. This surprise was chiefly due to his getting past Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's well known, home-bred poodle put down in his usual fine form and considered by some to be better than his litter sister Ch. Blakken Jung Frau, the 1938 winner of the A. K. C. prize for American-

breeds. Fourth, Reg P. Sparkes' recently imported bulldog, Basford Golden Nymph.

Toys numbered fourteen very closely matched dogs for Judge H. L. Mapes to pass upon. After a very deliberate examination he awarded the rosette to Helzapoppin', a home-bred bitch, of ideal size, rich red coat of hard texture, perfect proportions, exceptionally good head and expression and a game shower. Second went to Mrs. Richard S. Quigley's Pekingese, Reminham Derry just arrived from England and in remarkably good condition after his trip. He is a red with white chest, excellent head, the desired leonine body, swaggering gait and good coat. Third, Mrs. James M. Austin's toy poodle, Karitena de Muriclar, a snowy white little bitch with a wealth of style and action which with her fine type, fancy clipped, full coat brought her high ringside favor. Fourth, Mrs. Vincent Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Moneybox Gold Coin, a rich orange of exquisite type, full, stand-off coat and a fine, perky shower.

## THE NEW YORK HOUND SHOW



MORGAN, KLEIN AND JONES PHOTOS

The Millbrook hounds took first place in the American pock class

THE 1940 Hound Show, held in Squadron A Armory, Friday, January 26, broke two records. First, in the number of hounds exhibited, 485, this being an increase of 35 over any previous years; and second, perhaps the more important from the spectators' point of view, in being run off on or ahead of schedule.

Under the quiet and unflurried guidance of C. Wadsworth Howard, for many years Master of the Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, the work of the stewards in getting hounds before the judges progressed steadily. Before the recess was taken for lunch several classes for both the English and American bitches had already been judged; a satisfactory condition seldom achieved in former years. In the afternoon, it was necessary to retard the judging so that the pack classes would not be completed before the arrival of those un-

able to spend the entire day at the ring-side.

The beagle packs were shown shortly after 3:30; first going to The Vernon Somerset; second, to The Foxcatcher and third, to The Readington. The Stockford was the only pack of Bassets shown, while The Monmouth, which showed the only



Worrier, best English dog hound





Gypsy, winning Welsh bitch

Harriers, made a better showing with their dogs than with their bitches. Meadow Brook had things their own way among the cross-breds, the dog pack being adjudged better than the bitches and both placed over Green Spring Valley. Of the English foxhounds, the best was Plunket Stewart's Cheshire pack, with second to The Rolling Rock and third to The Shelburne. The placing of the American packs was a reversal of the individual awards; Millbrook won the class, with second to Fairfield County and third to Essex. To many at the ring-side this placing was difficult to understand, as The Essex were even and seemed better individuals, particularly as they had fairly run away with the earlier classes.

THE horn blowing contest closed the show and was judged by Commodore Aemelius Jarvis, M.F.H. It was won by William Thomas, huntsman of The Essex, with second to Charles Smith, huntsman for Plunket Stewart, and third to the veteran Thomas Allison, huntsman of The Meadow Brook. Perhaps another year the Committee will arrange to have the judge and contestants stand on tables or work out some method of keeping the crowd back, so that all may have a better chance to enjoy this colorful event. It was definitely an improvement to place the horn blowing at the end instead of before the pack classes.

Hounds were shown from 31 packs and had come from 10 different states, ranging from Vermont to Georgia, and as far west as Illinois. Ten packs of American hounds were represented, as were seven packs of beagles.

Out of seven classes for American dog hounds, The Essex won six blues, the exception being in the class for unentered couples and there Millbrook won with Gallant and General. The best dog was The Essex's unentered Valiant '38 with reserve to their Helmet '37. The dog hounds were not generally as satisfactory as

the bitches, Daniel C. Sands, M.F.H., feeling that they had too coarse heads and less serviceable feet.

The Rose Tree showed only bitches and took both classes for unentered. Essex and Millbrook divided honors in the other bitch classes, with best bitch going to Essex Heresy '37 and reserve to their Madam '36. The Essex won best of breed with Valiant and Heresy, both by their Trueboy '33.

English foxhounds were judged by Harry T. Peters, M.F.H., and Robert

division Peterborough standards were closely adhered to.

Meadow Brook won all classes for cross-breds save that for one couple of entered bitches and there Green Spring Valley won with Waitress '34 and Welcome '38.

Classes for beagles, except for dogs under 13 inches, were more closely contested than the results would seem to indicate. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., M.F.H. and M.B.H., had a full day with them and one not improved by the little beggars



Valiant, best American fox-hound



Messenger, best small beagle



Mrs. Alfred Bissell, Moster, with the winning Stockford Bosset Hounds

E. Strawbridge, formerly master of the Cottesmore. Here honors among the dog hounds were monopolized by Stewart's Cheshire pack, which won all the blues and half the reds. The best dog was Warrior '36, reserve, Noble '37.

The Rolling Rock bitches fared better with four blues to the Cheshire's two. Incidentally, all Cheshire's blues went to home-breds while most of those taken by Rolling Rock were won by imported hounds. The best bitch was Cheshire's Guilty '38, daughter of Warrior, best dog of the show, with reserve to The Rolling Rock's Portsman's Alice '36. In this

unwillingness to either lead or pose. The Foxcatcher took all the blues save the pack class, already mentioned and another won by The Vernon Somerset in which Foxcatcher had no entries.

The Armory was a vast improvement over either the Riding Club or Madison Square Garden for everyone concerned. Two-thirds of America's hunts were represented among the spectators but too few New Yorkers were there to make a proper balance. Perhaps better timed and wider publicity might alter that, as would a more cooperative attitude toward the press.

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# The Young Sportsman

Too bad space is so limited that but two of the five stories we had hoped to publish this month squeezed in. The three which were not printed will appear in the April number.

The winner of the five dollar prize in this issue is Sally Fay, who wrote "Snowshoe Race," and Henry W. Compton, who drew the cartoon, and Marianne Hamilton, author of "White Socks," each receive a silver dollar.

We want more drawings, cartoons and photographs as well as stories built around the following subjects suggested for April: "My Garden," "Why I Like the Spring," "Our Swimming Hole," "How I Earn Extra Money," "How to Catch Frogs."

Will you authors try your best to write concisely? A good short story will have a far better chance to be published than a long one.

Remember, contributors have to be under 18 and all contributions must bear your name, address, age and the signature of parent, guardian or teacher that it is your own original work.

## SNOWSHOE RACE

THE church-bells ringing far down in the valley woke us up. Seven of us were spending the week-end with Susan and it was Sunday already so we had planned to make a Big Day of it. Wonderful smells of breakfast reached the barn, where we had slept, as we hurried into ski trousers and heavy woolen shirts. It was clear and blue outside.

Our plan was this: We were to divide into two teams. One team, the "Foxes," was to get a head start of an hour, on snowshoes. They had prepared a basket of finely cut red and blue paper with which to lay a trail. The "Hounds" also on snowshoes would follow the trail to its destination—wherever that might be! Each team had a knapsack with lunch, and a whistle in case anything should go wrong. Susan's mother (after having sworn to secrecy) was told where the destination was to be, so she could meet both teams there at six o'clock in the station wagon.

I was one of the four "Hounds." The hour following the "Foxes" departure seemed especially long, the "Foxes" having carefully left their beds for us to make. We couldn't wait to get outside and started! By the time the clock had bonged out its tenth and last stroke we had our snowshoes strapped on and were soon flying down the hill in a cloud of snow, on the trail. But we only had to turn back at its foot, finding it a false trail!

The strange rustlings of the green pine trees and the few dry leaves left on the oaks seemed to be trying to tell us where to go. Now the twisting trail led us through the bare woods, over an old stone wall, and down a

hill. The snow crunched under our shoes. We began to fall into that kind of steady rhythm of snowshoeing as we ran down along the trail.

At the foot of the hill lay the still, frozen river covered with slippery snow. The red and blue paper went about an eighth of the way across the river and then stopped. We felt rather bewildered.

"Perhaps they got that far and the ice began to crack," suggested Anne.

"But there's no sign of a trail around anywhere else," I put in, looking around. We were impatient to be off again. Suddenly Jean spoke up.

"You don't suppose the wind blew the paper off the river, do you?"

"That's an idea!" said Kate. "Why didn't we think of that before? Maybe the rest of the trail is on the other side. Come on!" She "came on" with such a burst of speed and enthusiasm that she landed hard on the river. All of us followed this bad example. Finally with much difficulty we crossed the river in a fairly straight line. It was frightening to hear resounding cracks echo as we made our dangerous way across, but remembered that the "Foxes" too had gone through such terrors. If they could, we could.

We split in twos to pick up the trail. After a loss of almost ten minutes we found it in the least obvious place—straight ahead!

Running all morning in cold clear air is enough to make anyone hungry so we stopped by a rock and, unstrapping our snowshoes, settled down to eat, glad for a rest. The soup was no longer hot and Kate spilt half of it but the sandwiches well-filled the emptiness of our stomachs. We were on a hill looking down on a small village comfortably settled on its side. The small window panes of the houses caught the sun and glittered. The river still twisted on and disappeared behind a hill. All of the "Hounds" felt happy and perhaps a little less energetic than this morning. We wondered where the "Foxes" were now...

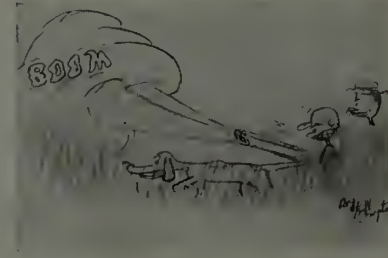
After a while we started off, talk-

ing less. The winter afternoon grew quickly shorter but the red and blue trail continued stretching on to the outskirts of the village and around to meet the river again, this time almost three miles farther down.

We reached the top of another hill, breathless but just in time to see the wild colors of the sunset. Slowly they faded leaving the sky apple-green and yellow with the skyline of the woods sharp and black. It grew darker quickly, and trudging down the hill we could see lights of another small village just pinpricks in the dusk. It was harder to see the trail now and we were in terror for fear the "Foxes" were going to run out of paper before they reached their Destination! We followed the paper to the middle of the village, hoping our four other friends, the "Foxes" weren't now in jail for littering the sidewalks with paper. There we had to take off our snowshoes. And suddenly Anne shouted—"Look!"

Across the dark quiet street farther up we could just make out four pairs of snowshoes neatly lined up against the wall of a shop. We rushed to it and saw swinging above us a wooden sign saying "The Black Teapot"—and beneath that in smaller letters—"Lunch, Tea, Dinner Served." A few minutes later eight pairs of snowshoes were neatly lined up against the wall. . . .

SALLY FAY, aged 15,  
Framingham Centre, Mass.



My Brother—His Dog Sport (The one with the tail is Sport)—And Myself—(without a gun)

Caption and drawing by Henry W. Compton, Savannah, Georgia; aged 16

## WHITE SOCKS

ON a farm for raising horses was a pretty little colt called White Socks. This colt was jet black with a white star on his forehead and white on his ankles whence he got his name White Socks. Even though so young, he had real promise of becoming an excellent riding horse.

Mr. Richards, owner of the farm, had noticed the good points of this colt and had decided to keep it and give it as a birthday present to his daughter, Ellen.

Ellen, even though having lived with horses all her fifteen years, had never overcome her fear of them. At a little girl she had been lifted up on a frisky pony by one of the work hands. The pony had reared and had thrown her and she had been quite badly hurt. From that time on Ellen had never wanted to ride, and her father had not made her, thinking she would get over it in time; but her fear increased rather than decreased.

Mr. Richards, hoping if Ellen had a horse of her own would take more interest in riding, had trained White Socks himself for her.

On her birthday after she had opened her presents, her father had said: "Ellen, I have a surprise for you out in the barn. Do you want to come and see it now?"

Ellen a little doubtfully followed her father to the barn. Then Mr. Richards led out White Socks for her inspection. White Socks immediately took a liking to Ellen, but she did not return it.

One day the Richards had been out for a long walk and returning saw a great cloud of smoke coming from their farm. Getting closer they saw that the barn was on fire. Mr. Richards started running towards it calling back to Ellen: "I am going to get as many horses out as I can, but some of them will probably have been killed already."

Suddenly a horrible thought struck her. What if White Socks had been killed? A deep love sprang up in her for this horse. She ran after her father, calling: "Get White Socks out." But he did not hear her.

Despite the smoke, Ellen rushed in, coughing at each step. She somehow got to White Sock's stall. Not yet overcome by the smoke he whinnied when he saw her, and Ellen without fear then led him out of the barn.

Now one can see a girl on a jet black horse at almost any time of day. But at twilight when the day's work is done, you can see the two standing at the pasture gates—the girl thinking of that day long ago when she first loved her horse, and the horse thinking of the long, happy days to come.

MARIANNE HAMILTON, Age 15,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



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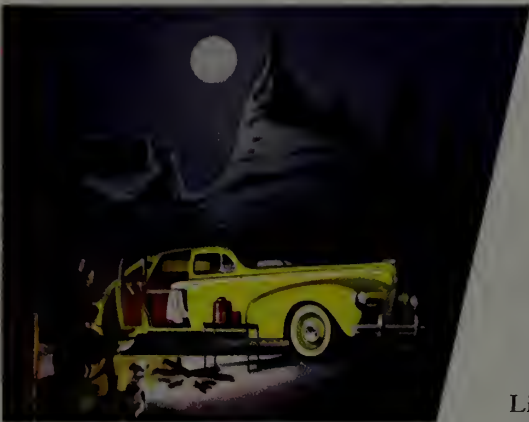
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# LETTERS

## SUGGESTIONS

TO THE EDITOR:

It may interest you to hear from a reader who sincerely thinks your magazine is improving. The last six issues are indeed a great step forward, comparing them with the summer months with the seed catalogue covers.

I am still at a loss to understand why the publishers of a relatively expensive publication close their eyes to the fact there has been a depression, and the public are becoming more and more price conscious, demanding their money's worth. To expect them to part with the price your publication sells for, it is most important that the prospective reader can contemplate getting at least 50 per cent of his money's worth.

I appreciate you do not look to the small fry to support your enterprise; you are satisfied in knowing a percentage of the well-to-do will continue to subscribe. This philosophy may be correct in the publishing business, but it definitely does not work out in any other field of endeavor.

COUNTRY LIFE implies interest in outdoor activities. Why not include more items covering many of the sports enjoyed by the readers of your magazine. Certainly golf, tennis, archery, field trials, yachting, skeet, badminton, squash-racquets, etc., interest them. I know you are getting around to it, but it is done in a limited manner.

I will admit I have no interest in horses and until recently you have done your darndest to make me like them. I still don't care for them despite my education through COUNTRY LIFE. The last three issues have given me something else to read and I appreciate it. Good pictures are interesting. Attractive covers are as important as window displays. Kennel information can be made most important. It can be different from that which all the publications are printing.

Act behind any movement to better conditions in all branches of sport. You have a vehicle that should carry intelligent news, regardless of whether it is old or new. Remember there are thousands of sportsmen who will gladly pay the price for an interesting publication. To get them to do so you must talk their language. It can be done, and well done. You have given evidence of this.

RALPH WOOD,  
New York.

TO THE EDITOR:

This is my first experience in ever writing to a magazine, but I so sincerely feel that you and your staff deserve a pat on the back for the job you are doing with COUNTRY LIFE, that I feel I must write you and tell you about it.

I became acquainted with COUNTRY LIFE when the "Sportsman" became affiliated with it, and at first was reluctant to see my "Old Bible" take on a broader scope. Then, ere my subscription expired, I became a staunch reader and looked forward with enthusiasm to the magazine. Then to my horror, before my very eyes, hale and hearty COUNTRY LIFE underwent a transfusion, and "Horse and Horseman" held the whip hand. For a few months there I frankly didn't care whether I received the magazine or not. The color photograph was negligible, the presentation of the stories was skimpy and the whole affair began to look pretty threadbare. Then suddenly the magazine began to take hold again—the articles had meat in them, their presentation became noteworthy, your staff seemed to have dug their heels in and were batting out the kind of stuff that makes a magazine the thought-provoking, informative, vital organ that a publication should be. Let's have more "Back to the Farm" articles. How about moving your dog department nearer the front? Dogs are important and affordable to most every one, while horses, excellent and stimulating as your material is, definitely don't fit into the pocket-books of many of your readers.

My children are enthusiastic about the "Young Sportsman" and my husband, after noting and jotting dates from your "Calendar of Events," goes on to uninterrupted reading of your hunting and fishing stories. For myself, I stick to the gardening, the shopping and the house pages. I, personally, could do with some more, for lack of better words, "Household Hints for Country Homes." How practical are utility rooms versus cellars, in less expensive country homes? Let's know some modern tricks of insulation against a chilly north wind. I'd even like to see some floor plans and renderings for suggested week-end lodges, game rooms and what a smart family could do with an old attic.

All this is asking a lot, I know, but the more of these and other features my family and I can find in COUNTRY LIFE, the better we'll like it!

Please do accept my sincere congratulations for the excellent job you've done to date, and now looking forward to my next issue of the magazine, I shall bring to a close the first and I'm sure the only fan letter I ever expect to write, but such efforts as yours are surely worthy of response from a reader.

MRS. J. R. COBBLER,  
Rutland, Vermont.

*To the writers of the two letters above go our thanks. Of course, we like to be told pleasant things, but even more satisfactory is the interest in what we are trying to do here*

*displayed by these correspondents. What do others of you think about their suggestions?*

## FISHING

TO THE EDITOR:

In March issue of COUNTRY LIFE there is a picture of a small great northern pike in a dip net—which is palmed off to the reader as a trout. Even the fins are painted white to resemble a brook trout. But the shovel nose and the spots show its true nature.

Sincerely,  
J. C. GILBERT,  
Dearborn, Mich.



COURTESY FIELD AND STREAM

*This is the picture that J. C. Gilbert believes to be a great northern pike and not a native brook trout as the caption implied. Probably what has caused Mr. Gilbert to question this picture is the spot-pattern on the sides of the fish. However, there is a great deal of variance between individual brook trout.*

*We guarantee this one to be as represented. This reproduction is reduced from a much larger print and in the larger picture at least, this is quite obviously a trout. The fins have not been retouched, although the fly in the fish's mouth is the work of an artist and not a fly tyer.*

## BEAGLING

TO THE EDITOR:

Congratulations to you for Mr. Thompson's splendid beagling story and illustrations. It was most amusingly written, beside being very helpful because of the figures he gave.

The sporting citizens of this country are really beginning to find out about beagles, and the pleasure they afford, and you are helping them by

using such articles. Let us have more.  
EDWARD M. WARD, JR.,  
Locust Valley, L. I.

*COUNTRY LIFE is particularly happy to have this letter from Mr. Ward, who is one of the most informed and enthusiastic of beagle followers.*

## FLIGHT SPEED OF BIRDS

TO THE EDITOR:

COUNTRY LIFE and Col. Sheldon are to be complimented on "When Not Unduly Alarmed," which appeared in a recent issue. This article presented a common-sense, amusing, and stimulating approach to a subject that comes in for a lot of discussion these winter nights. Lets have more of this sort of thing!

MAURICE OKIN,  
Duluth, Minn.

## THE QUARTER HORSE AGAIN

TO THE EDITOR:

I was greatly interested in the article on the Quarter horse by Grove Cullum and also the letter by Jack Casement commenting on Mr. Cullum's article.

It is not my intention to try to change Mr. Cullum's opinion of the Quarter horse, as his mind seems to be definitely made up and, a "man convinced against his will is likely to remain of the same opinion still," seems to sum up the situation in this case.

It is also not my intention to try to sell anyone on the merits of the Quarter horse nor to condemn to the scrap heap any other breed just because it doesn't happen to suit my particular needs. This is one section of the cow country where it is still necessary to do a certain amount of work with horses. We find the Quarter horse type ideally suited for this work. And, we have the type of Quarter horse whose back will hold a saddle in heavy roping without having to cut him in two with the cinch.

Mr. Cullum states, in his article, "If he were to rope a steer he would want a horse whose back would properly hold a saddle." I agree with him but, I can't see any relation to a Quarter horse in that round-backed Morgan type of horse he pictured with his article.

In rodeo circles we still find the Quarter horse holding his own due to his starting ability, speed, intelligence and cool-headedness. And these horses are responsible for their owners winning many thousands of dollars each rodeo season, in the roping and bulldogging events.

I have always felt that a man was treading in dangerous waters when he started criticising another man's type of horse. I would certainly hesitate a long time before passing on the qualifica- (Continued on page 26)





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# THE CALENDAR

## RACING

- April 1-13 BOWIE, Md.
- To April 10 TROPICAL PARK, Fla.
- April 11-25 KEENELAND, Lexington, Ky.
- April 15-27 HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.
- April 17-May 18 NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.
- To April 22 SAN BRUNO, Cal.
- April 27-May 18 CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.
- April 27-May 25 AURORA, Ill.
- April 29-May 11 PIMLICO, Md.

## HUNT RACING

- April 6 DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB, Richmond, Va.
- April 13 MIDDLEBURG HUNT RACE, Middleburg, Va.
- April 20 GRAND NATIONAL POINT TO POINT, Hereford, Md.
- April 27 MARYLAND HUNT CUP ASSOCIATION, Glyndon, Md.

## HUNTER TRIALS

- April 6 ROSE TREE, Media, Pa.
- April 13 PONY SHOW HUNTER TRIALS, Newtown Square, Pa.
- April 20 POTOMAC HUNT, Rockville, Md.
- April 20-21 POGONIP, Santa Cruz, Cal.

## HORSE SHOWS

- April 6 ROUND HILL CLUB STABLES, Greenwich, Cong.
- April 13 WALL STREET RIDING CLUB, New York.
- April 13 MISSION VALLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASE AND HORSE SHOW.
- April 17-18 EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA, Rocky Mount, N. C.
- April 17 TRYON, North Carolina.
- April 19-20 HAMPTON, Va.
- April 26-27 LYNCHBURG, JUNIOR LEAGUE, Lynchburg, Va.
- April 26-27 JUNIOR HORSE SHOW OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, West Orange.
- April 27 FAIRFAX HUNT, Fairfax, Va.

## DOG SHOWS

- April 1-2 GREENVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Greenville, S. C.
- April 4 COLUMBIA KENNEL CLUB, Columbia, S. C.
- April 6 SAVANNAH KENNEL CLUB, Savannah, Ga.
- April 6 SPRINGFIELD KENNEL CLUB, Springfield, Mass.
- April 6-7 TRI-CITY KENNEL CLUB, Rock Island, Ill.
- April 8-9 MACON KENNEL CLUB, Macon, Ga.
- April 11-12 BIRMINGHAM KENNEL CLUB, Birmingham, Ala.
- April 13 KENNEL CLUB OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, Teaneck, N. J.
- April 13-14 SEATTLE KENNEL CLUB, Seattle, Wash.
- April 13-14 TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB, Toledo, Ohio.
- April 14 MEMPHIS KENNEL CLUB, Memphis, Tenn.
- April 14 UNION COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Elizabeth, N. J.
- April 17-18 PHOENIX KENNEL CLUB, Phoenix, Ariz.
- April 20 FIRST COMPANY GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD, Hartford, Conn.
- April 20 UNIVERSITY KENNEL CLUB, Charlottesville, Va.
- April 20-21 EL PASO KENNEL CLUB, El Paso, Tex.
- April 21 SAW MILL RIVER KENNEL CLUB, White Plains, N. Y.
- April 21 TRI-STATE KENNEL ASSN., Wheeling, W. Va.
- April 22 HAMPTON ROADS KENNEL CLUB, Norfolk, Va.
- April 23-24 VIRGINIA KENNEL CLUB, Richmond, Va.
- April 24-25 RIO GRANDE KENNEL CLUB, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
- April 25-26 NATIONAL CAPITAL KENNEL CLUB, Washington, D. C.
- April 27 OLD DOMINION KENNEL CLUB, Alexandria, Va.
- April 27-28 BEVERLY HILLS KENNEL CLUB, Beverly Hills, Cal.
- April 27-28 MAHONING-SHENANGO KENNEL CLUB, Youngstown, Ohio.
- April 27-28 NEW MEXICO KENNEL CLUB, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
- April 27-28 ST. JOSEPH KENNEL CLUB, St. Joseph, Mo.
- April 28 BALTIMORE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Towson, Md.

## OBEDIENCE TRIALS

- April 6-7 TRI-CITY KENNEL CLUB, Rock Island, Ill.
- April 13-14 TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB, Toledo, Ohio.
- April 20 HARTFORD OBEDIENCE TRAINING CLUB, Hartford, Conn.
- April 21 TRI-STATE KENNEL ASSN., Wheeling, W. Va.
- April 25-26 NATIONAL CAPITAL KENNEL CLUB, Washington, D. C.
- April 27-28 MAHONING-SHENANGO KENNEL CLUB, Youngstown, Ohio.

## FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVERS)

- April 5-7 CARLISLE MEMORIAL, Islip, L. I.
- April 13-14 MIDWEST FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Barrington, Ill.
- April 20-21 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Peruque, Mo.
- April 27-28 MISSOURI VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Omaha, Neb.

## FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)

- April 3 ENGLISH SETTER CLUB OF AMERICA, Medford, New Jersey.
- April 5 SUSSEX COUNTY SPORT AND CONSERVATION LEAGUE, Sparta, N. J.
- April 6 FAUQUIER COUNTY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Warrenton, Va.
- April 6 NEW BRITAIN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, New Britain, Conn.
- April 6 DUNELAND POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Parr, Ind.
- April 6 CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
- April 7 NATIONAL GROUSE DOG CHAMPIONSHIP, Marienville, Pa.
- April 7 WESTERN ILLINOIS FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Macomb, Ill.
- April 8 KENTUCKY CONSOLIDATED FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Lancaster, Ky.
- April 8 TENNEVA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Bristol, Va.
- April 12 MID-JERSEY FIELD DOG CLUB, Clinton, New Jersey.
- April 12 ORANGE COUNTY FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Verbank, N. Y.
- April 13 MICHIGAN GROUSE FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Clare, Mich.
- April 13 CAPITAL CITY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Harrisburg, Pa.
- April 13 NEEDHAM SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Needham, Mass.
- April 14 DUGGER FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Dugger, Ind.
- April 14 EASTERN STATES BIRD DOG ASSN., Springfield, Mass.
- April 19 SOUTHERN NEW YORK FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Bedford Village, N. Y.
- April 19 SETTER CLUB OF NEW ENGLAND, Carlisle, Mass.
- April 20 SAGINAW FIELD AND STREAM CLUB, West Branch, Mich.
- April 20 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB.
- April 20 TRUMBULL COUNTY POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Warren, Ohio.
- April 20 WALLINGFORD FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Meriden, Conn.
- April 21 BUFFALO TRAP AND FIELD CLUB, Buffalo, N. Y.
- April 26 SPORT AND CONSERVATION LEAGUE, Middletown, N. Y.
- April 27 NORTHERN STATES AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Solon Springs, Wis.
- April 27 SOUTHERN RHODE ISLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Peace Dale, R. I.
- April 27 IRISH SETTER CLUB OF AMERICA, Clinton, New Jersey.
- April 28 CENTRAL NEW YORK PHEASANT DOG ASSN., Lakeport, N. Y.

## FLOWER SHOWS

- April 4-5 ATLANTA, GA., TULIP SHOW
- To April 7 NATCHEZ GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE, Natchez, Miss.
- To April 7 CHICAGO SPRING FLOWER SHOW, Chicago, Ill.
- April 16-19 GARDEN TOUR AND DOGWOOD FESTIVAL, Atlanta, Ga.
- April 19-20 SPRING SHOW, Victoria, B. C.

(Continued on Page 10)



To have and to hold

# THE MATCHLESS BEAUTY OF HEALTHY TREES



**DAVEY TREE FEEDING** embraces scientific methods and tested materials that have proved their superiority in service.

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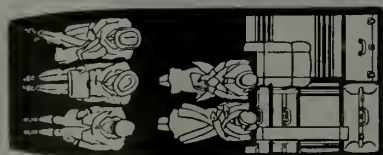
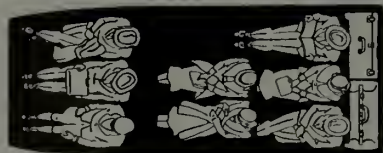
## The new Packard Station Wagon is 5 cars in 1!

**M**OST ADAPTABLE CAR that rolls, this smarter, beautifully finished Packard offers such variety of seating arrangement and luggage space that 5 different combinations are available!

There's not only more fun here—for as many as eight pleasure-bound people—but more comfort. For this luxurious car rides like a

fine passenger car, and gives you more knee and leg room than you'll find elsewhere. Better building has banished the rattles and drafts of other days. You get the many luxuries of a Packard.

And not the least of these—for you'll discover—are its agreeably low price and extremely modest upkeep costs.



**8 PASSENGERS** may be seated in one of the 5 different seating arrangements, 3 of which are shown above. Two rear seats are quickly interchangeable, leaving luggage space required. There are 4 doors and wide aisles.



**SAFETY GLASS WINDOWS** are easily regulated. Rear pane slides forward as illustrated to provide ventilation. Visibility is excellent. **DOOR WINDOWS** are regulated like passenger cars. Spare tire cover matches upholstery.

**PACKARD-110** \$1195  
STATION WAGON delivered in Detroit,  
State taxes extra.

## CALENDAR (Continued from Page 8)

April 25-26  
April 26

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AND WESTBURY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Annual Narcissus Show. New York.  
TRYON, North Carolina.

## SKEET TOURNAMENTS

April 1 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.  
April 6 HICKAM FIELD SKEET CLUB, Honolulu, Hawaii.  
April 7 HI-GUN SKEET CLUB, Detroit, Mich.  
April 7 JOPLIN SKEET CLUB, Joplin, Mo.  
April 7 MEADOW PARK GUN CLUB, Carlstadt, N. J.  
April 7 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex. (Monthly Registered Shoot).  
April 7 CRISTOBAL GUN CLUB, Canal Zone.  
April 7 MISHAWAKA CONSERVATION CLUB, Mishawaka Ind.  
April 11 PHEASANT FARM SKEET CLUB, Philadelphia, Pa.  
April 13 NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, N. Y.  
April 13-14 LOS ANGELES SKEET CLUB, Santa Monica, Cal.  
April 14 CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis Ind.  
April 14 HILLTOP SKEET CLUB, Holliston, Mass.  
April 14 MIAMI VALLEY SKEET CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.  
April 18-20 SEA ISLAND GUN CLUB, Sea Island Ga.  
April 20 REMINGTON GUN CLUB, Lordship, Conn. (Intercollegiate Ch.).  
April 20-21 WILMINGTON TRAPSHOOTING ASS'N, New Castle, Del. (Delaware Open).  
April 20-21 KAILUA SKEET CLUB, Honolulu, Hawaii.  
April 21 GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, West Alameda, Cal.  
April 21 ESSEX SKEET CLUB, Essex, Conn.  
April 21 CHAIN O'LAKES GUN CLUB, South Bend, Ind.  
April 21 MEADOW PARK GUN CLUB, Carlstadt, N. J.  
April 21 BROOKS AVE. GUN CLUB, Rochester, N. Y. (Club Ch.).  
April 21 FIRESTONE SKEET CLUB, Akron, Ohio.  
April 21 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.  
April 21 LONG BEACH GUN CLUB, Long Beach, Cal.  
April 27-28 MEADOW PARK GUN CLUB, Carlstadt, N. J. (Metropolitan Open).  
April 27-28 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex. (Alamo Open Chs.).  
April 28 PALOS HEIGHTS GUN CLUB, Worth, Ill. (Ill. S. S. A. Inter Club Shoot).  
April 28 ORCHARD RIDGE GUN CLUB, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (Ft. Wayne City Open).  
April 28 MINUTE MAN SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Lexington, Mass. (20 Ga. and Two man team).  
April 28 GROSSE POINTE SKEET CLUB, Grosse Pointe, Mich.  
April 28 JOPLIN SKEET CLUB, Joplin, Mo. (Club Ch.).  
April 28 CHITTENANGO ROD AND GUN CLUB, Chittanooga N. Y.

## ART EXHIBITIONS

April 1-27 APRIL COSTUME EXHIBITION, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.  
April 1-27 ANNUAL WISCONSIN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS EXHIBITION, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.  
April 1-27 GEORGE ELMER BROWNE OILS, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.  
April 1-27 MRS. GLENN MITCHELL PASTELS, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.  
April 1-27 "FACTS AND FIGURES," Clay Club, New York.  
April 1-27 "COTTON IN COSTUME," Museum of Costume Art New York.  
April 1-27 THE PRESS IN AMERICA, New York Historical Society, N. Y.  
April 1-27 EMIL BISTRAM, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.  
April 1-13 SNOW LANDSCAPES IN WATER COLOR by Eyvind Earle, Charles Morgan Gallery, New York.  
April 1-30 PRINTS BY LEADING AMERICAN ARTISTS, Grand Central Galleries, New York.  
April 1-25 AMERICAN OILS, Milch Galleries, Iowa State University, Iowa City.  
April 1-30 PRINTS BY PERSIS ROBERTSON, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.  
April 1-14 KATHE KOLLWITZ, DAUMIER, AND GAUARI, Parkersburg Fine Arts Center, W. Va.  
April 2-13 PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS, Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.  
To April 5 WORKS BY UTRILLO AND VLAMINCK, Perls Galleries, New York.  
April 5-21 CHINESE PORCELAINS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.  
April 5-28 WORKS OF BROOKLYN ARTISTS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.  
To April 6 PORTRAITS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE, Knoedler Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 PAINTINGS BY KARL BISSINGER, Contemporary Arts Gallery, New York.  
To April 6 PAINTINGS BY JOHN F. HAWKINS & PHOTOGRAPHS BY KORTENBEUTEL, Argent Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 DRAWINGS BY FRANC ERLEY, Bonestell Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 RECENT WORKS BY DAVID BURLIUK, Boyer Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 LOAN EXHIBITION BY NICHOLAS POUSSIN, Durlacher Bros., New York.  
To April 6 PAINTINGS BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST, Kraushaar Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 PAINTINGS BY PAT ERICKSON, Morton Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 SILK SCREEN PRINTS, Weyhe Galleries, New York.  
To April 6 FLOWER PAINTINGS & SCULPTURE FOR GARDENS, James R. Marsh Gallery, Essex Fells, N. J.  
To April 7 SCULPTURE BY ALEC MILLER, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.  
To April 7 AMERICAN ARTISTS PROFESSIONAL LEAGUE, New Jersey State Museum, Trenton.  
To April 7 EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN MASTERS EXTENDED, Museum of Modern Art, New York.  
To April 7 CHINESE CERAMICS, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
To April 7 WATERCOLORS BY NILS GREN, San Francisco Art Assn. Gallery, Cal.  
To April 7 PAINTINGS BY AMEDEE OZENFANT, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.  
To April 7 PRINTS OF THE AMERICAN ARTIST'S ASSN., San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.  
April 7-21 THE ART DIRECTOR'S 18TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Kansas City Art Inst., Kansas City, Mo.  
April 7-28 STUDENT SALON, Iowa State University, Iowa City.  
April 7-18 STATE HIGH SCHOOL ART, Iowa State University, Iowa City.  
Apr. 7-May 4 ANNUAL DALLAS ALLIED ARTS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.  
April 8-27 PAINTINGS BY GRIGORY GLUCKMANN, Schneider-Gabriel Galleries, New York.  
April 8-30 WATERCOLORS BY JOHN WHORE, Milch Galleries, New York.  
April 8-15 PAN AMERICAN PAINTINGS, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.  
To April 10 EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART, Studio Club, New York.  
To April 11 ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Academy, New York.  
To April 12 STILL LIFE PAINTINGS BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN, Grand Central Galleries, New York.  
To April 13 IMPRESSIONISTS AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS, Durand Ruel Gallery, New York.  
To April 13 THEATRE ARTS, Mayer Galleries, New York.  
To April 14 PAINTINGS BY IVES TANGUY, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.  
To April 14 PICASSO: FORTY YEARS OF HIS ART, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.  
To April 14 MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES, Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio.  
To April 15 PRIMITIVE ART, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.  
To April 15 ETCHINGS BY ANTONIO CANALETTO, McDonald Galleries, New York.  
To April 15 WORK BY MEMBERS OF ART LEAGUE OF ST. LOUIS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.  
April 15-27 RECENT OILS BY I. ABRAMOVSKY, Charles Morgan Gallery, New York.  
To April 15 MEMBERSHIP EXHIBITION BY ART TEACHERS ASS'N OF N. Y. HIGH SCHOOLS, Uptown Gallery, N. Y.  
To April 15 LANDSCAPES WITH FIGURES, Wolfe, C. I. Art Club, New York.  
To April 16 PAINTINGS BY VACLAV VYTLACIL, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.  
To April 16 FRENCH MODERNS, F. A. R. Gallery, New York.  
April 16-27 MARINE PAINTINGS BY STANLEY WOODWARD, Grand Central Galleries, New York.  
April 16-27 JONAS LIE MEMORIAL, Grand Central Galleries, New York.  
To April 17 EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF MARYLAND ARTISTS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.  
Apr. 17-Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.  
To April 18 ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, Montclair Art Museum, N. J.  
To April 21 HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF WOODCUTS, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.  
To April 21 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF MARYLAND ARTISTS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.  
To April 28 PACIFIC COAST WATER COLORISTS, Riverside Museum, New York.  
To April 30 PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE BY STATEN ISLAND ARTISTS, S. I. Institute of Arts and Sciences, St. George.  
To April 30 CENTURY BOOK EXHIBITION, Morgan Library, New York.  
To April 30 SAINTS AND MADONNAS, International Studio Art Gallery, New York.



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# Come on... be a king!

Over all the cars on 1940's highways—this phenomenal new Packard One-Sixty makes you monarch!

It's the new master of America's highways! It earns this title in agile performance, roadability and handling ease.



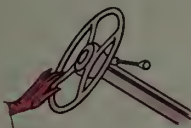
It has the most powerful 8-cylinder engine that any 1940 American passenger car can boast—160 horsepower! More power per pound of car weight than any other car you can mention.

Take one look at its long, low racy beauty, and the first word that comes to your mind is—*fast!* And this car *is* fast! And we don't believe any car has as easy a cruising speed. In fact—experienced owners advise new owners to keep an eye on their speedometers.



Yet it gives you a gas economy that is almost nip-and-tuck with that of cars weighing hundreds of pounds less, and with motors of 20 to 25 less horsepower!

But its economy features don't stop there. Thanks to Packard design and Packard precision manufacturing, this car seldom sees the inside of a repair shop.



And it's as gentle as your pet dog. Its handling ease will amaze you—and its ride is an eye-widening experience in comfort.

Economy and handling ease like this might lead you to think it's a midget, but again you'll be happily surprised. Get in, stretch out, and relax—there's room to spare.

One more bit of astonishment—*this great car costs even less than last year's Packard Super-8!*

And now—ask your Packard dealer to bring this car to your door. Take the wheel, take to the realm of the broad highway, settle back in the ruler's seat—and see how it feels to be a king!



Illustrated: Packard Super-8 One-Sixty Touring Sedan, \$1647\* (white sidewall tires extra)

Available in eight body styles and three different wheel-base lengths. Long, lithe, handsomely appointed, this car is a joy to look at as well as a dream to drive.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD SUPER-8 160

\$1524

AND UP Packard 110, \$867 and up; Packard 120, \$1038 and up; Packard Super-8 160, \$1524 and up; Packard Custom Super-8 160, \$2228 to \$6300. All prices delivered in Detroit. State taxes extra.





# Glass

can make your rooms as delightful as these



**YOUR POWDER ROOM IS AS CHARMING** as it is useful when you dress it up with large mirror panels like these. Besides giving the room a bright, gay personality, mirrors make it seem to grow in size, almost as though by magic. To those persons who want mirrors which return absolutely accurate *color* reflections, we recommend Crystalex (water white) mirrors, made especially for this purpose. Residence of Mrs. M. J. Bernet, Shaker Heights, Ohio. Architect, Maxwell A. Norcross.

Look for this trade-mark when you buy mirrors. It assures you that the manufacturer has used Pittsburgh Plate Glass, noted for its polished beauty and perfect reflections. Let this label be your guide to quality in buying other articles made with plate glass, too. Pittsburgh Mirrors come in these colors: blue, flesh tinted, green, water white. And with gold, silver or gunmetal backing.



**F**OR HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS on how you can use Pittsburgh Glass to beautify and improve your home, send the coupon for our free, illustrated booklet of ideas. Pittsburgh Products are readily available through any of our numerous branches or distributors. Remember "Pittsburgh" stands for Quality Glass.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



**EVERY CHILD'S ROOM** should have a full-length door mirror in it, to encourage neatness and pride in appearance. Mirrors to fit any door in your house can be installed in a jiffy. And note the mirror over the chest, No. CA-5 in the new Pittsburgh Glass Age Mirror line, combining mirror glass with Carrara Structural Glass, a new idea in decorations. Child's dress and furniture by Childhood, Inc., New York.



**FOR A CLEAN AND COLORFUL BATHROOM**, call on Carrara Structural Glass for help. Combined with Pittsburgh Mirrors, this polished, reflective wall material will make your bath the envy of your friends. Smooth, unfading, impervious to moisture, easy to keep clean with a damp cloth. Ten colors to choose from. Residence of Mr. Edwin A. Bayles, Lake Road, Short Hills, N. J. Elmer S. Tuthiel, Arch.

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Martinez, Cal.



Main ranch group. Master's house in upper right hand corner. Note purebred Herefords in foreground; pastures, part of the farmland, and the mountain ranges in the background



Picturesque view on the ranch, showing Mt. Evans in the background

# Ken-Caryl Ranch

*In the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado*

**COMPLETELY EQUIPPED AND FULLY STOCKED**

**K**EN-CARYL Ranch, a "Country Estate Ranch," comprises approximately 10,000 acres lying in the rugged foothill section of the Rockies, 21 miles southwest from the center of the city of Denver, Colorado. It is within 30 minutes by motor from the Country Clubs and Polo Club of Denver and within 20 minutes of the kennels of the Arapahoe Hunt (under the mastership of Mr. Lawrence C. Phipps, Jr.). Imagine finding such a tract, assembled and available so close to a city the size of Denver!

The climatic conditions are ideal; bright sunny days, cool nights and dry bracing air; mountains that afford protection from severe storms also bless this area with more precipitation than the surrounding territory. These mountains ward off blizzards and mild weather is the rule.

Though the winters are kindly at

the ranch proper, winter sports are to be enjoyed nearby. Skiing and tobogganing are actually commercially carried on throughout the winter on the ranch adjoining the southwest border. It is only an hour and a half by automobile from the Berthoud Pass country, where good skiing is available from late October until late May.

It is glorious country for horse lovers too. Splendid and interesting trails and good open galloping land can be found without leaving the ranch; visitors have ridden horseback every day for more than two weeks going through new country nearly all the time. The Arapahoe Hunt has excellent sport hunting coyotes on the average of three days a week from October through April. The polo fields of Denver are among the best and Ken-Caryl is but one and a quar-



The master's house is in a beautiful setting of expensive lawn, decorative trees and shrubs. Note ping pong porch with sleeping porch above and three-car attached garage

**FOR SALE AS A WHOLE OR IN PART  
WITH OR WITHOUT STOCK AND EQUIPMENT**

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Partial view of ranch room showing ping pong porch



Partial view of living room, facing reception hall



Guest house (part of master's house group) seen from the terrace of main residence



Thoroughbred mare, "Bancar" by Algernon by Fairplay out of Runicar by Runnymede with Pillary foal at foot



A small group of commercial cattle, bedded down after a fill of nutritious grass

ter hour's drive from Broadmoor, where polo is played all summer.

The scenic beauty defies description. As one enters the main gates and passes the attractive stone lodge, then through a 2,000 acre pasture, he is confronted with a low mountain range with interesting and astonishing rock formations and foliage typical of mountainous country. Then the road leads through a gap in this range and suddenly a valley of indescribable beauty unfolds.

**H**ERE most of the ranch improvements are to be found. There are fenced pastures with their grazing cattle or horses, corrals and ranch buildings set in under the protection of clifflike rocks; and, in summer, fields of vari-colored crops: from the green corn to the waving golden ripe wheat, with a background of mountain ranges beyond. The strange and beautiful rock formations crop up all through the valley and are comparable with those of the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs.

The original stagecoach road can be seen winding up the mountains and it is quite an ordinary occurrence to see deer; pheasants and other bird life.

The real beauty of the ranch can best be appreciated from the master's house, situated on the brow of a hill at the highest point of the valley. All within one's vision is part of the ranch—except the city of Denver, which can be seen in panorama through a gap in the hills off to the east. Here is complete privacy and seclusion and yet Denver is only 12 miles away as the crow flies.

One of the great advantages of this proximity to Denver is the fact that the condition of the market for commercial sheep and cattle can be determined in the morning and the stock actually trucked in to Denver in time for sale that day or the next—merely an hour's trip by truck. All buyers of purebred cattle come to Denver frequently and during the live stock show it is very easy for them to come to the ranch—in contrast to the necessity of driving the usual long distances to reach most breeding ranches.

The attractive town of Littleton is only nine miles from the ranch, providing good nearby marketing facilities

for supplies. A number of schools, with bus pick-ups, are convenient to the ranch for the children of employees.

The ranch buildings, a total of 44, including houses, barns and sheds, with a full complement of corrals and paddocks, are of fine construction and have recently been put in the best of condition and painted, even though many are fairly new. They are divided into four groups. One (a complete ranch in itself) is located at the extreme southern end. The main group, including the master's house and grounds, is in the center. There is another group near the northern boundary, and the fourth is at the extreme west side.

The main ranch group is supplied with electricity, purchased at reasonable rates—thus all wells are electrically and automatically operated and auxiliary ranch equipment electrified.

The master's house and grounds, approximately one-half mile from the main group, comprise about four acres of land surrounded by post and rail fence, adjacent to thoroughbred horse pasture and other pastures in which purebred stock can be seen from the house. The house is Colonial in type, well constructed and completely modern, including hot water heat, supplied by a recently installed oil fired boiler of the latest type with separate automatically controlled hot water supply.

On the first floor are a reception hall; living room with fireplace and adjoining sun room; game or ranch room with large Mexican type fireplace and enclosed ping pong porch (all opening through French doors onto a terrace affording a complete view of the ranch to the south); powder room; library (or office); dining room, butler's pantry; kitchen and servants' dining room. A feature of the dining room is a picture window affording a wonderful view of the north end of the ranch with its exquisite rock formations and a panoramic view of Denver through the saddle in the "hogbacks."

On the second floor are five bedrooms, two with a connecting bath and three with private baths. Two of these rooms have direct connection with a large enclosed sleeping porch, and a third with an equally large en-

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COUNTRY LIFE



closed porch. In a separate wing are two servants' rooms with bath, and a third servant's room and bath are located in the basement, which is virtually a ground floor.

A three-car garage gives access to the basement through a utility room, and the balance of the basement consists of the furnace room, laundry, large storage room—all with outside windows and ample light.

About 150 feet distant from the main house is a guest house consisting of a very large dining-living room with huge stone fireplace, kitchen, four bedrooms, and two baths—furnace and hot water heat. The third building in the main residence group encloses a large concrete water storage tank, electric switchboard, pumps, etc.

**T**HE main ranch group is made up of a superintendent's house; ranch office and garage; bunk house, cook house, herdsman's house; feeder foreman's house; implement building and blacksmith shop; cattle show barn; horse barn; dairy barn, milk and ice house; cattle sheds and corrals. A stone walled trench silo is located nearby.

All buildings are grouped with proper relation to corrals and loading chutes. They have ample supply of running water and proper sewerage and are served from a series of wells electrically operated with intercommunication through galvanized pipe lines of large diameter. This group also includes gasoline and Diesel fuel storage tanks with pumps. New springs have been opened up and in one 2,000 acre pasture a large tank (or lake) has been constructed for the impounding of water for stock.

The horse barn includes ten box stalls, four tie stalls, space for two additional box stalls, tack room, and ample storage capacity aloft. The horse barn is complete in every detail and the tack room attractively fitted.

The dairy barn adequately accommodates eight cows with stanchions, has a concrete floor, grain room, and calving stall with accompanying corral.

The cattle show barn is a type seldom found on any ranch, accommodating 50 head of cattle in large box

stalls, hollow tile walls and air vents drawing fresh air into each stall; large grain and hay loft holds several hundred tons. Adjacent is an oil fired, thermostatically controlled hot water system providing water at the proper temperature for washing cattle or for heating the mixture in the dipping vat.

The second, or south group, largely of stone and wood construction, includes a main residence, farm hands' house, horse and cow barns, blacksmith shop and garage, implement shed, tile silo with a capacity of about 150 tons, chicken shed, cattle sheds and corrals. Electrification is practical for this group. Plenty of water is supplied from two excellent springs. A sewerage system from all buildings is carefully engineered and constructed.

The main residence of this south group is about a quarter of a mile from the general ranch and commands a view of one of the most interesting and attractive rock formations of the ranch.

This group was originally operated as a separate ranch, but it is now operated as an integral part of the whole.

The third group, once a separate ranch, includes a large, attractive two story stone house, stone shed (originally a block house) and tile silo of 150 tons capacity. The walls of the house are 28" thick; it was built in 1868 and was the first stop on the stage coach route between Denver and Leadville. It was built by a man from Virginia who made it a replica of his plantation home in that state. It is located in a protective group of odd shaped rocks with a large orchard to the west and a good view of the mountains and the ranch to the south. The abundant water supply from a spring and well is one of the best on the ranch.

The fourth group is at the extreme west side of the ranch in the mountainous section at an elevation of 8,000 feet. It now includes only a one and one-half story frame house of six rooms of a type suitable for a farm hand; stone barn and a small group of corrals. The house is at the west gate which opens onto a main highway.

This group is also adaptable for enlargement into a complete separate



Purebred Hereford cattle in the corral



Group of riders on ranch horses in field East of main residence; hogbacks in background. Note wonderful galloping country



Band of 1,500 head of sheep in North end of pasture in month of May



Harvesting alfalfa hay at South end of ranch, showing ranch buildings in the background





A fair idea not only of the abundant crops grown on Ken-Caryl Ranch but also of the interesting rock formations at different places throughout the entire ranch is had above

ranch. A road leads back into the mountains and timberland which provide an ideal location for a main residence. Many celebrities, including Theodore Roosevelt, spent weeks at a time here enjoying the feeling of isolation and the beauty of the timber and mountains and the exquisite view of the main Rockies including Mount Evans.

The entire ranch is fully fenced and cross-fenced, with dependable stock water supply in each pasture.

Twenty-two miles of boundary fence have been largely overhauled during the last two years.

The entire ranch has been carefully surveyed by engineers, agronomists, forest rangers, farming experts and soil chemists. The soil of every field and pasture, timber and farm land, has been analyzed and its depth determined; topographical maps showing grades have been comprehensively prepared, timber accurately cruised, and as a result a plan of scientific farming, pasturing and timbering has been evolved. This spring will see a completion of an extensive program of dams, diversion and spreader ditches designed for the pur-

pose of the complete and efficient use of snow and rain waters for the increased productivity of the farm land, and for the utmost conservation and improvement of pasture. A timbering program was initiated this fall with the cutting of a large quantity of Christmas trees sold at profit.

Branch roads have been reconstructed, provided with culverts and all the main roads (more than 12 miles) heavily gravelled for all year operation, regardless of weather.

ONE thousand acres are under cultivation, approximately 300 acres irrigated, 1,600 acres in timberland and the balance pasture and grazing land. Irrigation is supplied by protected water rights in the amount of 5.28 second feet, transmitted through a wholly owned 24" steel pipe line with headgate structure in Deer Creek. The farm land is irrigated by approximately four miles of ditches and the excess water stored in a reservoir.

The principal crops are alfalfa hay, Sudan grass, corn, wheat, barley, oats and rye. Crop reports indicate production of as much as three tons of alfalfa hay from the

irrigated land and two tons from the non-irrigated land, per acre.

The agronomy surveys show diversity of strong grasses resulting from the variety of topography and elevation; for example: there is one pasture of 2,000 acres, with elevation of 5,700 feet, which in the spring shows some 15 grasses; in August such grasses as the Gramma and Blue Stem (both exceptionally nutritious) take the place of the earlier varieties. Other pastures produce a higher grass which retains its strength after curing and provides ideal fall and winter pasture, while in the meadows of the higher mountains Clover and Kentucky Blue Grass abound during the mid-summer.

The ranch lends itself to the raising of sheep, cattle or horses, or a combination of any or all of these. Now, however, the breeding of Herefords is the primary activity.

Historically the ranch enjoys an outstanding record in purebred breeding operations. The original herd had been dispersed at the time of purchase by the present owner, but the present one has been assembled from the very best herds in the United States, and is considered one of the

very finest now in existence. One of its six excellent herd sires won second in a highly competitive class at Chicago in December, 1939, and one of its heifers won first place in her class in Denver (the most important show for Hereford cattle) in January of this year.

Registered Belgians and thoroughbred saddle horses with full complement of cow horses comprise the horse department.

The ranch is for sale as a whole, with or without live stock or equipment, but the owner is equally willing to sell a part of the ranch and part of the live stock, with or without equipment. As shown above, the ranch is adaptable to division into two, three, or four units, and the price of any part of the ranch will depend upon the selection of the prospective purchaser.

For additional pictures and further information, write the owner

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KEN-CARYL RANCH  
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# IN THE BERKSHIRES



## Tyringham Valley

Two Trout Streams  
Thirty-Two Acres

This estate located in Tyringham Valley. From its 32 acres all the natural beauties of this famous Berkshire Valley may be seen.

The house was constructed in 1911 and in excellent repair. A reception hall, large reception room with fireplace, living room with fireplace, dining room with fireplace, dining porch, butler's pantry, kitchen, laundry, servants' dining room and back porch, on the first floor. 4 master bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 sleeping porches, a den, and 3 servants' rooms and bath on the second floor. A full size attic, and a cellar with cement floor under the entire house. Five room gardener's house with bath and a two car garage. Within walking distance of the town of Tyringham, the house sets back on the hill away from other properties. There are two trout brooks. An unlimited supply of spring water is fed by gravity. This estate is in a fine neighborhood. Price \$30,000.



## Home Built In 1790

Fine Trout Stream

The sturdy character of the Puritans is reflected in this fine old Colonial home built in 1790. This and another dwelling is included in the estate, which is located in Southfield, Mass. There are approximately 450 acres and a good trout brook runs through it. A swimming pool. The main house has a stone foundation. Five rooms on the first floor and five sleeping rooms and bath, also a study, on the second floor. It is lighted by electricity. There is a three car garage. This is an ideal home for a family with children. The price is \$15,000.



## Toll Gate Farm

Remodeled Colonial Farm House  
20 Acres of Land  
Well Stocked Trout Stream

In perfect condition for immediate occupancy, this well built and beautiful home with stone foundation and 20 acres of rolling land is on Green River Road in the Egremont section of the Berkshires. The

main house has a wide reception hall, living room, dining room, den and kitchen, and 2 servants' rooms and bath on the first floor. Three master bedrooms and bath on the second floor. Ample closet space throughout. A two-story guest house connected to main residence by covered and stone paved latticed court. A fine artesian well. The grounds are artistically landscaped and there are beautiful views in all directions. Barns and garage. The property borders on Green River, which is stocked with trout. A sacrifice at \$14,000.



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Near schools and shopping center, yet so beautifully landscaped with choice trees, shrubbery, lawns and gardens that the four acres surrounding the dwelling have absolute privacy. The high land affords extensive views. Dwelling firmly built with stone foundation. Hot water heat—oil burner, electric lights, range and refrigerator. A reception room, living room, dining room, sun room, den, kitchen, pantry and maids' sitting room on the first floor. Four master bedrooms each with bath, three maids' rooms and bath on the second floor. Three car garage, heated, man's room with bath, tool room and cellar. A complete and desirable estate well worth the price asked, \$35,000.

*For further particulars regarding these and other properties in the Berkshires, write or communicate with*

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*Convenient Location*

**T**HIS plantation is offered to an individual or small group desirous of owning an excellent hunting preserve which will not only pay its own way through the excellence of its farm land, but will also provide a source of income. It offers an opportunity for the acquisition of an investment of lasting value as well as a beautiful country estate. The farm land is rated among the best, the quail shooting should satisfy the most exacting.

**FARM LAND**—The soil is unusually fertile, and well suited for the cultivation of all southern crops. The yield of cotton is especially bountiful. This large plantation has been handled as a single unit for a long period of time, and has the atmosphere that would be expected. It is a going, money making concern.

The cultivation of the farm land can easily be handled by an experienced overseer, and requires no close supervision by the owner.

**AREA**—The total area of the plantation is 1684 acres: 1009 acres of cultivated land, and 675 acres of woodland.

**BUILDINGS**—A comfortable six room home, erected within the last year in an attractive log cabin setting, is 100 yards from U. S. Highway 301, is weather stripped, insulated, steam heated, cypress

paneled, and is suitable for a lodge or small club house.

Two frame dwellings of eight and nine rooms are equipped with electricity, and are suitable for an overseer's house and farmer's house or guest house.

Twenty-eight tenant houses, twenty-one barns, and two storage buildings are strategically located.

**LOCATION**—The plantation is bisected by U. S. Highway 301 near its junction with U. S. Highways 15 and 15A, on



the direct New York-Florida route. It is one mile from Summerton, an hour and a half from Charleston.

**HUNTING**—The plantation is well stocked with quail, doves, and rabbits as well as an occasional 'coon and 'possum. It is five miles from the deer, turkey, and other game shoots of the Santee. The hunting lands on the plantation are compact and convenient, demanding almost no fruitless walking from hunting field to hunting field. The shooting is fairly open.

THOMAS WILSON III, *owner*

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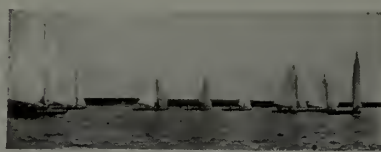
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9 room house, 2 tile baths, electricity, central heat, air conditioning; artesian well; 850 feet waterfront on Patuxent River, sand beach, deep and well protected anchorage; 1½ acres, landscaped, fine trees, concrete seawall around entire waterfront; boat house, outbuildings; \$12,000.

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MANOR HOUSE  
\$12,500**

110 acres, Eastern Shore at source of beautiful river. Brick and frame construction; exterior reconditioned; original panelling, etc.; spacious rooms; 2 baths. Telephone; electricity available. 1½ miles to village and deep anchorage, 2½ hours Philadelphia, 1½ hours Baltimore and Washington. Duck, quail, fox hunting. Excellent location. Write

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CHESTERTOWN MARYLAND  
Booklet describing 25 exclusively listed farms on request.

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Peninsula, 100 acres, 1½ miles waterfront, excellent protected anchorage, outstanding water sports; 10-room residence (furnished), modern conveniences; old slave house; expansive lawn, fine old trees, magnificent English box; farmer's house, complete farm buildings with implements and stock.

\$40,000

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40 ACRES—"Hazel Dell," a Southern Colonial one-story home on edge of County seat town near Baltimore. 9 rooms, 2 baths, 5 fireplaces; 10 a. lawn with many forest trees, beautiful; tenant house, stable, etc. \$16,000.  
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200 ACRES—on "My Lady's Manor," same family ownership over 100 years, in center of famous Harford Hunt section. Substantial brick residence, good repair, h. w. heat, etc.; many farm bldgs., excellent land, stream watered pasture, good roads.

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The well-built house, a recent expansion of a genuine old Colonial dwelling, is fully modern in its equipment, admirably appointed, beautifully decorated and in perfect condition for instant occupancy.



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About the house, which stands at an elevation of some 1100 feet, are approximately 3 acres of lovely grounds—lawns, exquisite planting and landscaping—readily cared for, together with flower and vegetable gardens, orchard, etc., by one man. In addition, as much acreage is available in natural hillside woodland as may be desired.

Other useful and attractive features are a good-sized garage, tennis court, and swimming pool with ornamental bathhouse and showers. Golf and other sports are easily accessible at several nearby country clubs. Likewise trout fishing, hunting and shooting in season.

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Newly built homes ready to move into at gorgeous "Terraces-on-Sound". Divided estate of owner near Port Jefferson. Private bathing beach directly on Sound. Large living rooms, fireplaces, roomy bedrooms, modern plumbing, electricity, running water, screened verandas. Nominal down payment, balance \$22 monthly including interest over ten years. Exactly as represented—Unequaled in beauty, convenience and utility. Owner, 25 West 74th St., N.Y.C. Traf. 7-3711



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WESTCHESTER COUNTY—  
nearby Connecticut.  
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*Unusually attractive year-round waterfront home*

Situated directly on the water at Manursing Island, Rye, New York, with extensive panoramic view of Long Island Sound resulting from high elevation. Termination of road at property gives much-sought-after seclusion. About 7 minutes from the station by car and 40 minutes by train from New York. Country clubs nearby. Approximately three exceptional waterfront acres with private bathing facilities. Residence construction of stucco and hollow tile insures comfort the year round. Equipment throughout completely modern. Oil burner provides ample heating and hot water.

Large living room, library, dining room and powder room. Dining terrace, and screened loggia overlooking garden and Sound. Spacious paneled sports room with adjoining bar opening to garden. Pine paneled master bedroom, Adam period, with sitting room, bath and large, beautifully appointed closets. Three additional master bedrooms, each with bath. Four fireplaces. Electric elevator. Four servant's rooms and bath with sitting room. Particularly well equipped pantry, kitchen and laundry. Fireproof garage for three cars, with gas pump. Paddle tennis court. Offered for sale at sacrifice by absentee owner. Will also consider renting for season or year. Full particulars from



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# This Charming Villa

of Mediterranean type, overlooking beautiful

## CASTINE HARBOR

in one of the most picturesque sections of the

## COAST of MAINE

where the Penobscot River broadens into Penobscot Bay, can be bought for

less than 1/4 of its cost.



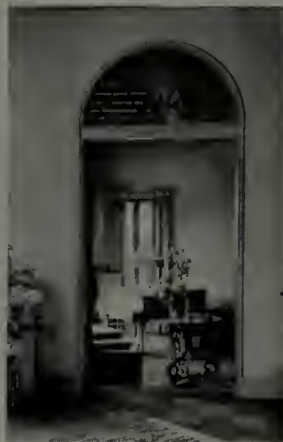
The property comprises from 3 to 5 acres, as desired, including a large vegetable or farm garden, and a separate shorefront tract of nearly an acre.

The artistic, well-built house stands on high ground in a setting of characteristic fir trees surrounded by 3 acres largely in woodland, with a spacious flower garden. Its great living room commands a delightful broad view of the harbor, and other main floor features are a pleasant covered terrace, a library, dining room, pantry and kitchen. Above are 3 large and 4 smaller bedrooms with 4 baths; also a tower room. Electricity for lighting, cooking, etc.; steam heat with oil burner. A 2-car garage contains 2 rooms and bath for servants. Capable, reliable domestic help is available with the place. Supplies are delivered regularly from Castine village close by, and golf and other sports are found at the neighboring country club. Bangor, Camden, Belfast and Ellsworth are all within easy motor distance, and the sailing waters of Penobscot Bay are among the finest in the world.

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Very conveniently located for commuting, this property is unique in its privacy, beautiful pond, waterfall, and river. The house itself is a gem. Carefully planned and exceedingly well built of brick and clapboard, it has every modern comfort. 4 master bedrooms, 2 servants' rooms. The price is most attractive.

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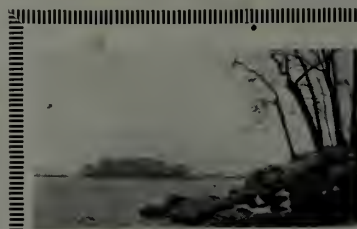
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EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND

OTWELL 1659-1720



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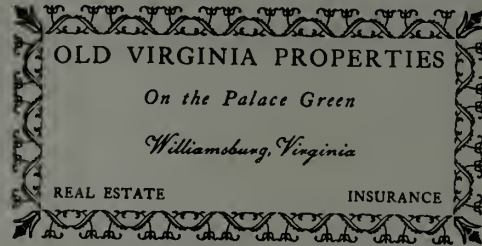
The Lord of a Maryland manor enjoyed the same privileges here as in the manors of England, rights of Court Baron, Court Leet and the tenant's oath of fealty.

"Otwell Plantation" has 523 acres of peninsula land and 5½ miles of waterfront on the Tred Avon river, near Oxford, in the county Talbot. The manor house is of pure English design, ancient brick, black walnut, and heart-pine, a veritable fortress against the inroads of time. For nearly 300 years no unsympathetic hand has intervened to despoil the atmosphere of a fragrant past.

It is still in the possession of the family which has owned it for 220 years.

For complete information:

**JOHN McKENNEY**  
Centreville, Maryland



March 12, 1940

Mr. C. Kircher,  
Real Estate Directory,  
COUNTRY LIFE,  
1270 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.

My dear Mr. Kircher:

I know that you will be happy to hear that we were able to sell the property "PINEACRES" in Mathews County, Va. through the ad we placed in the November issue of Country Life. The sale was effected only four months after placement of the advertisement. At the present time we are having much interest evinced in "ELMINGTON" which you advertised in December and we have one client that seems particularly interested. If we close on this as well soon, I will inform you of same.

If you wish to use the above information that I have given you concerning the sale of "PINEACRES" in your publicity, I am perfectly willing that you write and I will oblige you with something more flattering than this mere statement of bald facts.

I trust that you will be glad to know of this as it must be very encouraging to know that sales are effected as quickly and as efficiently as they are through using Country Life as the advertising medium.

Very truly yours,

*Laurance S. Brigham*  
Laurance S. Brigham,  
OLD VIRGINIA PROPERTIES

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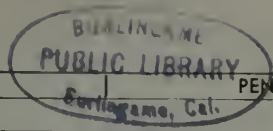
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COUNTRY OFFICE: Haverford, Penna. Ardmore 6000

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CLAUDE H. BENNETT  
General Manager

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

tions necessary in a horse to be used for the purpose of pulling a Russian droshky. Because I've never seen one. I feel, after reading Mr. Cullum's article he is equally unqualified as a judge of Quarter horses, and I further suspect that the jug-heads he has had experience with, would definitely *not* qualify as Quarter horses as we know them.

As for the "squawk of a bad tempered child who has had his toes stepped upon" as Mr. Cullum refers to Mr. Casement's letter, I would say that Mr. Cullum has stepped on the toes of every person who has had experience with the true Quarter horse, and that incidentally is covering lots of territory. And, while the Quarter horse will continue to hold an important place where he is best known, it is to be regretted that Mr. Cullum's article of prejudice and misinformation may be responsible for the creation of a wrong impression in other circles.

I am enclosing clippings from "The Cattleman," a leading southwest publication, showing the present demand and sale of Quarter horses, among the leading breeders of the southwest. This would tend to prove that the Quarter horse is, in the opinion of these breeders, not quite ready to be relegated to the "Zoo" as Mr. Cullum suggests.

I feel confident that COUNTRY LIFE will do its part in correcting erroneous impressions contained in the articles it prints, thereby keeping faith with its subscribers.

JACK WEBB,  
Marland, Oklahoma

P. S. If Cullum razzes this letter like he did Jack Casement's, I shall consider it necessary to hunt him up and tweek his nose, the nasty man.  
J. W.

*The advertisements which Mr. Webb enclosed with his letter seem to bear out his contention. One of them refers to a crowd of 1,600 persons which attended a Quarter horse sale in Texas last summer. Another was inserted by a buyer who wanted "four Quarter horse mares, with pure Quarter horse breeding . . . weighing around 1,000 lbs." Prospective vendors were warned that the advertiser "must have positive proof of their breeding."*

*The round is awarded to Mr. Webb on points.*

## ARABIAN HORSES

TO THE EDITOR:

As a subscriber and interested reader of COUNTRY LIFE I wish to take this opportunity to write and express an appreciation of the efforts put forth by your organization in compiling so interesting a publication. The whole family enjoys the magazine.

Our particular interest in horses takes in the old and ancient breed, the Arabian horse. For no other reason than that the Arabs are lovely to look at and possess a delightful

disposition, I, personally, fell for this type. We own a little pure-bred mare and three of her off-spring by that good Kellogg horse, Farana. It isn't necessary to describe the merits of these particular horses, other than to say that we have never regretted our choice. We handle them ourselves, the children, too. As an avid enthusiast I constantly scan your magazine for any articles pertaining to the Arabian horse. The article in the July issue (1939) by Margaret Lindsey Warden on the Dickinson Travelers Rest Arabians was particularly interesting.

Because we train and school our own horses we have to know what we are about. There is a book, small and concise, on the subject which we have found to be an indispensable item in our household. You will say, "Here comes another" and you are right! But when a book is written which does *not* use up your time with lengthy, and usually, unnecessary detail, someone should say something. The title of this book is "Horse Training, Out-door and High School," by E. Bendant, ex-Captain, French Cavalry, etc. If it is permissible to recommend a book and to praise its contents—each page—I do so, sincerely. Because so much is written concerning the merits of all kinds and breeds of horses; and so much controversy exists as to the proper methods of schooling of said horses; here is a book, which without much ado, offers so much. If only for reading matter alone, this book is so well done that anyone who enjoys good literature could appreciate it. Which is saying a great deal for any book. Perhaps I am wrong—I have been lots of times; but since reading so many articles on the ways and means of handling poor, defenseless horses, my feelings become aroused and I have had for some time a strong urge to write "a say" on the matter.

So, here it is. You may use it or not. Should you send back some kind of an answer, it would be greatly appreciated.

Thanking you for your attention I remain,

MRS. H. A. PICARS,  
Red Bluff, Calif.

## ANSWERS

to questions on page 102

10. Never.
- pony's head.
9. Near side, ship reins over
- mel, right hand on pommel.
8. Left hand forward of pommel.
7. From waist to ankle.
6. The rear end.
5. Yes.
- and cool.
- on a lead line until he is dry
4. Neither. Walk him about
3. At a walk—always.
2. Near side.
1. The bridle.

DO NOT READ NOW



“*Beau Geste*” TO A GUEST



ONE'S reputation as a highball expert is established instantly by serving Seagram's "V.O." the "4-to-1" way... 4 parts plain or sparkling water and ice—to 1 part Seagram's "V.O." Now blended especially for highballs, it is one of the few whiskies perfectly congenial with soda. Seagram's "V.O." is the finest of Canadian Whiskies. 86.8 Proof.

THERE is no finer Martini than the "Golden" Martini. It can be made only with Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, the "world's finest." Deliciously mellow, it is pale golden—its natural color. Recipe for the "Golden" Martini:  $\frac{2}{3}$  Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin —  $\frac{1}{3}$  finest dry Vermouth—no added ingredients necessary. 90 Proof. Distilled from grain.

Since 1857 **Seagram's** SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



# The Home of the



F. M. DEMAREST AND E. W. LEWIS PHOTOS

**A** DISTINGUISHED picture of country life in America as it developed under the plantation system of Virginia in the 18th century is presented in one of the important restorations of our time at Stratford on the Potomac, seat of the Westmoreland County Lees.

Built about 1729 by Thomas Lee, founder of the line of which John Adams wrote, "The family of Lee has more men of merit in it than any other family," Stratford has many claims upon the loyalty of Americans. Seat of diplomats and statesmen, and home of the five Stratford patriots; dower estate of the most brilliant officer in Washington's com-

by HAZEL E. CUMMIN

mand, and birthplace of Robert E. Lee, beloved hero of the South, there is no other house now standing in America that had so large a share in the history of the nation through its entire formative period.

But Stratford is more than an historic landmark. Architecturally, it presents what is probably the most important building of early Georgian influence surviving in America. Economically, it stands as the symbol of the full flowering of the plantation system in Virginia. And it is this aspect of Stratford

that is perhaps most significant. The Virginia plantation was an essentially American development growing out of the necessity of making each family seat a self-sustaining unit, capable of existing in the isolation forced upon it by its own great size, and scarcity of supplies in a new, partially settled country. The social organization that resulted moulded American life for a century and a half, leaving a heritage that, for better or worse, includes many of our finest national traditions.

The restoration of Stratford, now ten years under way, has provided a unique opportunity to revive the whole plantation picture as Colonial Virginia knew it, and de-



# Westmoreland Lees

velop it in relation to present farm conditions in the South. Today, Stratford presents to the visitor the miracle of an old Virginia plantation come to life, its economic usefulness restored, its old Hall serene and beautiful in the midst of smiling acres; secure in the dignity of an illustrious past, and of the prospect of a long, productive future.

The story of the reclaiming of the Stratford acres after years of abuse and neglect is one of thrilling interest too long to admit of more than a brief outline here. Enough to say that under the skillful management of the plantation superintendent, Major-Gen. Benjamin Franklin Cheatham, late of the United States army, the wasteland that was Stratford in 1929 has become in 1940 a fertile farm, typical of the best the Old Dominion knew, and of all the new Virginia may become. To have accomplished this on a limited budget and under the labor conditions now obtaining in Virginia has required the tempering of antiquarian enthusiasm with sound farming experience and common sense.

The General is reviving old plantation activities and institutions; but he does not attempt to plow with oxen, and he knows only too well how disastrous it would be to turn the farm back to the one-crop planting that exhausted it under the Lees. Tobacco and cotton are both being grown at Stratford. But they are not the only, or the most important, crops. Old methods are being encouraged wherever they make for true craftsmanship. But in the main the farm is worked by modern machinery, according to the best modern methods. And gradually, by means of scientific

fertilization and the rotation of crops, the land is being brought to a state of high productiveness. The General's aim in planting has been to balance production with the amount of live-stock the acreage under cultivation could support, and at the same time allow for a single cash crop (wheat) to cover routine operating expense. By this means, although the acreage reclaimed so far is small, the operation of the farm has been self-supporting almost from the beginning. Today Stratford excess crops sell for seed at a price substantially above the market. Stratford hams and smoked turkeys are famous even in Virginia. And Stratford calves sell for breeding purposes at near the market price for full-grown beef. The farmers round about are beginning to observe and ask questions; and in return for the advice he is glad to give them, the General receives their help in matters of labor and other local problems. And so Stratford is becoming once more an active influence in Westmoreland, and the General, whether he wishes it or not, is acquiring the prestige, and the responsibilities, accorded in times past to Stratford squires.

With all this, the antiquarian interest of the plantation has not been neglected. Hand work is "bred in the bone" in a countryside where the Sears-Roebuck catalogue represents unheard-of luxury, and a day's wages great wealth. Consequently, the General is able to command craftsmanship that in other neighborhoods would be prohibitive. The details of farm construction which he supervises are all correct 18th century reproductions. His fences, with their hand-hewn posts and split rails, are a delight to the eye. The interiors of the old barns restored under his direction are all wrought by hand after a set of plans drawn by Thomas Jefferson for a Virginia planter of his day.

And now again the old stalls know the tread of Thoroughbreds as in the days of Stratford's second master, Philip Ludwell Lee, whose passion for horses made him an important figure in what Fithian called "the reigning and raging sport of the Colony." Philip introduced English Thoroughbreds into Westmoreland and made his plantation one of the best-known stud farms in the country. It is one of the first aims of the present restoration to re-establish the reputation of the Stratford stables on the same high level, though no breeding is planned.

Another typical farm restoration is that of the old mill dam and gristmill near the Stratford Landing, the very nerve center of the plantation in Colonial days. When Thomas Lee bought the original mill in 1743 he called it "the old mill," and it is believed that it

had then been standing about twenty years. The new mill is a careful reproduction of this earlier structure, in which wooden machinery from an 18th century mill has been installed and put into operation. Water-ground cornmeal is now one of the most profitable products of the farm, and it is expected that wheat and buckwheat will be added soon. Similar restorations of the tan mill and the old plantation shops will be made, as it is found that a demand for their products will support them. In this way the complete 18th century aspect of the plantation will eventually be restored without undue economic waste, through produce and craftsmanship for which there is outside demand, although they are no longer needed to sustain the farm.

**B**UT for all the importance of such projects, the center of interest at Stratford is inevitably the old Hall with its fine plantation group, the most intact building of its period still standing in the South. To understand its full significance one must know something of the man who planned and built on such a scale in the wilderness that was the site of Stratford in 1729.

Thomas Lee was one of the first great Americans. His interest in the economic development of Virginia; his life-long devotion to the opening of the Northwest; and his fierce insistence that "the French are intruders into this America," indicate a new national outlook possessed by few men of his day. He saw the future of America as only Washington saw it, and, like Washington, he was spellbound before the vision. The building of Stratford marked the beginning of Virginia's golden age. In the lifetime of its first master the American plantation system came to its full maturity; and Virginia emerged from the condition of a dependent royal colony to that of a powerful and aggressive commonwealth, capable of demanding for herself and America the right to the fruits of their own efforts. Thus, it is not difficult to see in the solid permanence of Stratford Hall, in the perfection of its proportions and the serene balance of its plan, the symbol of the new America that in the early 18th century was developing under the leadership of Thomas Lee and his contemporaries.

Like all the Lees, Thomas Lee had chosen his wife wisely. Hannah Ludwell Lee has a record equalled by that of no other woman as the mother of famous sons. One son, the eldest, succeeded his father as a member of the Virginia Council. Five younger sons, the famous Stratford patriots, became, with the Adamases of Massachusetts, the chief leaders



Thomas Lee, the founder of the Stratford line



in the cause of American independence. Two of them, Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot Lee, signed the Declaration of Independence. Both worked unremittingly thereafter for the union of the states. In this period the might of the Stratford clan was felt in nearly every department of American politics. Powerful in Congress, foremost in Virginia legislation, their influence extended throughout the country and into the courts of Europe. During the Revolution there were five American embassies in Europe. The Lees dominated all of them except that in France. And even there the influence of Arthur Lee was largely responsible for the steady stream of money and munitions that flowed into America during the war.

THUS, with the sons of Thomas and Hannah Lee, the Stratford line came to its full flowering, and Stratford Hall to the height of its prosperity and fame. With the marriage of Thomas' grand-daughter, Matilda, to Light Horse Harry Lee, a new line succeeded to the Stratford tradition of public service. Harry Lee was responsible for some of the best strategy practiced by the American forces in the Revolution. Virginia's loved Robert E. Lee was his youngest son. With them, the period of Lee occupancy of Stratford ended. Its close marked the decline and fall of all the golden age had held most dear. In a changed social order, the plantation system based on a landed aristocracy became impossible in America. The old Hall that had had so powerful an influence for three quarters of a century passed into obscurity, and finally neglect.

The date of the building of Stratford is not certain. But it must have been begun by 1729, when the house that Thomas Lee occupied at Mount Pleasant burned to the ground. The style of the building has no direct prototype either in England or America; but it would certainly have been influenced by the new Governor's palace at Williamsburg, begun in 1710 and completed by 1720. This was the first important building in the colonies to embody the academic ideas of Christopher Wren, and its elegance inspired many of the local gentry to try building in the new style. Thomas Lee, who had every opportunity to know it well, must have been among the first of these.

Yet the particular combination of Jacobean and Georgian features that Thomas Lee built into his house was as individual as the man himself. The H plan of the mansion, characteristic of much Jacobean building, was nevertheless common enough in great houses of the early 1700's, both in England and America. But the towering chimney stacks, easily the most dramatic feature of the plan, have no exact match in either country. Similarly, the arrangement by which the principle rooms are on the second floor, reached by an exterior flight of stone steps above a high architectural basement, belongs in Eng-



Major-Gen. Benjamin Cheatham, Stratford's enthusiastic superintendent

land to houses in the grand manner, adorned with the classic orders. To find it in a plantation house in the colonies without adornment other than the simplest of brick dressings, is astonishing. These and other features of mixed origins are combined at Stratford to form a harmonious whole, expressing in no uncertain terms the solid dignity and lack of ostentation that were the dominant traits of Thomas Lee's own character.

A lesser man might well have paused before the difficulties of carrying through a major building programme on the remote, sandy bluffs of the Potomac where Stratford lay. The site chosen for the house and chief dependencies was a plateau in the heart of the forest, about a mile back from the river, protected from Indian invasion by a deep ravine on the river side. The buildings stand today essentially as Thomas Lee knew them, grouped according to a well organized plan. The mansion is in the center of a great cross facing

north and south upon vistas running north to the Potomac, and south to the old main road. Shorter vistas to the east and west are provided by the lawns and terraces. The H of the mansion is formed by two pairs of equal wings, each topped by four great chimneys joined by arches; and these wings are connected by the Great Hall, which is the crossing of the H. Four dependencies placed on a line with them give the illusion of a second H, of which the mansion is the crossing. Barns and coachhouse lie beyond them to the west, and the slaves' quarters, and smoke and meat houses to the east, the whole forming a perfectly proportioned and well balanced group on a scale remarkable for its time and situation.

All of the main buildings are of brick, made from local clays and fired on the premises. The principle brick work is laid in the Flemish bond characteristic of the Virginia tide-water in the 18th century. In the mansion a finer brick is used for the second story, and all the dressings are of fine-gauged brick. This construction gives a variety of color and texture scarcely to be imagined by those who know Stratford only through phototgraphs. Certainly those critics who have spoken of the mansion as a "stern pile," have not seen it in the light of a May morning sun, framed by a group of the finest beeches in Virginia, the soft tones of its walls shading from pink to purple and a flashing red, and its magnificent chimneys towering against a deep blue sky. Simple, dignified, and colorful, the picture is one that no photograph can adequately reproduce.

Two main periods of building are evident inside the mansion; that of Thomas Lee, ending about 1750, and that of Light Horse Harry Lee, dating about 1805, when certain changes were made following the new Adam fashions of the day. Two rooms in the later style, the Adam parlour and the Mother's Room, associated with the childhood of Robert E. Lee, have been preserved as he knew and loved them. The other rooms have been restored as far as possible to their original appearance. In planning them, the inventories left by Thomas and his son, Philip Ludwell Lee, have been invaluable guides. All original paint and woodwork have of course been left untouched, and much of the rest has been matched to the original finish

Built in 1729, in the heart of the Virginia wilderness, Stratford is probably the most intact building of its period still standing in the South; in the lifetime of its first master the American plantation system came to its full maturity







The Great Hall, above, is one of the finest rooms of its period preserved in the South; on the right is the Mather's Room, where all the famous Stratford Lees were born



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Burlingame, Cal.

found by scraping. In all restoration work care has been exercised to follow the evidence available regardless of the preferences of modern taste.

Such evidence shows without doubt that Virginia planters of the golden age bought their better furnishings, as they bought their clothes, from the proceeds of their one cash crop, sold for credit on the London Exchange. Accordingly, the plan has been to furnish the rooms of the earlier period at Stratford with English furniture of the first half of the 18th century, although American pieces are admitted wherever these are available of a type familiar in the neighborhood and in scale with the architecture of the rooms. For the two later rooms American furniture, principally of the so-called "Federal period," has been used. The house is not yet entirely furnished, but several of the most important rooms are now complete, and in the others many of the key pieces have been set.

In the Mother's Room a happy combination of American Sheraton and Hepplewhite is presented in a setting warm with color and authentic in feeling. The great bed dominates the room, hung like the windows with old printed toile whose faded reds harmonize with the warm tones of an 18th century Wilton rug, and contrast pleasantly with the Adam gray of the walls and the brown of old mahogany. Old brass, and the gold leaf of a Sheraton mirror, provide highlights for an effect both dignified and restful, and in keeping with the rare quality of the lady in whose memory it was planned.

The other chambers in the house will be furnished as the names in Thomas Lee's inventory suggest; the "Green Room," the "White Room," etc. The "Blew Room," now complete, contains several important family heirlooms, of which a fine claw-and-ball-foot

bed is an outstanding American, and possibly Virginian, piece.

In the Great Hall at Stratford, as in the exterior of the mansion, we find the individuality of Thomas Lee expressed in an original combination of architectural ideas designed for dignity and comfort rather than display. All four sides of the Hall are paneled and adorned with a range of crudely carved pilasters defining balanced spaces for the doors and windows, and extending entirely around the room. These combine with a vaulted ceiling to produce an effect of simple spaciousness surpassed nowhere in the South. Two great double doors command the vistas to the north and south, and a magnificent view of the Potomac. With these thrown wide, the Hall becomes the focal point of the entire plantation, its manifold activities spread well within range of the Master's eye. Thomas Lee must have stood here many times to view with satisfaction the order he had created from the Virginia wilds.

It was said in the old days in Virginia that, whereas the Carters stood for good living and social leadership, the Lees stood for plain living and intellectual pursuits. The Great Hall is furnished with the restraint suggested by this tradition, and is evident in every line of Thomas Lee's building. The period represented is that (Continued on page 96)



The kitchen speaks of the generous life of old Virginia



The plantation's hams, shown here on the hoof, are famous, even in Virginia

Below is the box garden, laid out on the site, and according to the plan, of the original



Economic self-sufficiency is achieved by intelligent and diversified farming





# THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF—

*The pleasures and comforts of life in the country are marred or enhanced by the way your house is run; here are a few observations on one of the most controversial of all subjects*

ACCORDING to the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, there are two and one-quarter million domestic workers in this country, of whom 95% are women.

This means that, of all women employed in America, more are engaged in household work than in any other single occupational field. Moreover, it is a field in which, even today, the demand exceeds the supply; the supply, that is, of *trained* workers. It is also one in which "labor turnover" is tremendously high.

Two years ago "Fortune" published the results of a questionnaire addressed to its subscribers, and to many of their domestic employees. The returns showed, among other things, that more than 60% of the servants in the households queried had been in their positions less than two years, and that nearly 30% were in the first six months of their then place of employment.

Industry and industrial employment, fluctuate as they may, know no such continuous dissatisfaction on the part of both employer and employee as results from the engagement, for personal services, of one person by another.

How to account for a situation so anomalous that, even with a "seller's market," in a time of widespread unemployment, the seller is as unhappy as the buyer?

Dogmatically, there are two approaches to the solution of the problem. One is to regard it, as it always has been regarded, as one for the individual, day-to-day working out of each household and its staff. The other—remember that two and a quarter million workers are involved—is to regard it as a labor problem, susceptible to the same processes which have brought about relative stability of relationship in industry.

In the light of actual and present experience, the first of these approaches would seem to be out-dated, the second pre-dated.

To attempt another theoretical solution of what is, from both points of view, not merely a controversial question but one of real socio-logical importance, is to step in where well-informed angels would not risk their feet.

Let us assume, however, that readers of COUNTRY LIFE pay their household helpers a wage that is, from a comparative standard,

better than could be obtained from, say, an establishment manufacturing stockings, or even from an office or a widely advertised, smart department store. Why is it, then, that "Help Wanted" advertisements, matched by "Situations Wanted," still do not produce a solution for those who want, and need, assistance in the running of a household, and those who want and need, along with their jobs, a sense of security, of human dignity, and of worth-whileness?

As to all questions, there are at least two sides. No relationship under one roof—*vide* Reno—is easily accomplished. Employer-employee relationships, in business and industry, have been the subject of study and research by—and forget your politics now—the best minds of what appears to be not only the last, but the first, line of democratic defense. Progress has been made. Cannot progress, too, be made in the more intimate and more individual field of household employment?

COUNTRY dwellers are confronted with an opportunity, because of the closeness of their communities, that is not at present available to city residents. It is an opportunity to set standards, common in almost all other employments, of wages and hours for the household staff.

And let it be said now, that, given a decent scale, wages are not the most important item. Rather, it is the matter of hours, and of freedom to indulge in personal interests in the non-employed time, that is most important.

Interviews with the heads of three highly reputable New York employment agencies brought out the facts that: 1, domestic workers do not like country house service (Newport and Southampton excepted); 2, that they do not because of its social isolation; 3, that the incidental work, caused by circumstances of weather, is not, generally, a source of complaint; and, 4, that the employer's apparent lack of consideration for their private lives is the primary source of dissatisfaction on the part of domestics.

It is easy, far too easy, to recount anecdotes of faithfulness, and unfaithfulness, emanating from both sides, and to generalize from the particular. It seems better to attempt a look more comprehensive, though not less human, at a situation which, in the present

state of affairs, assumes the qualities both of an individual and a community problem.

What security, comparable with that of an equally skilled factory worker, is enjoyed by even the most beloved and oldest of your staff? True, he, or she, can count on you, so long as your fortunes and your good will hold out. But given the vicissitudes of life and affection, would it not be fairer, and more dignified, to remove the element of dependency, and to substitute for it an equality of economic independence and—once again—an equality of self-respect?

Much can be accomplished by the employer's recognition of a labor problem at home, and much by the employee's consequent sense of being a person who counts, socially and individually.

There is so negligible a quantity of legislation which affects domestic workers that, at this time, the responsible head of a household is still faced with the job of solving a problem that is as old as recorded history. There are, however, means provided by judicial process in many states which will help. Though domestics do not, for actuarial and other reasons, come under the benefits of the Social Security Act, and only in four states—New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut and New York—and then with qualifications, do they benefit from workmen's compensation acts, there are ways in which an employer can establish an approximation of industrial employment. To lay at rest one of a wage earner's most tormenting fears, he may insure his staff—at a much lower figure than they could do it individually—against accident and illness. Such insurance should be considered a part of a contractual agreement of employment, not as a gratuity or favor, if a satisfactory working arrangement is sought.

The more an engagement to perform household work conforms to accepted commercial and industrial practices, the greater the hope, nowadays, of a successful, smoothly operating ménage. Such an arrangement, to be satisfactory day in and day out, should provide for specified, and clearly defined, hours and duties. Exceptions to these should be anticipated by both parties to so intimate a contract as is implied, but deviations should not result from the whims, humors or changes of mind of either.

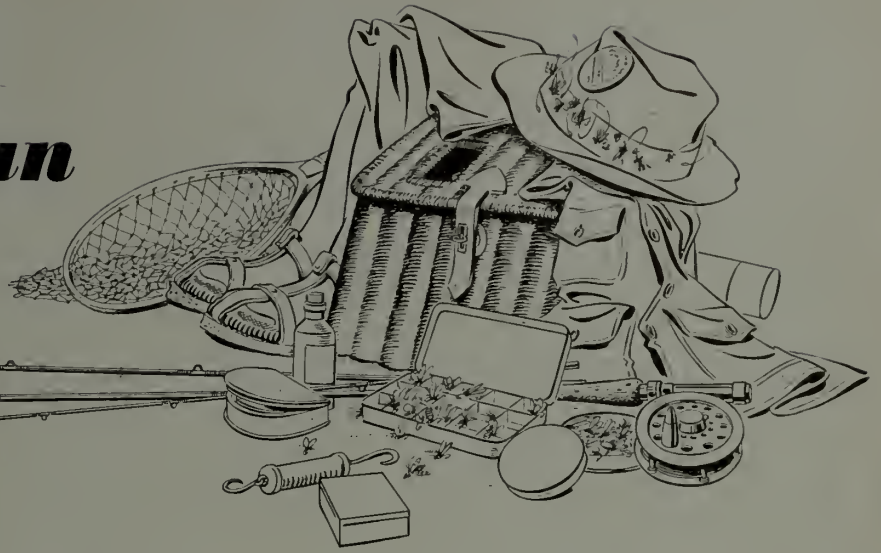
A sick child, a sudden summer thunderstorm, a visit from one's mother-in-law, are acts of God, as are also Hulda's problems of the heart, or a death in her own family.

There is scarcely a business office in the world that does not consider such events, in the lives of its executives and employees, as sufficient cause for relaxation from established routine. Yet few offices would impose upon their subordinate workers a sudden, last-minute demand, often repeated, to show up for work, on a pre-arranged holiday, when plans had long been made for well-earned jollification. And an employee who earned a name for unwillingness to cooperate in emergencies would soon find that this reputation was his heaviest burden.

There are a number of experiments being tried out, as this is written, to eliminate the prejudices that manifest themselves on both sides, in the contacts between houseowner and household worker. A standard, voluntary agreement has been proposed by the National Committee on Household Employment. It was worked out from data (*Continued on page 84*)



# Behold the Trout Fisherman



**Y**OUR true trout fisherman is an imposing sight as he steps into his favorite stream. He is ready for anything. To do battle with the elements in the form of swift currents, slippery rocks, overhanging trees, gnats and sunburn, and to match his wits and skill against the elusive instincts of his adversary, the trout.

From his midriff down he is shielded against cold water by cumbersome waders. Above these he wears a short jacket, which is in reality a collection of pockets of assorted sizes with sleeves attached; over his shoulder is slung a creel, long enough to hold possible big trout without bending, and a landing net. The whole array is topped off by a hat decked with an assortment of fluffy feathered objects which, to an untutored observer, look like nothing on the earth nor the waters beneath the earth, but which are supposed to look like a turkey dinner to a trout.

Then, of course, in his hand he holds his delicate wand of a fly rod, the precision instrument with which he lures trout to destruction.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is the contents of that amazing collection of pockets which he calls a jacket. There will be a dozen or so boxes of dry flies, wet flies, streamers and nymphs; a leader box, scissors, a knife, a bottle of dry fly oil, one of some preparation to keep gnats and mosquitoes at bay, and one of pain killer. There will be also various articles of extra clothing, line dressing, and other miscellaneous gadgets.

If he is one of the inner circle he will also have a collection of feathers, fur, silk thread, wool and a miniature vise tucked away somewhere, with which he can set up shop right on the bank of the stream and tie likenesses unto whatever form of insect life the fish happens to be interested in at the moment.

Obviously, he isn't just a man going fishing. He is a specialist and an artist, as well as a gadgeteer. He fancies himself as an amateur scientist, can call many obscure insects by their Latin names, and through study and personal observation feels that he knows just about all man is permitted to know about the habits of trout.

He also has some pretty pat theories to cover their less predictable activities. The latter often furnish him with material for a book or books, which other anglers will read and disagree with, and unlimited material for arguments. For he is a facile writer—and talker—on his favorite, all absorbing subject.

As you can see, he takes his sport seriously, and has taken years to get to his present exalted position in the order of the angle. He catches trout, too.

Now supposing this remarkable fellow is a friend of yours, and further suppose that some blustery winter evening, while you are admiring his trophies and tackle, he pictures for you with silver words the delights of wading a stream on a May morning. The lively singing water pushing against your waders; the smell of spring; birds in the new foliage, a grouse drumming somewhere off in the woods. The joy of seeing your dry fly flutter down perfectly and accurately, just where you wanted it, and then of seeing it drift without a trace of drag over that hole where you know a big brown is waiting. He comes up and sucks it in. The thrill of playing him on light tackle in swift water, and the final satisfaction of feeling him heavy in your creel.

**P**ERHAPS he told you of a big hatch with fish rising all around him. His fingers were clumsy with excitement as he tied on the right fly, but he finally got it out and they took it and took it again until his creel was heavy.

He probably didn't mention the time he hung his fly in the overhanging limb under which the biggest trout he'd ever seen was rising. Nor how he broke his tip as he tried to jerk it free without scaring the fish. Nor the time in April when it was so cold his line froze stiff as wire and he slipped on a rock, and came struggling and cursing up the bank with his waders distended with snow water. Nor the time he stood beside another angler and, both using the same fly, the other fellow caught fish after fish and he didn't even get a rise. He probably didn't remember these things, but then if he should talk you into becoming a trout fisherman, you will find them out for yourself.

Assume that you see yourself in his waders and fancy yourself as a trout fisherman. What can you do about it? Is all this denied you until, after years of apprenticeship, prayer and fasting, the shade of Izaak Walton finally comes to you in a trance and admits you to the brotherhood; or do the experts merely make it sound hard and can almost anyone

catch trout just as if they were, common, every day fish?

How about the farmer's boy with his classic alder pole, piece of string, and five-for-a-nickel hook, who reputedly sold his string of trout to the city fisherman with shiny tackle and empty creel?

Well, on paper, catching a trout isn't so hard. All you have to do is find a place where they are. Then, without scaring them or making them suspicious, confront them with something they like to eat, artificial or otherwise, and, assuming that they are hungry, you will catch a mess in no time.

In actual practise catching one may not be so hard, either. If you go into the wilderness, or fish a pond recently heavily stocked from the hatchery you will find times when they can be caught without any noticeable degree of skill.

There will even be times when the sophisticated fish in a well flogged stream will throw caution aside, and with bait, you can do right well for yourself.

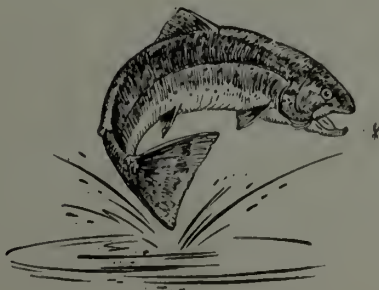
You never can be sure just what trout are going to do. It's part of the fascination of fishing for them. One day you may have to imitate to the letter the flies hatching on the water to get so much as a look. The next day they may scorn your best imitation of the natural, and only be interested in some creation that looks like nothing that ever lived.

You can fish a pool with everything in the book with never a rise. Then, when you have sat down on the bank to smoke a cigarette, and you flip the butt into the stream, a fish takes it!

However, if you fish with cigarette butts you won't do much, and if you are content to stick to a pole and a can of worms you may get a mess of fish now and then, but you will be cheating yourself out of an awful lot of fun.

Bait fishing can be good sport, in spite of the sneers of fly fishermen, and, if done properly, requires considerable skill, and is a deadly means of catching fish, especially early in the season. However, the essence of the sport is fly fishing, and this must be learned, like golf or tennis, or any other game or sport that requires precision and timing. One thing, though—you probably can have more fun, and occasionally work yourself up into more complete a frenzy, learning to fish with flies than you can learning any other sport.

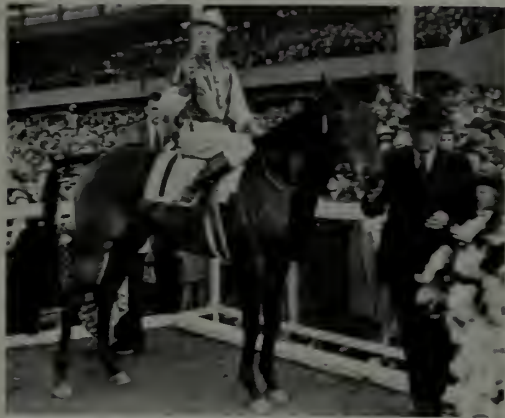
First of all, you should learn how to cast with a fair degree (Continued on page 94)







Twice beaten in the Santa Anita Handicap, Seabiscuit came through to win from his stablemate, Kayak 2nd



The Biscuit after his great race, with trainer Tam Smith

## TWO GREAT

A CHAMPION AND AN UNKNOWN MAKE

**L**IVES there a man with soul so dead, who ne'er to himself hath said—there is romance in racing? There may be other things, too, but, all the Santa Anita Handicap and the Widener Cup needed to make them exceed the wildest dreams of the writers in Hollywood was a mortgage on the old homestead.

Seabiscuit came back when a month before the race nearly everyone doubted that he would start; Many Stings made the leap from obscurity to fame and fortune for himself and Mose Shapoff, his trainer.

Unless you are one of those folk who go racing at the lesser tracks, or consider the form charts a bible of sorts, it isn't likely that you ever heard of Mose Shapoff. Many of COUNTRY LIFE's readers would know about such men as Jim Fitzsimmons, Earl Sande, Tom Smith, Ben Jones and other famous trainers, but Mose Shapoff would be a new one to most of you. So, most likely, would be Many Stings, the horse that Leo J. Marks, a furniture dealer of Columbus, O., bred, and which suddenly leaped across the yawning abyss of oblivion to reach the golden gates of fame, and all the carrots and oats he could eat.

This reporter covered the Widener Cup, and so missed seeing the Biscuit finally win the Santa Anita Handicap, but, of the two places, he would rather have been in Miami. After all, one expected the Biscuit to win by divine right. He had once been a king, and he would assert himself again. It was different with Many Stings. That was the story that might have made you scoff a little if you had seen it on the screen, or read it in a novel. Do such things happen in real life? They must.

If I live to be as old as Methuselah, I'll never forget a little scene in the walking ring at Miami, before the sixteen starters took the track for the race. Mose Shapoff, who started as a copy boy on the Louisville "Courier Journal," and then branched out into training Thoroughbreds, of all things, was talking to Al Jolson. They are friends, and Mose had advised the actor to have a "little bet" on Many Stings. Jolson does nothing by halves, you know, so he backed Many Stings to a fare-thee-well.

A man walked up and asked Jolson if he were nervous. The actor gave him a searching look, and said:

"Never mind about me. Ask Mose if he is nervous."

It was Shapoff's turn to speak. His face was pink. He appeared a little fidgety, if that is the word, but I wouldn't have said that he was nervous. Not outwardly, anyway. A

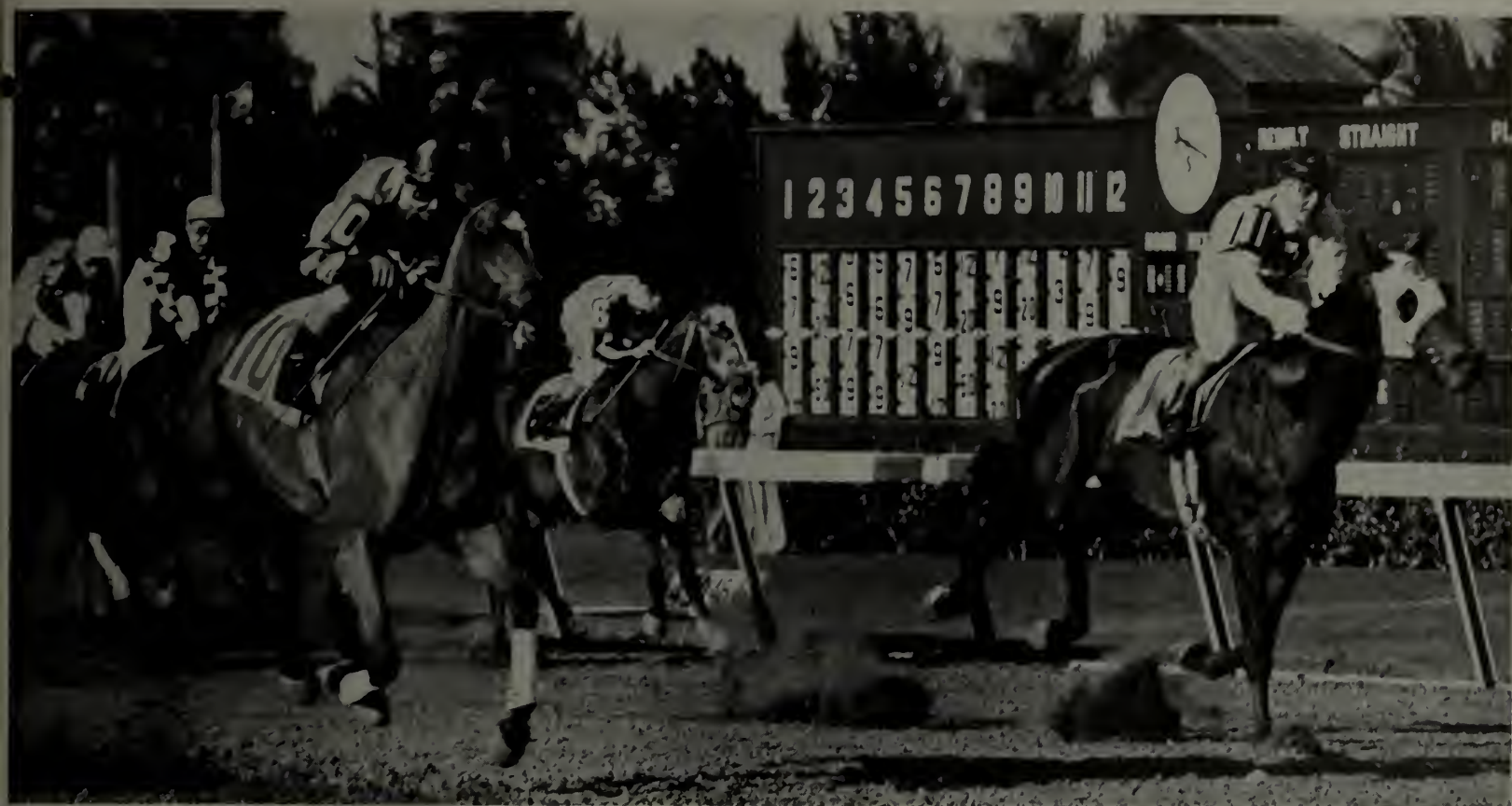
few feet away John Hay Whitney was wishing Earl Sande luck. Sande had saddled The Chief. So Sande came right back with a good luck to Whitney, for whom he also trains, and who had Woolf Woolf in the race.

"Am I nervous?" Shapoff said to me when the others had left, and the horses were filing out of the ring to the track. "Sure I'm nervous. How would they be if they stood on the brink of everything? You can't imagine what this means to me. Everything I ever have worked for in my life is centered in that horse. If he wins Mose Shapoff is a big man, ready for the big time. If he loses, back we go to the small time. I'm not nervous. I'm dying. I think."

**W**E went our separate ways, one to the press box, the other to wherever Mose had chosen to watch the race. The sixteen came belting out of the Puett gate, and The Chief and Woolf Woolf fought for the lead going into the first turn. That was worth seeing. I thought of Whitney and Sande wishing each other luck just a few minutes before, and reflected how sporting some people can be about some things. It's curious how those thoughts will flash through the mind, even while an intensely exciting and important race is in progress.

They rounded the first turn and The Chief opened up on the others. He was going like a clipper ship with all of his sails set. They





Previously unknown, Many Stings come along to win the McLennon Memorial and the Widener, of Hialeah

WIDE WORLD, ACME, AND CARROLL PHOTOS

# HORSE RACES

## HISTORY ON TWO COASTS

by MURRAY TYNAN

tore up the back stretch and The Chief opened up more of a lead. If he keeps this up, you thought, he'll win easily. But The Chief, a temperamental fellow, can stop as quickly as he can start. He stopped on the turn, and four of them came charging at him. Far on the outside was Many Stings. He was coming faster than the others. You wondered what Mose Shapoff, who used to be a copy boy, was thinking now. They swung around the bend and Many Stings was in front. The fighting was hot now.

They came down the back stretch with Many Stings in front and Big Pebble darting out of the pack behind. He was coming fast. Suddenly, Many Stings ducked; then he started to bear out. Behind him was Big Pebble, and when Many Stings ducked in his follower went out. Then, when Many Stings came out again Big Pebble changed his course and went in. It sounds like a foul when you put it that way, but Many Stings was always clear of the horse behind him.

They flashed under the wire with Many Stings the winner by half a length. Four lengths behind Big Pebble came Day Off and Supreme Sir in a dead heat for third. What a finish!

The objection sign was flashed; Georgie Seabo, rider of Big Pebble, had lodged a claim of foul against the winner, ridden by Ruperto Donoso, the Chilean boy.

What was Mose Shapoff thinking? He was

standing before the golden gates, but they were still closed. Inside those gates was the big time, back of them the leaky roof circuit. For all I knew he had mortgaged his home to bet on Many Stings. Somehow or other, I hoped that he had.

What a climax! What a tale was in the making! The man and the horse out of a story book were knocking at the gates. There was a scream from the crowd. The gates had opened. The stewards had turned down the claim of foul, and made the victory of Many Stings official. Mose Shapoff had lived nine lives in two minutes. What is there about this horse racing that makes men take to it instead of more peaceful pursuits?

"It's terrific, isn't it?" Shapoff said later, when he and Many Stings had cooled out. "We entered this horse in the Widener as sort of a complimentary thing. I don't suppose we ever thought he would start. You see, he never was better than a fair horse at Rickingham and those places, so why would we look for him to win the Widener, even with 109 lbs. up?"

"Then he started to improve. When he won the McLennan Memorial, two weeks ago, I felt that lightning was going to strike. And how it struck! The McLennan was the first stake this horse had ever won. Even now, when I'm excited, I would say that he has improved about 150 percent over last year."

And so when you walked away you re-



Many Stings, Donoso up, in the winner's circle

flected that Many Stings was quite a horse. Also that Shapoff was quite a fellow with a horse. The whole thing was breath taking. I solemnly promise never again to scoff at any fiction or any movie built around racing or a race horse.

A glance at Many Stings' record for last year will show you what a great adventure this trip to Miami was. He was kept busy last year, with twenty one starts, of which he won six. He was second once, and third seven times. In New England, they called him a shifty sort of a sprinter. He never had a crack at the big time around New York. His earnings for running so much came to \$5,970. He won \$10,625 for finishing first in the McLennan Memorial, two weeks before the Widener, and added \$52,000 to the total when he won the big race. There's a fair country contrast for you.

The breeding of Many Stings is also interesting. He is by Canaan, a horse you probably never heard of unless you have been very close to racing and breeding. This reporter can't recall any winners of importance sired by Canaan, a son of Hourless. If you wanted to send a mare to him this year you could have done it for (Continued on page 88)





by ANIBAL JARA

Translated by Henry P. de Vries

## COUNTRY LIFE IN

# Chile

WHEN one-eyed Diego de Almagro, more than sixty years old, and suffering from the secret illnesses of his youth, descended into the small valley of Copiapó with his file of chained Indians, he found the country poor and, what is more, lacking in beauty. He returned immediately to Peru before the Pizarros laid waste the land of the Incas and for many years nobody thought of repeating the sterile adventure of Almagro. Why should they? In Chile there was no gold; no silver; no precious stones to be gathered in urns of clay, as in Jauja, Cajamarca or in Cuzco.

It was not until ten years later, when the mule trains began to travel without loads between Lima and Arequipa, that the insatiable *conquistadores* once more turned their eyes southward. Then occurred the epic feat of Pedro de Valdivia, founder of Santiago in 1542, a tireless warrior, who advanced through the unoccupied territory to the southernmost point, between the Bio-Bio and the Cautin, where, in order to check the Indians, he erected a Maginot line that was to last two hundred years.

Chile was not Peru, at least not in that period. Three hundred years had to pass before the white gold of nitrate was discovered and Chanarcillo released the secret of its mountains of silver and Chuiquicamata its copper. It was in the second half of the 19th century that this wealth began to flow, giving rise to the joyous, opulent, and romantic life of the *pelucones criollos*, and to the succulent dividends of Wall Street.

But the genuine Chilean life is not founded on the unexpected wealth of the north. It is not founded on adventure or chance. The influence of the Spanish Basque strain led to the development of the soil, to the creation of an agricultural economy, tinged with the instincts of a mountain people. The constitution of Chile, its politics, its intimate idiosyncrasies find their roots in the soil, its fruits, and even in its catastrophes. Nothing easy, nothing spontaneous. Whatever wealth Chile possesses has been extracted, forged and hammered. The virtues of Chile are agrarian virtues, its defects agrarian defects.

The conservative backbone of the nation spreads down a thousand-mile-long valley running from north to south, like an unbroken stream, between the mountains of the east and those of the west. The Chilean countryside invades the city, gives its character to the republic, and is the foundation of its tradition. The Chilean people have the soul of a countryfolk and of a mountain people. The capital, the city of Santiago, consists of a million inhabitants, sixty percent of whom are provincials, people attracted from all the rural corners of the country. Chilean politics involve mainly agrarian issues, and the laws in the main have served the interests of the rich hacienda owners. Practically all of the presidents during the one hundred and twenty years of republican and independent life have been owners of country estates, men who derived their fortune and their political position solely from the earth. This has had its advantages and disadvantages. The group of families privileged through their control of the land and of the government gave to the early republic a conservative and aristocratic structure. But the sons of wealthy men traveled to Europe, absorbing liberal ideas. Already, in the eighties, the ferment of new ideas began to be felt in Chile. The impact of European ideas, a certain intellectual and scientific curiosity resulted in 1890 in the first social crisis in the guise of a political upheaval. President Jose Manuel Balmaceda, representing the progressive current, was defeated in a civil war and committed suicide. The conservative tradition developed new force, and its power extended until 1920 when the liberal parties scored their first political victory.

It may be said that this latter year marked the end of an era in the history of Chile. The absolute influence of the conservative class was broken and the political power of the middle and lower classes began to express itself. President Sanfuentes was the last of the aristocrats to head Chile. After him, the republic passed through contradictory and troubled periods, culminating in the election last year of a professor as president, Dr. Pedro Aguirre Cerda.

The political current has not affected profoundly the social customs. Throughout the country, people pursue their domestic existences as they did twenty or forty years ago. The organization of the old *criolla* family is more or less the same—the same customs, the same tastes. Naturally, the children do not cross themselves nor pray before meals as they did even in 1900. Up to that time the paternal authority was rigid and dictatorial. The father was more than a father, he was a ruler. His will was law and he governed the family, including his wife, with an iron will. One can still find traces of these feudal customs, but in general the paternal hold has diminished considerably. He is not so much the lord of the manor, and the children now sprout their wings before their twentieth



Sunday church-going calls for gala costumes



birthdays. Sons leave home frequently, now, to taste life in the bustling cities and towns, and 90 percent of them do not return after completing the compulsory military service.

**B**UT the country itself still retains the old atmosphere. The road, with its brambles and capricious rivulets; the thatched-roof cottages; the village store where on Sundays the neighboring youths gather to test their horsemanship at the *topeada*—a rough and boisterous jostling, the object of which is to prevent others from reaching the hitching post. There are entire provinces such as Colchagua, Curico, Maule, Talca, and others further south, where the country life has preserved all the characteristics of the old colonial period. Early on Sunday mornings the bell of the small village church peals out, calling the devout. The village girls, in their gingham dresses, are seen walking down the road or crossing the fields, others, on horseback, are escorted by strapping youths wearing their most colorful woollen blankets casually and gracefully askew on one shoulder. After the mass, they all gather in the village square to grumble about their landlords, discuss a recent wedding, or the death of some very old neighbor. As night begins to fall, one hears sounds of galloping horses, the strumming of a guitar, the song of a vespertin bird; the sun continues to sink in the west and the fields suddenly become purple; the wet fields give forth a strong fragrance of mint or of rich grass; one hears the distant cries of small children, the murmur of a brook, or the sound of a nearby river rushing over its bed of stones. A moment later the round limpid moon appears from behind the hills, through the trees, and then the strumming of the guitar becomes more intense and an obscure voice is raised from somewhere in the orchards:

*'Sorrow and lack of sorrow  
Are both painful to me;  
Yesterday I wept to see thee  
Today I weep because I did.*

But the typical and unalterable soul of the country folk is perceived to best advantage during the two great work periods of the year: the rodeo in the spring, the purpose of which is to make the cattle sweat and thus shed more easily the dead coat of hair; and the *trilla*, or the harvesting of the wheat.

At rodeo time, the young men have the opportunity to display their horsemanship; it occurs in November when, in Chile, the hot rays of the sun already begin to be felt, and the fields are thick with flowers and bumblebees, when the countryside is rehearsing for the pathetic symphony of *l'après midi d'un faune*, and nature is breathless with her drama of birth, and her joy of life. The robust cattle low in the corrals, the horses are alert, and when the rider drives the steers along the edge of the fence the ground trembles and the hills throw back the joyous echo of this primitive round-up.

The machine-age has done away almost entirely with the *trilla*. But even today, in some rural districts, the farm hands gather the wheat in sheaves and thrash it with their horses' hooves. This work is accompanied by a typical fiesta. Near the thrashing floor, with its great pile of wheat, something resembling a lean-to is erected, to provide a resting place during the work, and to serve as the focal point of a fiesta with Dionysiac overtones, that soon develops. At night, when the fresh

"La pena y la que no es pena-son dos penas para mi;-ayer lloraba por vertey hoy lloro por que te vi."

breeze is blowing, laden with rural aromas from the south, and by the light of the full moon, the men hurl forkfuls of wheat in the air to free it of chaff; in the lean-to the crowd is drinking wine and singing native songs.

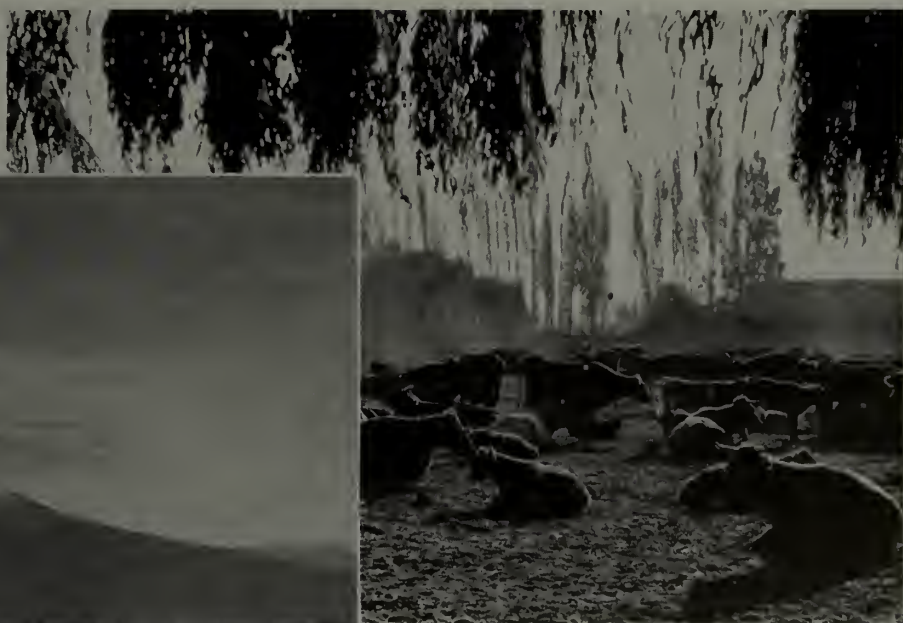
The grape-growing region extends from the river Aconcagua to the Bio-Bio, covering nine provinces. The eye (*Continued on page 89*)



Threshing in some parts is still the work of oxen



The patio of a Chilean country house is a fine sight



Cattle provide a large part of the estate income



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SWOPE

The Spanish Basque strain led to an agriculture tinged with the instincts of a mountain people



IT was quiet in the house on that Sunday in early April. No one else was at home. With the newspaper read, I found myself idly fingering through swarms of bright little dry flies in an aluminum box.

That frayed Black Gnat! I remembered it. A great, gold-bellied brown trout had sucked it down from a Connecticut pool last June. Spray flying in geysers—a slim rod bent in a perilous shining circle—

Here was a Fan-Wing Drake looking just the way it had looked in the jaw of the big Battenkill brookie; a cluster of the dainty Cahills that the Mad River rainbows liked. But that long sprangly streamer among these dry flies; what was that? Slim and green, with a fluff of white bucktail about its silver body, this streamlined stranger lay beside a shapeless Royal Coachman. Why had I laid them here together on some forgotten day last year?

Then, magically, as I pondered this, the walls about me vanished and the rumble of cars was gone. Blue-green spruces stretched off all about me, unendingly. White birches lay in cascades of baby leaves. Beneath my feet the sunlit waters of Lake Kezar tapped softly against the floor of a canvas boat. Spring had blown her warm breath on Maine, and the landlocked salmon were up!

"For thirty-odd years," Jim Brackett was saying, as he rested his oars for a moment, "I've been guiding the spawts from this camp. I suppose I've guided five thousand of them in that time. And in all o' these years I've never seen a day when the salmon was so contrary."

I agreed with Jim that the fish were pretty snobbish. But, like you, I've used a rod enough to know that it's not all of fishing to catch fish. I didn't mind it too much that for three sunny hours we'd rowed slowly back and forth over salmon-filled Kezar, with never a strike. Never a strike, that is, unless you'd count the fourteen-incher that snubbed Jim's trolled smelt as we first left the dock; or the twin of that fish, that pirouetted about the boat for sweet, heady minutes with my bucktail fast in its jaw.

For sport is relative. While eight inches of trout make a very nice fish, from a

# Maine's Landlocked SALMON

by RAYMOND S. DECK

swishing brook in the mountains, a foot and better of pink-and-silver salmon isn't even keeper-stuff in Maine. Landlocks were meant by an all-wise Providence, to be big; big, streamlined and handsome. That is why there burns in the landlock's ice-watered heart a fiery courage that would ill befit any everyday fish. No salmon scaling under five pounds would get a thump from Jim Brackett's club on that day in blue-skied May.

**B**UT we could catch no worthy fish. Nobody could catch any fish. And nobody knew why—unless it was because, as Jim Brackett opined, "all signs have failed since Roosevelt's been in power." Boats were on the blue lake in plenty. Men and women were trolling smelt, casting streamer flies and bucktails. But they weren't catching anything.

Now and again our boat in its lazy course came within a couple of casts of another boat. Then the other guide would ask Jim gently, "Have you had any strikes?" And Jim, with never a change of expression nor blink of his light blue eyes, would answer "Sure."

"Have you got any fish?" the other guide would always persist, with mild suspicion. And Jim would say "Sure," without inflection; straight-faced, unsmiling. Nobody on Lake Kezar ever says "Let's see 'em," the way guys around New York do. Everybody

knows when the salmon aren't striking. Jim's a good guide, all right. All the fellows around Brown's camps are good guides.

When the fish in Lake Kezar are pouting, you can always talk to one of these guides. You can warm to their grand, simple honesty in things that matter; to their forthright lying about things that don't. A Maine guide looks straight at his "spawt" with a candor that always makes me think of a white-tail doe. His eyes bespeak curiosity, but no puzzlement. They are like bluets, or a telephone mouthpiece.

"Did you ever kill a bear?" I asked Jim Brackett now.

"Yes," he replied. (Any guide but a man of Maine here would have told a tale to make your remaining hair stand on end!)

"Did your party catch any big salmon yesterday?" I rattled on gaily.

"No." Just like that. No smile, no blink.

"Did you *have* a party yesterday?" I demanded.

"No." Factually.

"Do you feel in your bones, believe in your heart," I concluded, "that we're going to catch a big salmon if we stay out here the rest of the morning?"

"No," declared Guide Jim Brackett.

So we rowed back to camp for lunch.

*Wham!* More than an hour had passed



Even when the salmon are sulking, fishing is fun



Jim Brackett, for 30 years a guide on Lake Kezar



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND COURTESY OF FIELD AND STREAM  
The salmon hit hard in the late afternoon



water before me. It moved like lightning, and when it was gone there was nothing in all of Maine to give me heart. There never is anything to make a fellow feel good when the biggest, wildest trout in the countryside has just got away.

Jim Brackett and I spent a couple of hours playing with the crimson trout of the beaver pond. The old guide tweaked them out in mathematical succession. I watched him fish for a while. He'd bait up with a great ball of fat pink worms, and dangle this close before him. We could see the brookies as they took the bait. They'd come swimming past, a pair of fish, maybe, or a quartette; sometimes a big, lone fellow with white-fringed fins twinkling through the gin-clear water. When fish spied the gob of worms, they'd change their course a bit. And one of 'em would scoop 'em up off the bottom. Jim would give his stout rod a flip—he said you had to yank it "quicker 'n you c'd spit"—and a glittering brook trout would shoot through the air to lie flapping on the brown spruce needles behind.

JIM loved this sort of thing. (That's another thing I like about Maine guides.) His blue eyes took on a new sparkle as his ancient "fish basket" grew heavy. He got to talking. As I pussy-footed along the pond-edge, shooting the tattered Coachman this way and that, missing a good many strikes, taking a good many fish, Jim told me the tale of the first bear he ever killed.

"It was right over there," he declared, pointing across a garden of wild yellow cowslips, "about fifty years ago. I was out after pa'tridge, but bein' a kid, I jest had a handful of glass marbles for ball. I'd packed a few of 'em into the old muzzle-loader an' was all ready for a pat', when I seen a big bear loafing through the woods to'ards me.

"Alleys," quoth Jim reminiscently, "ain't ha'hdly the right ball for bear! I was shaking like one o' them aspens. But somehow I managed to reload the ol' cannon with three fingers o' powder. An' the ramrod for ball! An' I killed that bear so dang dead," Jim vowed, "that th' ramrod stuck clean outen . . ."

I never did learn just what part of the bear Jim's ramrod stuck outen. Just as he reached this crucial point in his tale of early days, two men stepped out of the woods. They were officers of the Conservation Department, they told me courteously: Warden Bill French and Supervisor Joe Stickney. Since they were looking over all the waters around Center Lovell with a view to stocking trout, they had taken a chance on the trail through the woods when they saw our parked car.

We showed them our fish and they whistled a time or two. They agreed with us that these beaver-pond trout were more richly colored than stream fish: their reds were redder, and the black and gold on their throats was handsomer than usual. They agreed that this place needed no stocking; and promised not to mention Jim's secret pond to anyone.

Then we got to talking about landlocks. It was a funny thing, said one of the newcomers: even in May there were times when Maine salmon wouldn't look at bucktails or even smelts. And pretty often during these doldrums they *would* hit a streamer fly called the Supervisor.

"I sometimes tie these myself," said one man of the pair. (Continued on page 78)



"LANDLOCKED SALMON" BY W. J. SCHALDACH—COURTESY OF THE SPORTING GALLERY AND BOOKSHOP

before the big red-and-gold squaretail smashed the Royal Coachman on the beaver pond. Jim had led me there, to his secret place, by a dim little trail through the forest. Nobody fished there, he said, because nobody knew of the beaver pond, except a half-dozen natives like him. There weren't many "spawts" who'd want to pass up a chance at big salmon for a sure thing on little trout . . .

Wham! The gay white fly had sailed out right prettily across the beaver pond. The line had straightened out kindly, and the leader. The Royal Coachman had fluttered down like a moth toward the wet, black mirror in the spruce woods. But it scarcely flecked the water that it sought. Down among the stumps and slimy twigs of the beaver pond, a big red trout was lying. He rose with the electric fervor of a summer-dusk bass, and struck the fly before it fairly lit. Big beaver-

pond trout in Maine don't rise with the lazy fin-waving of hatchery fish!

"You've got 'im!" cried Jim, in such excitement that he dropped his steel bait rod and let a canful of worms roll down the bank. "He's hooked!" And the fish zoomed off like a big brown shadow for the blue pool in the center. He was chugging there, a moment later, when I began to gather my wits; chugging with a slow, heavy rhythm that made my heart stand still. There was something deadly in the way that great trout thumped the wispy leader. I couldn't work him in toward me. I couldn't move him at all. All I could do was hold the rod in a sickening arc, and feel the line go *thump, thump, thump* in my left hand.

All in one horrid split-second the rod-tip flew up, and the line went as slack as slack. I saw a dull flash of brown and red in the



# RACING DYNASTY

by ALDEN HATCH

## The Daingerfields of Virginia live for the Thoroughbred

**D**URING the past sixty years, racing in America has experienced a series of ups and downs not encountered in any other sport or business in the country. Now, with the advent of mutuels in New York State, it is on the eve of still another momentous change. Whether it will be an up or down is a matter for heated argument, but that the moment is critical, no man will deny.

Throughout these vicissitudes of fortune a little group of men and women has labored unceasingly on behalf of American racing and for the improvement of the breed. And during the entire sixty years one family has been particularly distinguished by its knowledge and love of the American Thoroughbred. They are the Daingerfields of Virginia.

Algernon Daingerfield is the present head of the family. For thirty-seven years he has been Assistant Secretary of The Jockey Club, which his uncle, James R. Keene and his father, Major Foxhall Alexander Daingerfield, helped to found. As the active secretary of the body which rules the turf, he has wielded more influence for good in American racing than any other single individual in the country.

Algy Daingerfield is a big man in every sense of the word. He is over six feet tall and his shoulders are broad. His handsome head is always carried a little forward as though he were anxious to hear what the smaller men around him are saying. If it is a good story his gray eyes twinkle and his quick laugh will ring across the paddock. Ten to one he'll cap it with a better yarn, for no one loves to tell a story more than he, especially if it is on himself.

But there are some things that he takes very seriously, indeed. Let any man, no matter how important or how insignificant, do a mean or crooked thing, let him so much as make a remark detrimental to the best interests of racing, and those gray eyes will flash in splendid anger. For the Daingerfield code is strict, and its standards have not been lowered to meet contemporary slackness.

This does not mean that Algy is stern and unforgiving. Many a jockey, who made a youthful slip but who sincerely repented, has found the Daingerfield influence backing him for re-instatement. Don Meade is among those who acknowledge their indebtedness to his kindly interest; for the secretary believed in the boy and extended a powerful hand to help his courageous comeback.

Algernon Daingerfield was born in the town of Harrisonburg, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, five years after the close of the Civil war. His father, Major Foxhall Alexander



Major Foxhall Alexander Daingerfield at Castleton, where he developed the James R. Keene Stable

Daingerfield, who had fought from Bull Run to Appomattox was trying to establish a law practice among the chaos of Reconstruction. In Harrisonburg, he owned a big white house, with a long upstairs verandah. Even in the hardest times there was always at least one Thoroughbred broodmare in the stables, and the Major saw to it that her pedigree contained as much Glencoe blood as his purse could afford.

But though there were Thoroughbreds in the barn, there was little luxury in the house, and the young lawyer was obliged to do most of the household chores himself. When he was running for County Clerk, one of his opponents voiced the slogan, "Don't vote for Daingerfield, he chops his own wood."

At the age of ten, Algy took over the wood-chopping.

There were eight young Daingerfields in the

rambling old house at Harrisonburg: five girls and three boys. Fortunately for them, Major Daingerfield became very successful as a lawyer. In those days nearly all the southern cases were heard in the Federal Courts. Holms Conrad, Richard Byrd and Major Daingerfield had a near monopoly of this practice. But the Major's heart was always with the Thoroughbreds.

**I**N the early '70's, Sanders D. Bruce began compiling the American Stud Book, assisted by the leading horsemen in every state. Because of his already extensive knowledge of bloodlines, Bruce called on Major Daingerfield to help verify the pedigrees of the Virginia horses. The publication of the American Stud Book in 1873 is looked upon as the most important event in the history of American racing.

Of all the young Daingerfields, Algy most closely resembled his father in this love of horses. From the very first, sports of the field, particularly those connected with horses, were his one great interest. He foxhunted at an early age with his father and his tomboy sister, Elizabeth. There was no formal hunt in the Valley in those days. Major Daingerfield owned a couple of hounds and neighbors would bring others to the meet. There were usually from four to six couple of hounds. But though few in number their breeding was unimpeachable. They were from the Tripp and Burkholder strains, and their descendants are among the best American foxhounds today. You may be sure, too, that the Daingerfields were well mounted. Though the manner was informal, the sport was very keen.

Algy performed a noted feat of horsemanship at about this time. For a bet of \$100—a fortune to him—he rode a hunter, Wade Hampton, by Alroy, from Harrisonburg Courthouse to Harper's Ferry, a distance of 100 miles, in 24 hours.

Young Daingerfield also developed into a fine field shot. The feat in his young life of which he is proudest was performed when his neighbors matched him against Donald Swann, the best shot of (Continued on page 74)



Algernon Daingerfield, and Miss Daingerfield



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# DUDE RANCH



HILL-TOP SURPRISE



RANCH COUNTRY





RAIL BIRDS, FLEDGLING STATE



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CUTTING OUT



EARLY MORNING





HEADING OUT



ROUND-UP



# Huntsman, I'm in a Quarry!



by E. B. WHITE

THE editor of this counter-revolutionary journal has asked me to describe the joys of living in the country, implying that I should keep a straight face and not let on what I go through.

The truth is I haven't time to describe the joys of living in the country because at this very moment there is a dead porcupine lying in a pool of blood in the back of my one-half ton Chevrolet pickup truck, awaiting urn burial, and I ought to be out kindling the pyre and warming up the urn. All porcupines have to have urn burial on this place on account of the dachshund, who is a ghoul.

The last time he engaged a porcupine he got so many quills in his antrim we had to call a veterinary surgeon (a Cornell man) from the nearest railroad town, which is 24 miles away, and get him to give the dog an anaesthetic, administered intravenously. There was a good deal of hemorrhaging at the nose and the operation was not over till 'way past midnight. We gave the vet a drink and he stayed till three, chatting and pulling the wool over our eyes.

I didn't learn till later that the way everybody around here takes quills out of a dog's nose is to ram a pitchfork over his head and pin him down. There is nothing intravenous about this method, and nothing humane, but it gets you to bed in good season and serves the dachshund right—if it is possible ever to serve a dachshund right.

But what I really ought to be doing, aside from burying the dead, is the chores. Today is Sunday, and Sunday is my day for doing the chores. It is everybody else's day for visiting 'round among their friends, taking it easy, and working out double crostics, but it is my day for carrying eight-quart pails.

I rise at seven on Sunday and start carrying pails containing water and grain. I carry these steadily all through the morning, then I spend an hour before dinner rinsing the dirty pails; then it is dinner time, and after dinner it is time to carry some more pails, and at sundown I rinse all the pails again, take a hot bath, and rest until seven, when I take a flashlight and make the rounds of barn and outbuildings, shutting doors and hearing prayers.

For this final chore I am usually unsuitably dressed, having changed into clean clothes at bath time. I have a young pig named Mimi, who is my toughest shutting-up assignment because she pushes against me. Chickens are comparatively easy to shut up at night—they go to roost at dark (it gets dark here very early in the afternoon) and when you steal into the hen-pen to tuck them in they merely make a soft crooning sound.

But Mimi has a different feeling about nighttime: darkness excites her, and when I show up to close the door, she suggests that we go some place where there is a good floor-show. During the day she purposely roots up the ground around the doorsill, so that when I try to close the door on her it won't quite

shut, and I have to open it again and, with the toe of my Blucher, scrape away dirt and stones.

This gives her the chance she is waiting for, and she pushes against me. I push back, but she outweighs me and she also has the moral advantage of not being afraid that she is going to step in something. All she needs is a snout-hold on my thigh and she roots me to one side and comes out into the pen, giggling and full of plans.

The only way I can get her in again is to go in myself. She follows me (for what it is worth) and when she's inside by what looks like a safe margin I dart out, bang the door to, and hook it.

MY original idea was that I would kill Mimi at Christmas time, but this was out of the question. You can get quite close to a pig—or she to you. I imagine she will be with me always, pushing against me in the warm sweet evenings of summer and the cold dark nights of winter.

I am trying to get to the joys of living in the country, but first I should mention an intolerable condition that exists in my pasture. I have eight New Hampshire Red roosters living in comparative squalor in an old cow-shed down there. They are the one-third that is ill-housed and ill-fed on this farm. Mrs. Roosevelt would die if she could see how they live, and I expect her any day now.

But badly as they are off, they are in clover compared to me. In order to get to them with grain at evening, I have to climb a stile and cross an open section of pasture, where

I immediately become the butt of every jest. There are, in this pasture, twenty grade ewes (pronounced "yōs" by the way), an Oxford Down ram, two heifers, and four Toulouse geese, all of whom regard me as a comic.

When they see me coming with the grain the sheep press together in a dense mass (it is amazing how solid sheep can be when they get pressing together), and the geese keep up a running badinage. The heifers hang back until their interference is working well, then they close in briskly and step on my foot. I have been stepped on so frequently by heifers this past year there is hardly a metatarsal left in my body.

The real truth about the country is that it satisfies the hunter in me. I dearly love to trap and shoot wild game, and here, in this rural community, the quarry is everywhere. I am not an orthodox hunter, nor a successful one. My only weapon is a .22 rifle, my only dog is a dachshund, who, like every other dachshund I've known, is an hysteric. (I had a Labrador retriever once, but finally had to give him away when it became plain that he was always bringing back the wrong things—including a neighbor's little girl nicely dressed for school.)

But ill-equipped though I am, to me the hunt is eternally interesting. There is one big barn-rat I have hunted steadily for 11 months. I see him almost every night at the same time and place—quarter past eight in the pen of White Plymouth Rocks in the barn.

I don't know any place in the world I would rather be, on an evening in late fall during the hunting season, than out in the barn with my faithful cat David, my faithful dachshund Fred, and my faithful flashlight Eveready. Overhead the weathervane turns and groans in its socket: mice scamper in the washboiler full of sunflower heads; and in the mows the hay lies warm and still and fragrant.

I have many different systems with my rat, all of them ineffectual. My favorite ruse is to steal outdoors into the hen-yard carrying the cat in my left hand and the flashlight (unlit) in my right. Approaching noiselessly, I wait till I am abreast of the little pop-hole that leads into the hen-pen; then suddenly I snap the light on and heave the cat through the hole toward the grain hopper where I know the rat is feeding.

The trick always has the same result: the cat, taken completely by surprise, crouches in a daze, and the rat jumps squarely through the little door into my arms, knocking me backwards into a forsythia bush and extinguishing the light. It is fruitless, but it is a hell of a lot of fun.

I am thinking some of dressing the stunt up in a more elaborate form by wearing a vest coated with thick tar and holding a big rat trap in my teeth.

Although rats are my principal quarry, I also go after partridge once in a while. That is how I happen to (Continued on page 101)



# Golf *ON A FEW ACRES*

by A. H. TULL

WHO has not wanted a private golf course? Not just a practice putting green, but an honest-to-goodness course, with full length fairways, lovely putting greens, real sand-traps and a private nineteenth hole. A course where one could, with favorite partners and a trusted caddy, take unlimited time to play a round, with no crowding players following, no "fussy foursome" ahead, and no sense of imposing on others while taking practice swings, hunting lost balls, or trying, over again, that last putt missed by half an inch.

We are not writing so much about private courses that spread out over an area the size of a farm, with a greenkeeper and a crew of maintenance men in charge, such as Hob Nob Hill in Salisbury, Conn., or the course owned by the late Otto Kahn, nor are we concerned with the "practice-drive" type of layout, with a smoothed-off place to putt at one end. Rather, we describe a type of course which can be laid out on from five to fifteen acres of land, constructed and maintained at a comparatively low cost, which yet will provide all that is required for the full enjoyment of the game by the owner and his friends.

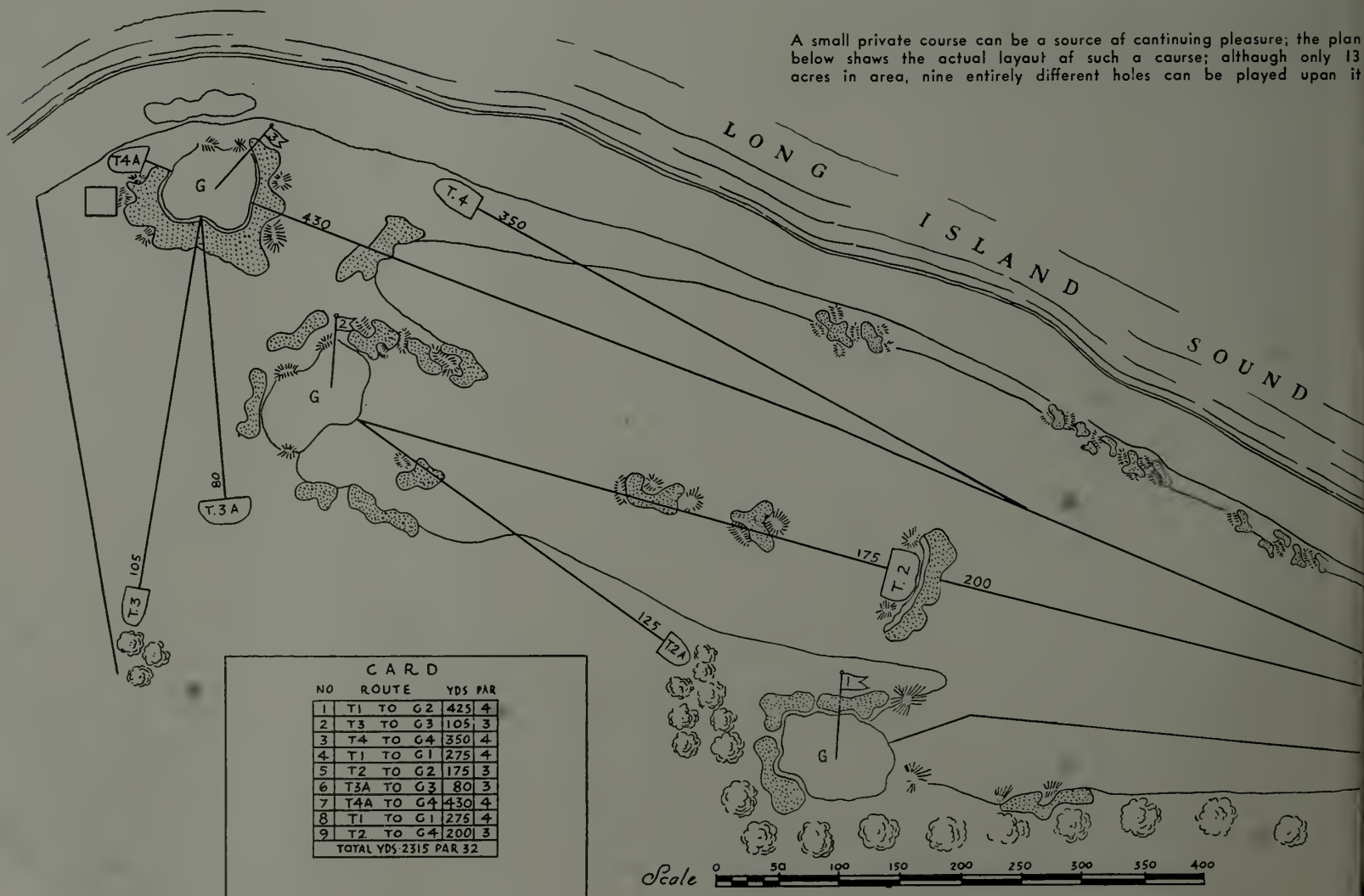
This may sound somewhat unorthodox. But on the average club's course, provision must be made for the simultaneous play of at least two hundred golfers, while a private course need not be designed for use by more than one or two foursomes. With the necessity of caring for a large number of players removed, we can go back many decades, and use again certain ideas once common to those who laid out the early golf links.

THE most famous golf course in the world, scene of last year's British Open Championship, is St. Andrews, in Scotland. Yet here, on the Old Course, we find many features no longer desirable in modern club courses, but still possible of adoption in private course design. On this famous course, tee-shots cross other holes, and there is a distinct lack of defined fairgreen, often more than one hole using the same general fairway area. There is at least one double green, serving as such for two separate holes.

The resulting conflict of play-routes would cause terrific congestion if it became necessary for several hundred golfers to use the course on the same day, but results in no

hardship to a moderate number of players, or during a well-regulated tournament. The point we wish to bring out is that although no golf course architect would use these principles in designing a course for a modern golf club, the fact remains that at the "Royal and Ancient," the home of golf itself, they do not impair the individual excellence of the many grand holes, hallowed by tradition, and proved in many a famous match between the great ones of golf.

It can therefore be taken for granted, that where only one or two foursomes will use the course, greens can be designed for use on more than one hole; tees can be used for more than one tee-shot, and the fairway area can be held to a minimum. But to avoid monotony, and to provide for all possible shots, and combinations of shots, necessary to a full enjoyment of the game, greater skill is required than in the design of a full length golf course. This is no job for an amateur, or your good-golfer friend. Bunkering must be designed to serve all possible play routes on the course, without penalizing good shots. Used to catch a badly hooked shot from one tee, the same group of bunkering may serve





as a formidable carry from another tee. Tees and bunkers may be combined for a dual purpose, and even greens may serve as hazards, with a local rule requiring the ball to be picked up with the loss of a stroke, if the green landed on is not the one aimed at.

A small private course of this kind, properly designed, can be a source of ever-continuing pleasure, even though it consists only of a couple of greens, three or four tees, and a properly bunkered fairgreen. Add a little shelter-house as a focal point for good fel-

lowship, furnished perhaps, with an outdoor oven, a dressing room and deep-seated chairs in front of an open fireplace, and nothing other than an ocean-going yacht will help you to discover just how many friends really you have.

The accompanying plan shows the actual layout of such a course, owned by Harrison Williams, at Bayville, Long Island. Although its total area is only about thirteen acres, a full nine-hole card is used, and nine entirely different holes, including two full two-shot-

ters, can be played on this ingenious course. According to an old story, the climate of bonnie Scotland, and the number of "draps" in a bottle of Scotch whiskey, had a lot to do with determining the number of holes played in a regulation match. In the good old days, each player took along with him a bottle of usquebaugh to keep out the chill salt air, and after drinking to the winner at each green, the match had to be called off after eighteen holes, since the bottle held only eighteen Scotch swallows.

Actually, there is no reason other than custom, why a full round of golf should be eighteen holes, and even less reason why an eighteen-hole course should consist of two nines. Even adhering to tradition, an eighteen-hole round can be played on three or six holes, just as well as on nine or eighteen, provided that they are not crowded.

**T**HE cost of constructing a small private golf course is not excessive. Putting greens will cost from \$800 to \$1,200 each; tees and fairway bunkering groups, about \$100 each; the fairway area about \$300 per acre. These are rough approximations only, covering the cost of labor and materials. An entirely enjoyable private course can be designed and constructed at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$4,000 per hole, depending upon the condition of the site chosen.

Maintenance expense of such a course would seldom be greater than the cost of caring for greens and tees, since the fairgreen would generally be lawn that would need to be mowed and fertilized in any event. Aside from this fairway mowing, the services of one man, on mornings only during the growing season, are all that should be required for the up-keep of greens and tees on a three-hole course. The annual cost of materials used in maintenance should not exceed \$75 per hole. This would cover the cost of seed, fertilizer, fungicides, insecticides and the repair and replacement of machinery and the original equipment.

A recognized golf course architect should be retained to choose the best possible location for the course, and prepare the construction plans. Preferably he should have had landscape designing experience, in order that the finished course may enhance the appearance of the property used, without interfering in any way with existing facilities. A private golf course can be planted with trees and flowering shrubs, to form an integral part of the landscape design, and should increase rather than diminish, the beauty of any estate on which it is constructed.

If the architect stakes out the greens, tees and bunkers, local labor, or one's own gardeners, can do the actual construction work, using teams or a farm tractor, with farm tools. If this work is properly planned, it can often be done when other estate work is slack, at the end of the season, and seeded the following spring, although fall seeding is always preferable, to avoid weedy turf. The entire construction job of course, can be let out to a competent landscape contractor, and supervised by one's golf course architect.

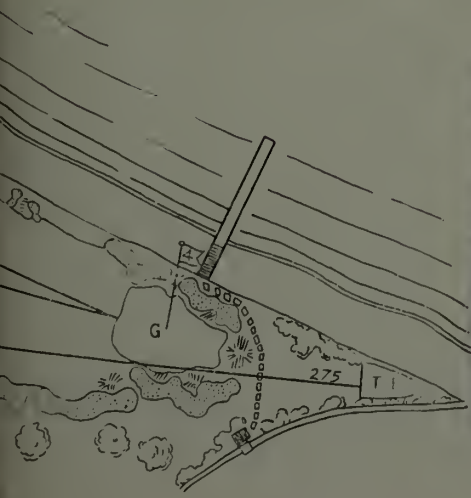
A lovely expanse of green lawn is one of the most beautiful of all sights. Its beauty can be enriched, and its value increased a thousand-fold by turning it into a golf course. So why not have your own private St. Andrews?



A golf course architect should be retained to choose the best location and prepare the plans



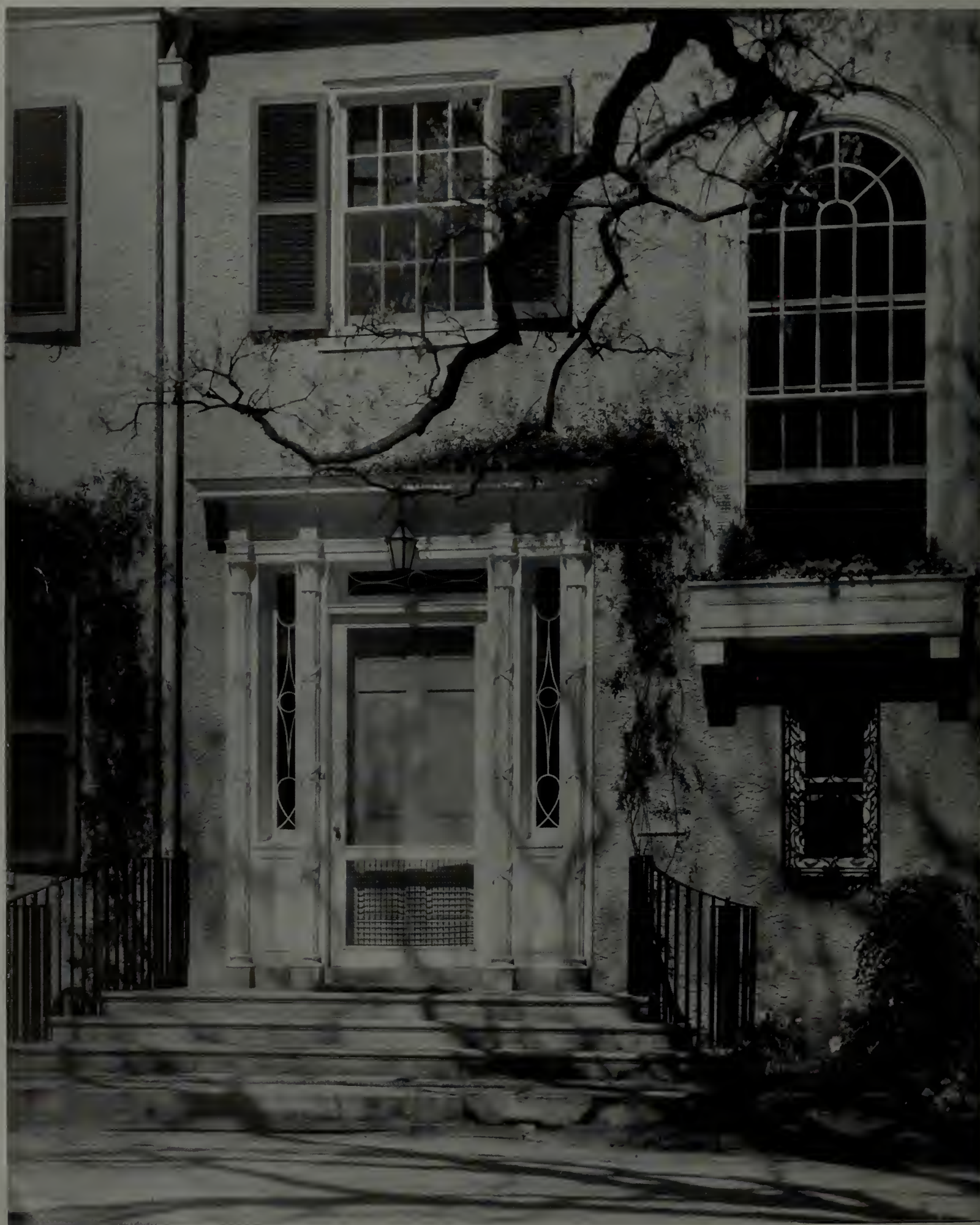
If the work is well planned it can be done with the farm machinery, during the slack season



Add a shelter house as a focal point for good fellowship



**"By their doorways shall ye know them", is an idea that house-owners might well reflect upon, for though a charming interior behind a grim, or gim-crack, portal may come as a pleasant surprise, nothing can more fully express an attitude toward life than the entrance to one's home**



R. W. TEBBS PHOTOS

This gracious entrance to an Augusta home bespeaks of friendly hospitality; passing it, a stranger would feel that he would like to know those who lived within





Here is seen a typically New England combination of the ornate and the chaste



A copy of an Italian doorway that is on the grim side



A Bucks County, Pa., version suggests much solid comfort in this old stone house

# Doorways



A pineapple doorway in South Carolina that invites one in



This Italian copy appears less forbidding than the one above



# Connecticut

## GOAT FARM



by COLBY DRIESSENS

UP in northeastern Connecticut, in quiet Killingly township, a cluster of white buildings and a thousand acres of field and woody pasture are the background for an experiment that may bring about interesting changes in American dairy life. There, on the Warren Baldwins' Hillshire Farms, one of the most progressive goat-herds in America is maintained with scientific exactness, and a worthy financial success.

One hundred and forty-five aristocratic Toggenberg and Nubian goats, imported from Switzerland, daily mince their way from barn to pasture, and back to milking stanchions with the dusk. They are constantly under the eyes of carefully selected and trained herdsmen, as antiseptic in their persons as herdsmen can be, and each goat is the object of painstaking individual attention.

Warren Baldwin, a country squire, and enthusiastic dairyman, retired some years ago from business. Traveling through Switzerland, he fell in love with the deer-like goat herds, and decided upon one for himself. The true genesis of the idea, of course, may have lain in his long-suppressed desire to get back to the earth. Born in rural Pennsylvania, he spent most of his adult life—until he moved to the farm—behind a desk in the city. But the farm, or something like it, was always there in the back of his head, and when the chance finally came he broke away.

In Switzerland, and in the Austrian Tyrol, his interest was further aroused. In spite of the rich and highly seasoned food of the mountain peasants, indigestion, ulcers, and other stomach disorders were practically unheard of. To a busy man, who has sat around behind a desk for any number of years, this was something to think about. Of course, the observation was nothing new. Physicians have known for years of the healing and soothing properties of goat milk. Sanitariums throughout western Europe even maintain their own goat herds for the treatment of patients. But in the United States goat milk was hardly procurable at all. So Baldwin established his farm.

He purchased over 800 acres of land in the far corner of Connecticut, within view of the Quinebaug and Five Mile Rivers, near the Rhode Island border. The Baldwin home was constructed around an old colonial farm house on the site, and then the shining barns and laboratory which comprise the present lay-out were put up. With the Toggenbergs and Nubians, when they were shipped across the Atlantic, came Emil Kaiser, a trained Swiss herdsman and professional chemist, who is master of the herd-house. And then as the farm got under way Mrs. Baldwin, a consulting psychiatrist with offices in Park Avenue, found the arrangements too absorbing to forsake. Last year she left her professional

work to become a member of the farm's organization, and now her time is spent in the laboratory, perfecting a beauty cream from the curds of this adaptable milk. Thus the three key figures in the venture have been with it from the start.

As many as twenty-three other persons have been employed on the farm, depending upon the season. Carrots, beets, turnips, parsnips, potatoes, hay, and the necessary grains are all raised by the Baldwins, and the farm is practically self-sufficient. The herdsmen who work about the goats are meticulously selected and trained, and upon being hired each worker is given a complete physical examination and a Wasserman test. Regulations prescribe a daily shower for every herdsman, and, in the morning, before the day's work has begun, a trained nurse goes the rounds, taking each dairy employe's temperature. The slightest rise in temperature, or other abnormal manifestation, relieves the worker from duty, and not until all is right again is he allowed to go near the goats.

THE animals themselves are protected and improved by all known means. Their diet is carefully balanced, and every internal and external check possible is made. They are groomed daily, and in the process each goat is massaged with its own private turkish towel, which is washed and sterilized immediately after use. Also, in accordance with Swiss method, they go through an early period of training and slight discipline, and by the time a goat is half-grown it will move, with no confusion, through the herd, to her regular place in feeding-rack or stall.

The present spacious barn and herd-house would do justice to any farm. An open, U-shaped building, sparkling white, reminds one of a racing stable, with its many stalls and its cupolaed roof, is bright and modern inside and out. But plans are already underway for an extensive remodeling. Baldwin desires to erect glass buildings to house the goats, and to expand the present facilities by constructing a hospital, fully equipped with an oper-

ating room, a place for the difficult periods of gestation, and an enlarged laboratory.

The laboratory now in use occupies the small corner of a barn near the herd-house, but in spite of its size much that is important to the future of the herd and the dairy is discovered here. A chemical analysis of goat's milk reveals that it has a larger content of body and health-building minerals than cow's, or even mother's milk. The iron and copper which it contains is a further source of enrichment. Hillshire Farm's experiments reveal that goat milk exceeds ordinary cow's milk in potassium almost doublefold, and there is about three times as much chloride in it. And finally, the three hour digestive period which cow's milk requires, is reduced considerably in the case of goat milk.

All of these things, when coupled with modern medical and dietetic practices, seem to point to the Baldwins as participants in what may become an important field of dairying. Doctors and scientists in and about Connecticut are watching the experiments with deep interest, and are giving them every support. Each week finds groups of notable, and occasionally renowned, physicians and scholars visiting the tiny laboratory, every one studying the application of this old but unfamiliar remedy to his field—its action upon the stomach, upon ulcers, upon cancer, upon skin disorders, and even upon certain types of mental disease.

One of the main difficulties with goat herding is the fact that the milk is not always plentiful, the normal breeding period extending for about three months in the fall, from October through December, and the period of lactation running from eight to ten months after that.

Early last year five of the regular Hillshire does were segregated in the small laboratory. In two months, with the use of artificial light, Prof. Thomas Hume Bissonette, of Trinity College, extended the day by seven hours, thus simulating the height of summer. Then, over a six week period the days were gradually shortened, blinds were drawn, and by mid-June an artificial mating season had been produced.

Three of the five experimental does became ready for breeding during this period, and these were eventually paired with one of the Hillshire bucks. As a result of this experiment three perfectly normal kids were born. It is planned to make a similar experiment upon 20 does during the coming summer months. Whether or not there will be a successful issue is still in doubt, but the results so far warrant optimism. If it should prove to be a success the effects upon goat dairying will be wide. Prof. Bissonette has experimented in this way upon pheasants, raccoons, ferrets, and starlings, with satisfactory results, and the result of last year's experiment on goats would



indicate that this new experiment will also be successful.

Of significance in another field is Mrs. Baldwin's production of a facial cream from the sweet and sour curds of the goat milk. Impressed with the reaction to the soothing milk of internal sores like ulcers, Dr. Baldwin began experiments upon external troubles like acne and eczema. After several attempts, she developed a cream which has since been marketed on a small scale. In keeping with the farm's aim of a relative self-sufficiency, Dr. Baldwin succeeded in obtaining a scent from the farm's own apple-blossoms which is used to perfume the cream.

Thus the work at Hillshire Farms, which at first glance would seem to be a restricted, though inviting, field, gradually extends itself in many directions—agricultural, biological and medical.

**T**HE main task at present is, of course, the expansion and further perfection of the dairy and its herd. Baldwin feels that he will eventually be able to boost his herd from one hundred and forty-five to one thousand, and to increase his acreage from one thousand to three thousand. The dairy is still operating on a relatively small scale, its daily production being about 325 quarts, but as the demand increases production will certainly keep step. In this light, one of the most important factors in the marketing of the milk is its long refrigeration period. The low bacteria count in goat milk makes it possible for users or shippers to keep it under refrigeration for from two to three weeks. The milk is now cooled at the dairy, poured into special wood-fibre, wax-lined bottles, and then placed in a large refrigerator where it is kept until shipped by truck to the distribution centers about Connecticut. Eventual experiments may make even more simple future shipping and packing arrangements, but at present the means suit the end perfectly.

If you're up Killingly way, drop in to see the Hillshire goats. There is a uniformed guide to show you through every process in farm and dairy, and (*Continued on page 94*)



One hundred and forty-five aristocratic Nubians and Toggenberg's mince their way from barn to pasture



Their diet is carefully balanced; roots, hay and grain; the prospect of supper is evidently pretty inviting



The goats are protected by all known means; the spacious barn and herd-house, sparkling white, with its many stalls and cupolaed roof reminds one of a racing stable



# The Outlook for HARNES RACING

by JOHN HERVEY

**H**ARNES racing, the most typically American form of contest between race horses, has been on the upgrade for several years past. Previously it had been, apparently, not only on the down grade, but even the toboggan slide, for a still longer period.

To diagnose all the reasons for this would unduly prolong these observations. Briefly speaking, however, it may be said that the crash of 1929 hit harness racing a body blow, just at a moment when it was already somewhat groggy. It felt the effects of this even more severely than did the Thoroughbred turf, for two reasons.

One of these reasons is that the trotters, by and large, are bred, owned and raced much more exclusively for *sport* than are the runners, and have not behind them—and never have had—the closely-knit, high-powered organization, commercially motivated, from which the Thoroughbred scheme derives its main strength and support

The other reason is that betting, which is today the main element in the Thoroughbred set-up, cuts a very small figure with the harness horses. Many of the principal harness race meetings are held in connection with the various state and other big fairs, where public betting of all kinds is rigorously banned. It may be said that only at a few of the Grand Circuit meetings is wagering an important part of the proceedings. Such as goes on, moreover, is not of the methodically organized, systematized, and, in effect, professionalized speculation that is today the one overshadowing feature of the running turf. It

represents, rather, interest in the horses, *as horses*, not as names upon a score-card or a form-chart, which nationally-known "selectors" recommend as mediums for investment, to the millions which, the country over, surge up to the grated windows during the height of the "regular" season, in the more or less blind hope that they will "get down on a winner."

Still again, the harness turf is not the chosen play-ground of brigades of persons of great wealth or high public position. It is a truly bourgeois institution, and looked down upon as such by the devotees of the still so-called "sport of kings."

Several years ago, while attending the annual meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders at Lexington, I happened to meet in the lobby of the Lafayette Hotel a woman well known in the Thoroughbred world. She invited me to accompany her on a round of the great Thoroughbred farms which she proposed making that afternoon. I replied that while I felt honored by the invitation, it was, unfortunately, impossible for me to accept as I was attending the "trots," and today's program was one of the best of the week. She stared at me for a moment as if scarcely crediting what she had heard; then uttered a few words of blistering contempt for harness horses and harness racing, and signified that I was dismissed. She had known me hitherto only in connection with the Thoroughbreds, and was astounded that I took any interest in the trotters.

As, in any great economic depression, it is always the average citizen who bears the



Harness racing is followed closely by country folk

brunt, very naturally, harness racing, being without a large body of patrons of great wealth and influence, suffered severely during the crash and the ensuing years. In fact, many of its life-long devotees began to wonder if, and some of them openly to proclaim, its days were numbered and it would soon be a thing of the past.

And this might have occurred, but for two things.

**T**HE first was the pure and unadulterated "Americanness" of the harness turf, and the deep and unquenchable love for the harness race horse that is a part of our sporting birthright. Still another, and very important factor, was the sense of national pride in them. Harness racing, as it exists today, is an American creation. It has spread all over the world from our shores and is a great and strongly entrenched popular sport in practically every major European country, except England and Spain, with France, Germany, Italy and Russia its principal strongholds. It is similarly established in Australia and New Zealand, and even in such an exotic land as Japan, while a strong interest had been growing up in China and Manchuria previous to the outbreak of the present Sino-Japanese war. It appealed to our pride to keep the sport going at home, when, in foreign lands, which had taken it over from us, it was flourishing.

The other reason was the nearness of the harness horse himself to those who own and love him. He is a part of their intimate daily lives in a way impossible to a Thoroughbred, this being conspicuously true as regards ownership. No owner of a Thoroughbred race horse (unless of a cross-country or steeplechase performer) would for an instant think of riding him in his races—the exceptions to this rule being so rare as merely to enforce it. Whereas the owner-driver is a familiar figure about the harness tracks where, even if he may, distrusting his own skill, sometimes resign the reins to a professional upon race day, will nevertheless give his horse much of his work, including (Continued on page 82)



FREE-LANCE AND THAYER PHOTOS

The Hambletonian, the great trotting classic, is held in the shadow of the monument to the breed's founder



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# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

March 3, 1940

Sunday,

The shoot-off for the Middle Atlantic States Skeet Championships came to an end to-day, and what a contest it was! In spite of the terrible weather it was found, after the first round of the all-gauge, that no less than five men were tied with straight 100's. After the first shoot-off only one had been eliminated, so they had another, and still three of these iron-nerved experts crashed through with 25 straight. The light began to fail in the third elimination, and they had to use automobile headlights before they were through. This round decided it however, for of the remaining three only John Wray was able to powder another 25, thereby winning the championship with a 175/175.



Frank W. Kelley, seen shooting here, won the 410 event; he was second in the 20 gauge too



The winning five man team: Richard Shaughnessy, Dudley Shallcross, Elliott Moore, Jack Horton, R. W. Canfield



Mrs. W. C. Coe won the women's all-bore championship



Joseph W. Lemon, R. Hagerdown, Ted Wylie, C. H. Sayre, and J. W. Alcock, in the individual title event



The winner and runner-up in women's all-bore, Mrs. Coe, and Mrs. A. W. Walker



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

March 13, 1940

Wednesday,

Just received some good photographs of the California Quail Championship which was held near Bakersfield. Though few field trial men or gunners east of the Rockies are aware of it, there is great interest in field trials in this state and this year, and one on pheasants, both new this year, have done much to promote this interest. The quail event, which was won by That's Him Bang owned by Dr. Eugene Falk of Modesto, was held on valley quail, birds difficult for pointers and setters to handle. However, the Californians feel that a real champion can handle any kind of game bird, and hope their winners will be able to compete successfully with eastern dogs on bob-white quail.



Part of the gallery on a hill overlooking the sagebrush country through which the dogs were run



The trophy a bronze, life size model of valley quail



The spectators can see the dogs all the time from a hill with a view of the whole course



Seaview Red, a pointer owned by Guido Martini has them "nailed" here



A wash-down before the run out across the hot Mohave desert



Beverly Pete, a setter owned by W. B. Scholefield was a contender



The judges were Rea B. Carter, Cecil Proctor, and A. F. Morgan, John Laughlin was Field Marshall



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

March 16, 1940

Saturday.

June came to New York last Monday, and in spite of snow and icy winds it stayed all week. By the simple expedient of going to Grand Central Palace you could leave the chill of a lingering winter behind and feast your eyes on lush green grass, tender foliage, and beautiful blooms of every conceivable kind and description. In other words, it was the week of the International Flower Show. Those exhibits, as usual, were so well done, and so reminiscent of the real thing, that it was all you could do to resist the temptation to wander in the "woods", or stretch out on the turf of a garden. As usual the crowds came, but as one lady expressed it, "you don't mind being pushed around by nice people"!

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This was the way the main floor looked from the middle of the balcony; a lovely sight!



Peter Henderson's country garden had a stile in its rail fence, birch trees, daisies



Some of the garden club ladies feverishly prepare their exhibits just before the show opens



A realistic and beautiful rock garden full of typical spring flowers



Stump and Walter had a corner of a garden that anyone could be proud of; look at those tulips!



This "bird garden" requires the same care that a real outdoor garden would



# THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

March 16, 1940

Saturday,

To-day the Sandhills Race Meeting was held on that famous course between Pinehurst and Southern Pines, in North Carolina. It was the first of the spring meetings and it certainly started the season off in the grand manner. All the familiar faces seemed to be there, for horsemen came from far and near to see and participate in this grand day of racing. The winner of the "big race" was Eve Stuart Spilman's Postman Home, a grand chestnut gelding that, piloted by Johnny Harrison, cleared the 22 post and rail jumps without a falter, one of two out of a field of six to finish. This may not have been the greatest running of the Sandhills Challenge Cup, but it was one of the most exciting.



Mrs. Willing Bromley's Planter's Punch winning the Randolph Memorial Cup



Three of them all over together in the Croatian Steeplechase, a two mile brush race



Johnny Harrison up on Postman Home, the winner of the Sandhills Challenge Cup



The "Pete" Bostwicks had some of their horses entered



Governor Hoey of North Carolina presents the Sandhills Cup



F. Ambrose Clark was among many noted horsemen at the meet



# DOG OF THE MONTH

THE dog of the month this time is not a bench show winner. Indeed, he has probably never seen the inside, nor known the confinement of a bench. Nor the preliminary grooming and posing. He probably wouldn't win if he were shown, for though he is a fine looking, big framed, deep chested pointer, with powerful, well muscled quarters, he is not the show type, and he isn't intended to be.

Instead, he is built to cover country with speed and endurance; to seek out the birdy places through the open piney woods and farms of the southland, and "nail" the bevy of quail hiding in the broomsedge and ragweed; to range the open stubbles of northern prairies where the scent of "chicken," and "hun," turns him into a statue in midstride.

This pointer is a field trial dog. He is Lester's Enjoy's Wahoo, with the right to the prefix "Ch." before his name, and he was bred and born in Dr. B. S. Lester's kennel, down on Shade's Mountain, near Birmingham, Ala., and he has had a rather sensational career.

But it isn't because he has been winning and placing in trials, since his puppy days, that he is nominated dog of the month. Nor is his imposing record of 21 places and wins much more than incidental.

It is because one warm afternoon in the last week in February, he ran a three hour heat over the Ames Plantation at Grand Junction, Tenn., and it is because during that three hours, and an hour and a half a week later, he maintained a pace of such buoyancy, carried on with such courage and intelligence, and showed such lofty style on point, when his choke-bore nose found birds, that he became worthy of the standards and traditions of the greatest event in the pointer and setter field trial world. In other words, he is this year's winner of the National Championship.

Winning the National Championship is not like winning any other field trial. It is no mere contest in which your dog wins, if he has a slight edge on the other fellow's. There are standards that must be lived up to, and these standards are a definition of the ideal gun dog; that perfect shooting dog that every man who goes afield with pointers and setters has in the back of his mind.

It takes far more than speed and style and a nose, to win. A dog must adapt his range to the cover he is faced with, going wide in the open, and handling kindly when it is thick. He must obey his handler, have perfect manners, intelligence—and endurance, for those three hour tests are gruelling.

He must also have the class, the greatness, to make him worthy of the famous dogs that have won it before him. For by winning he joins the ranks of Count Gladstone IV, Mary Montrose, Manitoba Rap, and all the other great names in bird dog history.

Of course, there are other championships in the pointer and setter world. Some of them truly great stakes, that bring honor with the

winning, but there is only one National. To win it is the ambition of every handler, and the greatest honor a field trial dog can achieve. This was true when the setter, Count Gladstone IV, became the first champion, back in 1896, and it is still true today.

The new winner, Lester's Enjoy's Wahoo is a little over four years old. He was whelped January 7, 1936 (Enjoy-Lester's Mary Lou), along with seven litter brothers and sisters. He is bred true to his destiny, too, for several of the great pointers of the past among them, John Willing, Muscle Shoals Jake, and Seaview Rex are in his immediate family tree. Wahoo was the only one of the litter of eight to carry on, for distemper claimed the seven other puppies before they had a chance to prove themselves in the field.

AS a puppy, Wahoo was put into the hands of John S. Gates, and it was Gates who trained him, developed him, and has piloted him throughout his career, up to, and including, this last great triumph. The two made a good team and they started to go places almost immediately.

Wahoo's first year in competition shows an array of seven places in puppy and derby stakes. Among these were such awards as third in the Kentucky Pointer and Setter Club's Puppy Stake, second in the Dominion Derby, second All-America Derby, and third in the "American Field" Quail Futurity. Even then some who saw him sensed the promise of this slashing, wide going, sometimes overbold, young pointer.

The next year, 1938, he chalked up two firsts, one of them a derby (Pointer and Setter Club Open) and the other an all age (the Southern Illinois Open), as well as five other places, including such honorable ones as run-

ner-up in the National Club's Derby Championship, runner-up in the Manitoba Open Championship, second in the All-America Open All Age.

Last year, 1939, was a good one for him, and by way of showing improvement he won the All-America Open, The Continental Club Championship, and was runner-up in the All-America Open Championship in the fall, and in the Manitoba Championship. These, plus several others of lesser importance, made up a total of six wins and places during the year. He knocked at the door of the National last year too, but some of his casts were a bit over-daring, and in close country inclined to be unrestrained and he thereby blew his chances. This year, with a full season more of experience, it was a different story.

There was drama in the National this year, there always is. Twenty-four of America's finest pointers and setters went out over the historic Ames Plantation courses, each one having a try for the \$1,500 purse, a leg on the National Championship trophy—and immortality. In the second brace of the second day, Wahoo went down with Homewood Flying Dutchman. For the full three hours, still a bit unbridled, perhaps, but running with an enduring buoyancy, and showing magnificent style, Wahoo dotted the afternoon course with five bevy finds and was on distant slopes, still running like a deer, at the finish. For a week afterwards, twenty-two other contestants shot at the mark he set.

Then, in the last brace of the last day, a dark horse entered the running. A rawboned, lemon and white pointer dog, not yet three years old, qualified for the National by a last minute win at Sulphur Springs, Texas, and was rushed to Grand Junction as a post entry.

This dog was Wayside Pat, owned by J. C. Edens, Jr., of Corsicana, Texas, and handled by the veteran Jett Crawford. When he was cast off, this dog was virtually unknown to the group of horsemen that followed that last brace, but when he was taken up at the end of the three hour heat, having handled like a glove over a course, and country, that he had never seen (*Continued on page 101*)



Ch. Lester's Enjoy's Wahoo, owned by Dr. B. S. Lester, winner of the 1940 National Bird Dog Championship



# Conditioning HUNTERS

by HOWARD FAIR

**T**HERE are three distinct divisions to be considered in the process of getting horses ready for hunting: green three- or four-year-olds to be broken, schooled, and introduced to the hunting field; four- or five-year-olds who have had a few days in the hunting field during the previous year; and aged, made hunters who merely have to be legged up and fitted.

First, in the green hunter division, it is very important that in all schooling, jumping, mouthing, and teaching of manners, the young horse should be kept entirely relaxed and free from any feeling of excitement connected with his training. These prospects may be taken up in May or June, fed two to four quarts of grain in the morning, and in the evening, and turned out at night. In this way, their breaking and schooling can be carried on with no waste of time, due to their relaxed condition, the result of being out, moving around, all night. Also, they receive the constitutional benefit of early summer grass, and the blood and temperament are kept on the cool side. Being fed a certain quantity of oats, the young horse is able to build up a rugged, muscular development as his exercise, work and training increase.

There are various ways in which the beginner can be started; but the most popular, for a number of reasons, is by the longeing

rein, and the long reins. To begin, the colt must be taught to lead, with the trainer on foot, in either hand. He should not be dragged along, but made to walk out with his head just forward of his mentor's body. From this stage, he is gradually taught to walk around the trainer at the end of a long rope, or longeing rein, in both right and left circles; and, as he does this quietly and willingly at signal, or by voice control, he may be allowed to trot, and eventually canter. When he understands the commands to "walk" and "trot," or whatever vocal signals are used, the long reins may be introduced.

These are simply two longeing reins, fastened one on each side of the halter, or breaking cavasson. For his first few lessons, when the young horse has had a saddle placed on his back and the girth gradually tightened, the inside rein should come direct to the hand, and the outside one run through the outside stirrup, over the seat of the saddle, and then to the hand. The stirrups are tied with a strap under his belly, so that they remain in a fixed position. Of course, there is a special pad and belly band with brass D's made for this purpose, but a saddle will do just as well.

When the horse is on the left circle, or rein, the inside rein and stirrup is the left one, and vice versa. Then the outside rein is allowed to come around his quarters and hocks—after a certain amount of kicking, until he becomes used to it—and when he goes willingly and quietly in this manner, the inside rein is run back through the inside stirrup, and then to the hand. Of course, it is understood that the colt is driven as much to the right, on a right circle, as to the left. From then on he can be driven in circles, on a straight line, over small obstacles, changing direction at all paces, and taught engagement of the hocks by a slight pressure of the outside rein, which passes around his hind legs. During this training he learns to go away from a long whip, connecting it with the trainer's commands. Later on in his education, if a set-back occurs and he becomes balky, wilful, or is difficult to balance, he can be returned to the long reins and put on the right road again.

This method, particularly with the training on the long reins, although very strenuous for the trainer, guarantees a much higher percentage of success, and lays a firm foundation for all future education. It also allows the young horse to use himself in response to signals without the embarrassing weight and movement of the rider on his back. The all-important principle of obedience can be thoroughly instilled in the pupil from the very

start, as working from the ground gives the trainer a decided advantage both in creating impulsion and controlling it. The transition from this stage, if properly carried out, to being backed and ridden, is a matter of only a day or two in most cases.

**A**FTER he is broken, and taught to go on a loose rein in a snaffle, which is always used at this period, he should be taken for hacks of one or two hours across country, at a relaxed walk and trot. In this way he learns to handle himself over all kinds of terrain—hills, ditches, streams, rocky paths in the woods, rutted roads, and obstacles like fallen trees. During this phase he develops a muscular reaction to balance himself at these two paces; and gradually learns to carry his head and neck, so he can adjust his balance to suit any type of footing. When his head carriage has advanced to this balanced position, he can be mouthed at a walk and trot, and cantered on both leads in large circles.

This mouthing of a youngster should not be undertaken by an inexperienced trainer, but under the supervision of one who fully understands the principles and their application. The lessons taught at this stage, though, are comparatively simple; and may be resolved into three (*Continued on page 76*)



Cantering in wide circles and in opposite directions is fine bending exercise



Galloping over rough going, a young hunter learns to watch his footing



Jumping a natural obstacle as other horses, relaxed, watch the performance



Jumping an in-and-out in opposite directions; controlled response to rider's wishes



Training a young horse to stand quietly while a gate is being opened



*Proposed . Seconded . Accepted*

IT IS OF special significance that a favored whiskey at an increasing number of fine clubs is Four Roses.

For the men who compose the memberships of these clubs know and demand a superlatively fine whiskey. And a constantly growing number of them recognize Four Roses as the finest whiskey bottled anywhere.

The reason for this preference is to be found in the whiskey itself... in its mellow richness, its magnificent flavor, its matchless smoothness. Together, these qualities cannot help but produce a cocktail or highball of surpassing excellence.

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on drinks that are tops



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Would you like a reputation for prize-winning drinks? See your dealer for "The Mixer's Manual" or write to The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.



## Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled from American Grain, 90 Proof.

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# The Sp

ANY thorough-going sport, in return for the profound satisfaction it gives its devotees, demands an astonishing amount of time, attention—and equipment. And, of course, the absorbing details of getting ready are half for fun.

Every year, more and more women of a sporting turn of mind are discovering the delights of trout-fishing. And trout-fishing in particular—if only because of the watery nature of its element—demands complete and correct equipment. That this is available in a range of women's sizes, is inexpensive, and even becoming, we have Messrs. Abercrombie and Fitch very largely to thank.

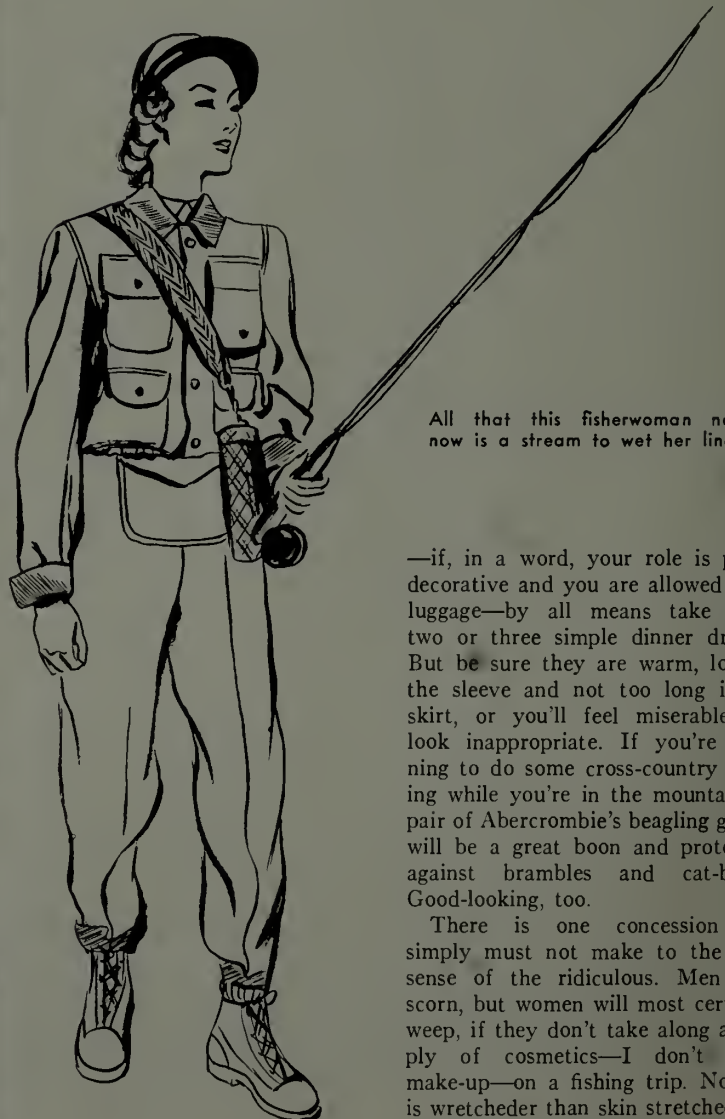
The first thing to remember when you are lucky enough to be included in the plans for a fishing trip is that this is still primarily a man's world. (It is true that in Connecticut, an unusually courtly Fish and Game Commission has reserved three or four miles of a stream near Branford exclusively for women, with a woman game warden in charge, and that it has proved very successful, but this is still the exception rather than the rule.)

Don't take a lot of unnecessary

doo-dads along—but do take enough of the things that *are* needed, so that you won't have to borrow. The camps you will stay in, except for the most elaborate, are designed primarily for men, and will be comfortable, but certainly not fancy. You will probably stay in a cabin where the heat is supplied by an open fire, and if you plan to be on hand when the season opens you will need warm sleeping things, and particularly a woolly dressing-gown, and really cozy slippers, against the early spring morning chill, before the wood fire gets going.

As for dinner clothes, the chances are that you will do no more dressing for dinner than a clean shirt, or a change to sweater and skirt, involves. The best fishing of the day is often just before dusk, and you will fish up till the last minute of light. When the long spring twilight ends, after a full day's exercise in the open air, a solid but simple supper, a drink and maybe one story constitute about all the evening frivolity you will be able to squeeze in before you fall asleep in your chair.

If, however, you're not planning to fish every minute and if you stay at one of the more elaborate camps



All that this fisherwoman needs now is a stream to wet her line in

—if, in a word, your role is partly decorative and you are allowed more luggage—by all means take along two or three simple dinner dresses. But be sure they are warm, long in the sleeve and not too long in the skirt, or you'll feel miserable and look inappropriate. If you're planning to do some cross-country walking while you're in the mountains, a pair of Abercrombie's beagling gaiters will be a great boon and protection against brambles and cat-briers. Good-looking, too.

There is one concession you simply must not make to the male sense of the ridiculous. Men may scorn, but women will most certainly weep, if they don't take along a supply of cosmetics—I don't mean make-up—on a fishing trip. Nothing is wretchered than skin stretched and



*mswoman*

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parched by sun and wind, unless it be raw knuckles or cracked lips. And, happily, nothing is more unnecessary. There is one line of preparations, called Tone, carried by Bonwit Teller, which is particularly suited both to the needs of outdoor women, and to the demands of travelling light. They have a cleansing cream, foundation cream, sun-tan cream (protects you against wind, too), hand-lotion and even a lovely creamy soap, all in tubes, which are much easier and safer to pack than jars and bottles. Men don't think they're half as funny, either. They're too used to seeing their own tubes of shaving soap and tooth-paste about.

If you're definitely wedded to Elizabeth Arden's or Helena Rubinstein's preparations, as so many women are, they and other good cosmeticians will fit out compact little travelling kits with the basic essentials your particular skin requires. In April, these normal precautions against sun and wind are sufficient but, later on, you will plaster fly-dope over every quarter-inch of skin that's exposed.

Now to get down to the lady angler's actual equipment, to be worn in the stream. Working from the skin out, if you are going into mountain waters in April, you'll want a lightweight wool union suit. You will want soft wool socks and a Viyella flannel shirt in a dull color, something known as "forestry green," for my preference. Never wear a light or a white shirt—they reflect light on the water when your jacket swings open, and the fish are off for good. There are two kinds of trousers, both made of olive-drab Cravenetted balloon cloth, waterproof and wind-resistant. The more practical sort, to my way of thinking, are cut like ski-pants, though not so full, and have a knitted cuff which fits the ankle. The other kind resembles a pair of rather narrow slacks, and these have to be folded over and stuffed in your socks. Less orthodox, perhaps, but roomy, warm and comfortable is a pair of well broken-in jodhpurs. Next comes the most important single item in a fisherman's wardrobe, waders—not rubber boots. There are two kinds of these, too, and two weights, medium and heavy. Both are of khaki-colored waterproof fabric, with reinforced rubber feet. (You buy your own regular shoe size in these.) One kind you pull on like long stockings, the other and better-because-longer kind, you pull on like trousers and tie around your waist with a draw-string. Over the rubber feet of your waders, you pull a second pair of coarse all-wool wading socks, and stuff the whole elephantine mass into hobnailed or felt-soled boots. It never ceases to amaze me that this arrangement is perfectly comfortable.

The fishing jacket is a short one, ending just above your hip-bone and just below the top of your trouser-waders, so it doesn't get in your way, or drag in the stream. It's Cravenetted khaki, too—olive drab or natural, and the natural is very handsome. It must have lots of pockets, big ones, buttoned down, to hold fly-boxes, and knives and scissors, and all kinds of precious and indispensable odds and ends.

Be sure to take plenty of shirts and socks and different weights of underwear and sweaters.

As for accessories, a riding hat is the best and simplest, or a peaked khaki cap. And right here, I simply can't resist quoting both for your delight and for your information, one of the most charming books in the world. It is "England Have My Bones" by T. H. White, published in this country by Macmillan, and it should be in every sportswoman's library of fishing head gear. Mr. White writes: "Among other lessons which I have learnt in Scotland, there is the fact that only one hat at present manufactured by the human race is of any use at all. A top hat may be useful to fall into hunting, and an unstrengthened one may be pleasantly light for town wear; but there is only one general purpose hat for this country, and this is the deer-stalker or two-snooted bonnet. If you fish in a blizzard for a fortnight, you learn that the back of your neck is more important than your forehead. If you fish in a cap you find that, after a certain pitch of misery has been passed, the cap gets turned back to front. It is better to have a wet face than a wet back. The two-snooted bonnet protects both quarters, besides having two admirable flaps with which it is possible to comfort the ears in a snow storm." And by the way, don't forget a bandanna to keep flies and midges off the sensitive, and apparently irresistible, back of your neck.

Then your creel. Ah! That last touch, the badge of the fisherman the world over, that note of eternal hope, usually so much bigger than you will need! There is a little willow basket model made especially for women, but the envelope canvas kind are less likely to get in your way while you're fishing. There are several varieties of these, with detachable rubberized lining, which do protect your jacket, but the woven grass creel is a favorite with veteran anglers because it is light, flat, and keeps the fish beautifully.

The ecstasies of rods and lines and leaders, and the supreme beauties and excitements of the fly box are too personal to trespass upon here and besides, they are matters on which you'll be deluged with more excellent advice than you will know what to do with, anyway.

Good luck to you. M. V. J.



## Reproductions of Old English Flatware

The Plain Trifid pattern shown above, is one of several attractive designs being offered by Mr. Guille. The original is from the latter part of the Charles II period and shows a marked tendency toward severe simplicity which is the basis of our contemporary design. The current exhibition of Fine Old English Silver is also of unusual interest.

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## FROM COUNTRY LANE TO TIMBER COURSE

An importation of velvet hunting caps arrived not long ago *for small boys and girls*. Perhaps this conveys how early Brooks activities in the sporting field begin. And at the other extreme we have racing skulls for veteran steeplechase-riders. Everything, in fact, is here ... from Racing Silks for Spring meetings to Jackets, Breeches, Jodhpurs, and Boots for country hacking... all designed by experts and sold by men who know what they are talking about.

*Are Knickerbockers coming back? At Brooks they have really never "gone out." For Spring and Fall country use in certain climates, many of our customers have continued to find them just as indispensable as Odd Trousers in flannels and other materials. Knickerbockers in imported Tweeds and Shetlands, and Stockings from Scotland in excellent patterns and colors.*



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# GUNS & GAME

BY COLONEL H. P. SHELDON



P. S. DAILY

**I**N a recent number of **COUNTRY LIFE** I gave expression to a few of my opinions on the subject of long-range cartridges, long-range shooting, and crippled ducks and geese. Greatly to my surprise, an old and valued friend rose up and flung the kindlin' wood hatchet at me, which, in the old days, before we moved out of the swamps and onto dry ground, was the favorite method employed to express mild disparagement. He saw in my remarks, he said, a deliberate and cold-blooded attempt to sully the reputation of his favorite loading company.

Now, how can this thing be? For I had no particular organization or individual in mind for special criticism when I wrote as I did, and can find no evidence of favoritism or prejudice in what I said. The article was meant to encourage everyone interested in wildfowling to give consideration to the problem of how to reduce the annual waste of birds by crippling. It was a blanket indictment of everyone, including myself, who indulges in, encourages, or tolerates careless long-range shooting. No respondents were named. Each one of us must be his own judge and jury in determining the degree of his own responsibility upon such an issue as this.

It is known that at least one fourth of the total number of wildfowl brought down by gunners consists of

crippled birds. Most of them are lost. Not all of this crippling is avoidable, but a great deal of it is. Not all of it is caused by long-range shooting, but some of it is. The correspondent declares that my discussion was unfair because it contained no reference to the crippling caused by men using small-bore shotguns and small shot. That combination is a source of trouble, too, but nowhere in the article in dispute is there any statement to the effect that long-range cartridges are responsible for *all* the cripples, and the limitation of space did not permit discussion of more than one phase of the problem.

**M**Y contention is that it is foolish to waste a quarter of the annual harvest of birds, when that waste can be reduced by careful shooting and better judgment. These modern "magnum" cartridges are the best we've ever had for wildfowling. The additional power they possess over standard loads can be very helpful in reducing the numbers of birds crippled; they can be, and have been, used to increase the loss of cripples by gunners who are unable, through lack of personal skill, to place their loads fairly at the increased ranges at which these cartridges deliver effective patterns. There are altogether too many shooters who over-estimate the effective range of those heavy loads, and fire at birds that an



# The end of your Travel Rainbow

# JASPER

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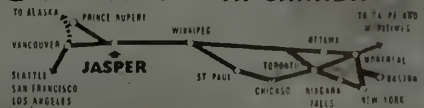
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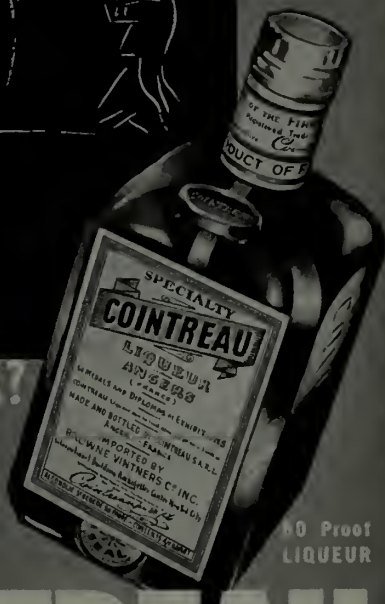


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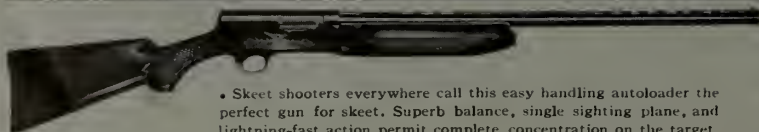
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\* Skeet shooters everywhere call this easy handling autoloader the perfect gun for skeet. Superb balance, single sighting plane, and lightning-fast action permit complete concentration on the target.

beyond the killing range but are still within the cripple zone.

If a man is so constituted that he feels no concern for the sufferings of a wounded bird, then he should be able to give undivided attention to his own interests, and thus realize that with less game lost by crippling, bag limits might be larger, or the open seasons longer.

I HAVE seen men spend hours in efforts to recover a wounded bird in order to end its misery, and to satisfy their own conception of decency and good manners. I'm glad I can have such gentlemen for shooting companions. I also know how intelligent sportsmen regard the crippling of birds through (1) carelessness; (2) because someone wants to practice on live game; (3) because the gunner thinks "Well, to hell with them; if they won't come any closer let 'em have it! I may scratch one down."

The writer is by nature peace-loving to the point of timidity, a holder-open of doors for more imposing folk, one opposed to violence and any sort of dissension, a man slow to wrathful thought, excepting when considering the condition of the Finns, Poles, Chinese, Czechs, Ethiopians, ducks, geese, and all manner of creatures placed in jeopardy and forced to submit to the inhuman ministrations of others, with little or no chance to hit a lick in their own behalf. Only the circumstance that I was otherwise engaged at the moment—fiddling with a Hotchkiss' gun, in fact—prevented me from having been aboard the Peace Ship during the troubles and uprisings of 1914-1918. Despite this record of pacifism, I am not prepared to abandon my ideas concerning the waste and cruelty resulting from the inexperienced use of adequate arms and ammunition, or the use of inadequate arms and ammunition, without some show of blood.

"Long range" is a term having two definitions. In one sense it is a ballistical term referring to the measurable ability of a cartridge to deliver patterns of killing density at ranges beyond those established for a cartridge of the same gauge, but of standard construction and loading. Thus a 20-bore, full-choked gun, firing seven-eighths of an ounce of sevens in a standard cartridge, would be effective up to approximately 40 yards. The same gun, with an ounce of shot and progressive powder to drive it, would have its killing range extended by from three to five yards, or even more. In this aspect "long range" defines a type of cartridge, and refers specifically to its increased power.

The other definition of "long range," and the one that should, I think, be considered in discussing long range shooting in relation to cripples, has to do only with the distance at which the individual gunner's skill is such as to enable him to hit his bird fairly with reasonable prospects of killing it if he does so. It is a variable quality. A man who may have sufficient skill to shoot well at 40 yards with a 20-bore may be unable to shoot well at 45

or 50 yards with a 12-bore, or even a magnum 10-bore. Forty yards is "long range" for him. Or, the limit of his ability may not allow him more than 30 or 35 yards with any bore. I would say that "long range shooting," in the meaning under criticism, refers to any shooting at live game farther away from the gun than that distance which the gunner has found to mark the limit of his ability to shoot well with the gun and cartridge used.

Additional power in his gun or cartridges may extend his range, but oftentimes it does not do so, and only extends the cripple zone if he attempts to get more yardage. In a relative sense, long range shooting can be done with any gun and any cartridge. When my correspondent speaks of birds being crippled by gunners using small bore guns and small shot, he means exactly what I do when I speak of crippling done by gunners using magnum loads of large shot. It means that someone has fired at a bird at a range beyond that which is within the capabilities of his gun, or his cartridge, or his skill. It doesn't matter whether the bird is disabled by a few pellets of No. 8 shot at 35 yards, or by a single No. 2 pellet at three times the distance.

Every standard shot cartridge, from the 410 to the 10-bore, has an effective range. In the hands of a good man who knows the limitations of the small bore gun and small shot, a 20-bore can be an effective duck gun, and cause no disproportionate percentage of crippled birds. Unfortunately, there are some who think that the small bore guns are more "sporting" to use, and that in some way they allow the game a better chance. The intentions are good, but the results are bad, if the shooter acts on the belief that a 20-bore will kill as far as a 12, if he can hold close enough. Close holding won't offset the effectiveness of the heavier charge of shot.

HOWEVER, the small bore cartridges are seldom regarded as "long range" loads. They don't look the part, for one thing, and there is less incentive to use them so.

We shall never get to a profitable and reasonable solution of this grave problem by refusing to admit that the problem exists, or if admitting that it does exist, by promptly disclaiming, each for himself, any part in creating it. Someone certainly is crippling a hell of a lot of birds and the "I didn't," "You did," formula of persuasion isn't going to reduce the waste.

In speaking of a favorite gun or cartridge it is natural to attempt to convey the idea of its excellent performance in terms of ranging power. I can't blame an advertising manager for using the same terms to describe his arms and ammunition, but I can wish that they would refrain, and I can wish that each one of us who handles a gun in pursuit of live game would realize his responsibility, and refrain from firing a 20-yard cartridge at an 80-yard duck if his own skill is such that he misses a good many at the easier range of 40 yards. (Continued on page 68)



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A strange thing in connection with the boxer is the name, which seems obviously English. Legend has it that this derived from the dog's manner of using the forefeet in fighting, somewhat like a man boxing. Be that as it may, this writer has never seen any angered boxers ever poking their forefeet out for an adversary to bite, and it is a well established fact that without the forefeet firmly planted on the ground, much of the direction and power of the bite is lost. The boxer has too much inherent fighting ability and equipment to indulge in any fancy sparring tactics that might result in a broken foreleg and put him completely hors de combat. So, while the name may signify a canine pugilist, the forefeet fandango seems to be considerable of a myth. Regardless of his name, the boxer is not a brawler, although with his exceptionally well-knit and muscled body, strong bone, powerful interlocking jaws, stamina and tenacity, he is ideally equipped for battle, even with adversaries far beyond his weight. Like the bulldog, one of his pronounced heritages is his extreme affection for his owner and friends, though woe betide trespassers on his domain. His appearance alone usually is sufficient to keep such at a distance.

Let us hope that careful breeders here in America will soon be producing some truly great American-breds capable of winning best-in-show, as the imported dogs have done since the breed's rise in popularity. We hear of some great young dogs, and sincerely hope they will successfully challenge the imported dogs.

**HUNTSMAN, I'M IN A QUARRY!**

(Continued from page 45)

have a porcupine right now in the back of my truck. My boy and I started out together after partridge, taking the dachshund and the gun. The boy's young friend, Chester, was along, and we also had with us one of those wooden crow calls. (My boy always uses a crow call on the partridge because he likes plenty of noise and hubbub when he is in the hunting field, and I rather like it myself.)

Anyway, we wandered down the lane, the bunch of us, with the dachshund in full cry, giving everything he had. The boy kept up an incessant cawing, and I carried the .22. About half way down the lane we decided to step into the bushes to get out of sight so the partridge would be taken unaware—a clever device which we often use on them.

There was a clump of alders and a few raspberry bushes where we left the trail, and for the first time in my life I sat down within three feet of a woodcock. The bird got up hastily and roared away, giving me quite a fright. Fred never saw him, for he was about four hundred yards away, in an almost impenetrable alder thicket, barking his heart out.

Of course we knew from his voice that he had located something. Twen-

ty minutes later, bruised and bleeding, we managed to get to him and found that he had a porcupine up a hackmatack. Dropping to one knee, while the boys held Fred, I took a bead and fired and the porky fell at our feet, dead.

It meant that we had to carry the dog home in our arms to keep him from getting quills and running up another stiff fee, but we came home happy and still cawing loudly, and the little boys promptly weighed the porcupine on the kitchen scales. He went better than 13 pounds—heavier than the plumpest partridge I ever saw.

Now if I can just find an urn.

**DOG OF THE MONTH: LESTER'S ENJOY'S WAHOO**

(Continued from page 57)

before, and after having found four beavies and finished like a fire engine, they knew they had seen quality. Indeed, he was the only one that Judges Hobart Ames, T. Benton King, and Nash Buckingham picked to run in a second series with Wahoo.

The two of them went at it the next morning over country where either one might have gone AWOL. It was in many respects a savage test for the younger dog, and to his undying credit let it be said that he gave all he had.



John S. Gates handled Lester's Enjoy's Wahoo in the National Championship

For an hour and a half it was give and take between the two, but in the end the experience and class of Wahoo at his best told the story.

Wahoo was lost temporarily, but was found by his handler on point—and on the course, too. A while later Pat pointed, but he moved in a trifle as Wahoo dashed up and honored the Texas dog's find. This was the end and Wahoo was champion. In this stake there is no runner-up.

By giving the last full measure of a bird dog's devotion, brilliancy and courage Wahoo put his name among all that is finest and best in the records of the National Field Trial Championship. By doing this, he is not only dog of the month, but has become a dog of the years.



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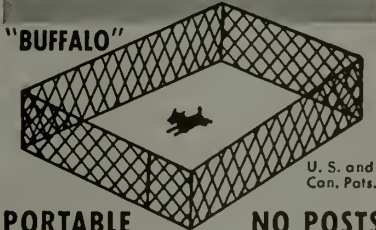
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**"BUFFALO" FENCING PROTECTS**



# The Young Sportsman

THE five dollar prize this month is awarded to Arthura Wessell, whose story on skijoring is so clearly told—

Subjects for next month are "Trout fishing" "Planning a camping trip" "Getting ready for the Horse Show" "How I made the Baseball team" "Spring Fever."

Short stories, drawings (preferably in ink) and photographs are wanted from all of you who are under 18—your name, address, age and the signature of parent guardian or teacher must be included with your contribution—good luck—

## SKIJORING

SKIING had been my favorite winter pastime until one night, while at the movies, a girl friend and I chanced to see a reel of Skijoring. Since it appeared so exciting, we decided to try it on the following day.

Early the next morning, we busied ourselves with the waxing of skis and the adjusting of their harnesses. No one could have wished for a more perfect day. There had been a snowstorm during the night and the whole Vermont countryside was wrapped in dazzling white. A glorious sight. The boughs of the fir trees were bending with the weight of their sparkling robe and, even though the morning sun had a glowing warmth, an invigorating snap still lingered in the air.

Out to the stable we went and, after many exchanges of ideas, we finally decided to select a sturdy army saddle for our horse. We thought this would be the one most unlikely to slip under the stomach, even if the surcingle should become loose. Since the snow was light and powdery, we then tightly tied a strong rope of approximately twenty to twenty-five feet through both rings on the back of the saddle, so that it lay on the right side of the animal. However, if it had been a heavy and sticky snow, two ropes would have been necessary because of the snowballs, which the hoofs naturally kick back. Nevertheless, at the end of the single rope which we used, we tied a large knot because we could grasp it more easily and also let go quickly.

After we reached level ground, it was decided that I would try first and, while I hastened to clamp on my skis, my friend mounted the prancing mare. We had thought it would be safer if we used this horse, as she had been driven in the sleigh before. However, since then, we have tried a five-year-old Pinto, for which pulling was an entirely new experience and, although at first he was rather unruly, he soon behaved as a well-mannered pony should.

Then the fun began! Quickly I grasped the trailing rope with both hands as the horse commenced to walk, and at once it became taut. My skis began to slide easily and parallel

**WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RIDING?**

1. Which is proper, to put the bridle or the saddle on first?
2. On which side do you mount, the near side or the off side?
3. When mounted would you leave the stable yard at a walk or trot?
4. If you bring your pony home hot would you put him in his stall? Turn him out?
5. Should you kick your feet out of the irons before dismounting?
6. Which end of the horse should you face when mounting?
7. How much of your leg should be in close contact with your horse?
8. In the act of mounting where should your hands be placed?
9. If you had to dismount and lead your pony over an obstacle on which side of the pony would you place yourself and what would you do with the reins?
10. If your stirrups are too long and your leathers are in the last hole, should you put your feet in the loop of the leathers just above the stirrups?

Answers will be found on page 26

as I leaned forward, with bended knees and my weight equally distributed on both feet.

Having mastered this speed, I called to my girl friend to urge her mount into a slow trot. I almost fell at this, as my skis seemed to be obstinate and wanted to go in opposite directions. However, by bearing my weight inwards, they glided back into correct position. It was not long before I became bolder, as the managing of them became easier at this stage. At last I decided to try it at a brisk canter, but to my surprise, with the sudden bolt from the change of strides, my skis had crossed and left me floundering about in the newly-lain snow. Luckily I had remembered, or rather sensed, that the safest way to fall in this sport was backwards and slightly to the side. After rolling over and putting my skis in a straight and parallel position, I picked myself up and brushed the feathery flakes from my face. By this time, my friend was galloping back and, as she drew her mount to a halt, threw the rope to me.

Once more I clung frantically and this time I passed through the different speeds into the canter much more quickly than before. Finally I dared a break-neck gallop. This was the supreme moment! Never was there anything more thrilling than that glorious sensation of being swiftly pulled along at such a rapid pace, with the wind whistling by.

After a while, we exchanged places; my friend clamping on the skis and I mounting my spirited steed. This was equally enjoyable! Not only because I now could laugh at the same primitive attempts of my girl friend, but I also delighted in the springy gallop of my mount, as she dashed through the powdery snow with a vim and vigor, that only chilly weather and a soft snow can make surge through a horse's veins.

Alas! The moments passed too quickly and soon it was time to end our day of fun, but we knew the

morrow would again find us enjoying our newly found sport.

ARTHURA WESSELL, aged 16,  
Barton, Vermont

## NO MORE BERRIES

DEAR Dot: You remember Bishop's Riding Stables, don't you? And I'm sure you remember also old Cap, one of their horses. Just last week those two played an important part in an adventure of mine.

It was a pretty day, and I, having nothing else to do, decided to go riding. Bishop's Stables are the nearest to home so I headed that way and in less than an hour was riding blissfully down a country road on old Cap. You remember what a stubborn old horse he is, but he has a good canter and I was content. Just beyond the stream that crosses the bridle path I saw the most luscious looking berries. I was hungry because it was almost three, and you know what an appetite I have. I stopped old Cap, dismounted, tied him and began picking and eating those delicious berries. The more I ate the more I wanted and, as that berry patch seemed miles long, I forgot everything, even old Cap. Finally, full and happy, I lay down under a tree and almost went to sleep.

A sudden clap of thunder aroused me and I immediately thought of Cap. The sky was overcast and it looked like a shower was coming. I ran back to where I had tied Cap and, to my dismay, he was gone. He had broken the bridle rein and I had no idea where he was. I had to find him! He was a good horse and an asset to Bishop's Stables. The sooner I found him the better, for Bishop's charge fifty cents an hour and already I had been gone about three hours.

I searched and searched. He seemed to have vanished. How long he had been gone I hadn't the slightest idea; and where he was I did not

know. I painfully climbed to the top of a nearby hill hoping I could get a sight of him, but through the fast-falling rain I could see nothing. Oh, what a fix! There was nothing I could do but walk back to Bishop and tell the news. I did not know how far it was nor what they would do to me. I had a fair idea about the latter. I almost knew they would find Cap, but every hour he was gone the charges would be piling up and I had already spent most of my allowance.

The walk back to Bishop's seemed never to end. Though I was not so anxious to reach it, anything would be better than the rain and the mud road. When I finally came in sight of the Stables I felt worse than I do when I go to the dentist's; I felt even worse than the time I was sent to the Dean last year.

I took a deep breath and walked right up to Mr. Vaughn. I started explaining, but he stopped me, saying, "Why, Miss Bradley, old Cap has been back four hours and there is a searching party out for you. Since Cap was gone only a little over an hour, your fee is only fifty cents."

He still thinks I fainted from fatigue.

Your "off berries" pal,  
Jane

PAULETTE HAY, aged 13  
Sudan, Te

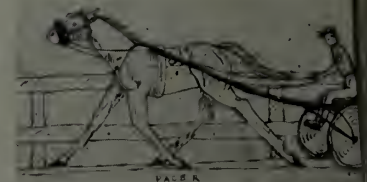
## MY VISIT TO THE INSANE ASYLUM

ONE day I went to an Insane Asylum. When I got in there I saw all kinds of people. Some were sad and lonely and some were happy and the rest were just sitting around. Some were in rooms. It looked like a big hospital. They can't have good times or get to the movies. I just have to stay there time after time and their life is not any different to them but just the same thing over and over.

It would be a shame to put them out of the way, but they have no beds and it is warm there and they got it so nice but anyway they got their sense and know what to do.

I'm sure I would rather be there than to be in an Insane Asylum. Money doesn't mean anything to you if you haven't your health.

PETER JOSEPH MEYER, aged 11  
Woodbury, L



Drawn by Camilla J. Winship, Farmington, Conn.; aged 12



# Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

APRIL, mark you, marketh the formal opening of the spring, when bud and leaf and root awake and yawn and stir, when young ladies flaunt strange bonnets and young gentlemen have ideas. An "April-gentleman" is a bridegroom, and my compliments to such as beat the nuptial guns of May and June. They have quite a start, whatever their destination.

Yesterday was Low Sunday, so perhaps we are not too far away from Lent to give brides and grooms, past and prospective, a recipe that is a favorite for April in Southern France. It comes from Madame Prunier's Fish Cookery Book, with certain emendation to suit my own individual taste. It has two great virtues—it is cheap and it is delicious.

Soak two pounds of salt cod-fish over night. Poach it until soft and remove skin and bones. Place fish in mortar with ½ lb. of mashed baked potato, and use the pestle until the mixture becomes a paste. Sauté in butter two tablespoons of finely minced mushrooms and one tablespoon each of finely minced green and red pepper for ten minutes, and add to the mixture. Place mixture in a large sauce pan over a slow fire. In another sauce pan heat up two cups of olive oil with two cloves of garlic, and in a third sauce pan heat a cup of cream. When they are hot remove the garlic from the oil and add the oil and the cream alternately and slowly to the fish, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Don't spare the spoon for this dish is called *Brandade de Morue* and *brandade*, if you must know the truth, comes from an old Provençal word meaning to stir. Season finally with pepper, paprika and a dash of cayenne and serve on trimmed squares of bread that have been fried in butter. This dish will make any "April-gentleman" glad of his title.

I WONDER how many hosts there are on earth who at some stage of preprandial proceedings have become completely fed up with the drudgery of the cocktail shaker. There must be millions of them, and I am willing to confess that I rank high on the roster of protestants against this form of domestic slavery. Not long since on a Sunday afternoon, when I had invited a fairly large party for a buffet supper and the servants had a day off, Lucille and Eddie dropped in to pay a little visit.

"How about a drink?" said I hospitably.

"I was just longing for a Martini," replied Lucille. "It's quite nippy out."

So I opened gin and vermouth, peeled a lemon and de-trayed some ice cubes. Then I mixed and stirred and poured. There were two cocktails apiece and we were just finishing the dividend, when in romped Mar-

guerite and Bob and the same process was repeated. Just as the quartette was about to depart, in came Mrs. Lukenbak, a woman who has always bored me, with her son, Gus.

"Goody, goody, cocktails!" shrilled Mrs. L. and I trailed to the pantry again. The final libation was poured and the guests, all merry and bright, tramped out into the snow just as the supper party began to arrive, and the Martini merry-go-round started once again.

There is a way to circumvent all this mischief and that's to serve gin and Angostura bitters. It's easy, it's appetite-provoking and it's much better for your insides than any cocktail, except tomato or clam juice, ever invented. All that you need is a decanter of gin, a shaker-topped bottle of Angostura, a large pitcher of ice-water with plenty of cubes, and some "old-fashioned" glasses. Put a whisky glass of gin into the cocktail glass, add an ice-cube, and four or five good shakes of Angostura. Fill the glass with ice-water and there you are, ad infinitum—or until the gin gives out.

FRANK SCHOONMAKER, a veritable magus among wine importers, has just returned from a safari to the more or less Pacific coast. The twinkling light of the western star, Vinous, lured him and guided him on his way over mountain ranges and

trackless deserts. He sought the table wines that homing travelers had told him grew upon the sunny slopes of California, and his questing was not in vain for his train of camels and elephants has safely made the return trip to the Schoonmaker encampment in 42 Street, bearing casks of California's proudest products.

I share Mr. Schoonmaker's considered enthusiasm for the success of his journey, and likewise I share his hopes for the future. I can do no greater present service to the cause of the American vine than to quote him and to list the modestly-priced vintages that he has selected.

"Nothing that we have done since we became wine merchants, in March 1935, has given us quite as much satisfaction as the inclusion of this column, and the following one, in this present announcement. That we can offer, at long last, American wines which are sound, properly made, honestly labeled, which are clean and which taste good and which are inexpensive, means to us the end, not of Prohibition, but of the effects of Prohibition. As time goes on, we shall drink more and more American wine, and American wine will become more and more worthy of the attention and respect of the discriminating public.

"For, make no mistake about it, these wines are good. They are made from proper wine grapes, grown in

the best vineyard country in the United States, and they are well made. With two or three possible exceptions, they are not, in any sense, great wines, but they are as a whole vastly better than the table wines which the average Frenchman drinks. And the vineyards which produced them will some day take their place beside Chambertin and Château Yquem and Schloss Johannisberg in the Burke's Peerage of the vine.

"This list is the result of a great many tastings, a good deal of patient study, and of nearly two thousand miles which Mr. Schoonmaker traveled first, last May, and, more recently, during November, through the vineyards in the California counties which surround San Francisco Bay. What we believe to be five of the finest vineyards in California are represented—in each case, in our opinion, by the vineyard's best wine or wines.

"California wines have a character of their own and there are no so-called 'Sauternes' or 'Haut Sauternes' or 'Chablis' or 'St. Juliens' or 'Moselles' or 'Burgundies' on this list. Every wine carries the name of the vineyard district which produced it, and, wherever possible, of the grape from which it was made. Here are sixteen American wines which are emphatically *not* ashamed of their origin. We are proud to offer them under American names."

## RED

**Sonoma Valley Light Red Wine 1937**  
Produced and bottled by *Scatena Bros.* A pleasant ordinary table wine, light, clean and sound. Received an honorable mention at the San Francisco Exposition this past summer. \$7 per gal.

**Sonoma Valley Barbera 1937**  
Produced and bottled by *Scatena Bros.* Made from the Barbera grape of Northern Italy, and quite in the class, in our opinion, with the average imported Barbera. Fruity and full-bodied, \$7 per gal.

**Livermore Valley Zinfandel**  
Produced and bottled by *Wente Bros.* A remarkably good little table wine, well balanced, fairly light, made from the Zinfandel grape. \$6 per case.

**Napa Valley Light Red Wine 1936**  
Produced and bottled by *F. Salmina.* Produced in one of the classic red wine districts of California, this extremely agreeable, fairly full-bodied wine was awarded a silver medal at the San Francisco Exposition. \$7.50 per case.

**Livermore Valley Mourestel 1936**  
Produced and bottled by *Wente Bros.* Fragrant and soft—a delightful little wine which has considerable distinction and finesse. Made from the Mourestel grape. \$8 per case.

**Inglenuok Napa Zinfandel 1936**  
Produced and bottled by *Inglenuok Vineyard Co.* Wines made from the Zinfandel grape generally mature early and are at their best when young. Here is an excellent 1936 which has preserved all of its freshness and fruit. \$9 per case.







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New York

**Fountaingrove Sonoma Pinot Noir 1934**  
Produced and bottled by Fountaingrove Vineyard. Sold in California as a "Burgundy" and as such awarded a silver medal at San Francisco this year, this fine, full-bodied wine is made from the Black Pinot grape of Burgundy. \$9.50 per case.

**Fountaingrove Sonoma Cabernet 1933**  
Produced and bottled by Fountaingrove Vineyard. Another silver medal wine, made from the Cabernet grape of Bordeaux. Unusually suave and soft. \$9.50 per case.

**Inglenook Napa Cabernet 1934**  
Produced and bottled by Inglenook Vineyard Co. A big, sturdy wine, made from the Cabernet grape and fairly close, in quality and character, to a full-bodied Medoc of a lesser vineyard. Silver medal at the Exposition. \$10 per case.

**WHITE**

**Napa Valley Light White Wine 1936**  
Produced and bottled by F. Salmina. An extremely agreeable little table wine, light, dry, clean on the palate. \$8 per case.

**Livermore Valley Dry Semillon 1935**  
Produced and bottled by Wente Bros. Although made from the Semillon grape of the Sauternes country, this typically full-bodied wine from the Livermore Valley is actually dryer than most Graves, and is sold in California as "Dry Sauterne." \$8.50 per case.

**Inglenook Napa Riesling 1934**  
Produced and bottled by Inglenook Vineyard Co. The Riesling grape gives, in California, a much fuller bodied wine than in Alsace or on the Rheingau. This clean, sturdy, dry wine is almost as big as a white Hermitage. \$9 per case.

**Inglenook Napa Traminer 1933**  
Produced and bottled by Inglenook Vineyard Co. Awarded a silver medal at the San Francisco Exposition (and only one dry white wine was given a higher rating), this is a remarkably well-balanced, full-bodied wine with the characteristic Traminer bouquet and flavor. \$9.50 per case.

**Livermore Valley Sweet Semillon 1935**  
Produced and bottled by Wente Bros. Made from the Semillon grape of the Sauternes district of France, and about as sweet as an average Sauternes. Silver medal at the Exposition. \$10 per case.

**Fountaingrove Sonoma Riesling 1934**  
Produced and bottled by Fountaingrove Vineyard. Lighter and more delicate than the Inglenook Riesling listed above—a clean, well-balanced wine which received a silver medal at San Francisco this past summer. \$11 per case.

**Livermore Valley Sauvignon Blanc 1935**  
Produced and bottled by Wente Bros. The only dry white wine to receive a gold medal, and the only wine produced since Prohibition to receive a Grand Prize, at the San Francisco Exposition, this is a California wine of which one can be legitimately proud. It is made from the Sauvignon grape of the Graves district—it is dry, fairly full, with an excellent bouquet. \$12 per case.

SOME years ago there occurred to me the idea that chrome Vanadium steel, commonly known as stainless steel, would constitute the perfect material for cooking utensils for use in the kitchen. According to my notion I wrote a letter to C. E. Tuttle, President of the Rustless Iron and Steel Company of America, in Baltimore. I had never met the gentleman, but I had heard of him

and heard favorably as the event will prove. Instead of a *pro forma* reply signed by some dim-witted secretary I was surprised and flattered to receive a personal visit from Mr. Tuttle himself. He walked briskly into my office and said, "So you want a stainless steel skillet, do you? Well so do I, but there does not exist at the moment a frying pan of the metal in question that would satisfy either one of us. Some day, perhaps, your hopes and mine will be realized." After an hour or so of friendly talk Mr. Tuttle departed just as briskly as he had arrived and that was that.

Last week, after years of quiet, I received a letter from Mr. Tuttle and the following day there arrived in my office a pyramid of deftly-packed cartons that would have put Cheops to shame. They came from the Revere Company, in Rome, New York. They contained exactly the ideal dream children of the kitchen that Mr. Tuttle and I had talked about. Stainless steel had finally fused with copper to form the pot *de luxe*. Stainless steel is always shining bright. It just has to be washed, not polished. It is soundly reticent in that it never imparts to cooking food the stale and faded taste of decaying metal. Its chemistry is inviolate. You ladies, who, like myself, have dealt painfully with the dull, listless adumbrations of iron and aluminum in your kitchens, hasten with your husbands to Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger or your favorite department store, and find the final perfection that for centuries we have all been seeking.

**GUNS AND GAME**

(Continued from page 64)

Some day when we are as intelligent as we think we are now, we'll have laws requiring an applicant for his first shooting license to demonstrate his ability to handle his gun safely and with reasonable skill, and in some way to show that he understands his personal responsibility toward the game he intends to shoot. That will solve this and many another problem.

I would like to leave the reader with a question: A friend occupied a blind adjacent to that of another shooting party, where a half dozen men were blazing away at ducks at extreme ranges. Now and then a crippled bird would scale off and fall far back in the rice, but that was all.

"Why in the devil do they shoot at 'em 'way up there," he asked in exasperation.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained the guide. "There's one man in that club who isn't shooting today, but who really knows how to take the high ones and kill 'em dead. I don't know what kind of anti-aircraft artillery he's got, but he certainly knows how to use it. The other fellows see him doing it and, of course, they want to do it too."

The question is this: Who was responsible for those wasted birds? In my opinion the answer to that is the answer to the whole problem.

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New York



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Do you ever have an appointment with Mr. Fish . . . or attend a conference in the marshes when Mr. Mallard is on the wing? Or give a fair share of your time to some other hobby that's lots of fun? Good for you! Such playtimes are worth every bit of the hard work between-times that makes them possible. Isn't it true that moments of well-earned leisure help you to rebuild energy, to relax your mind for new ideas and to recapture buoyant spirits? Chances are you get more done than the chap with the delusion that only long hours and endless effort are necessary to success. Isn't *feeling* like working better than *trying* to work?

\* \* \*

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1 tablespoon salt  
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½ teaspoon pepper  
4 tablespoons fat  
¼ cup flour

Combine flour, salt and pepper. Dredge chicken in flour and brown on all sides in the butter on FLEX-SEAL Cooker. Place water in cooker and on the rack. Cook at full pressure 8-10 minutes on the size of the chicken.



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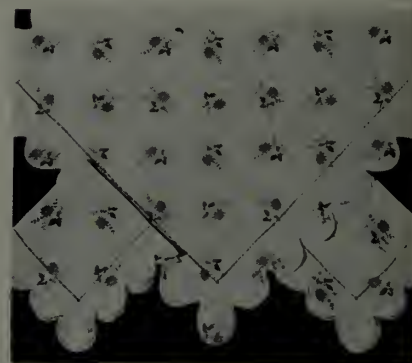
## IN COUNTRY LIFE MAY ISSUE

# April



The models of champion dogs produced in Royal Doulton china are actual portraits from life, approved by the owner. This model is of Dry Toast, English Champion Springer Spaniel, liver and white. 9½", 7½" and 4½". J. E. Caldwell & Co., Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A tray set that should pique your appetite for breakfast. Recently imported from France. Made by hand of pure linen with printed flower patterns. White, peach, pale blue or cream background, with many different flower designs to choose from. Set consists of cover and 2 napkins, \$5.75. Grande Maison de Blanc, 746 Fifth Avenue.



If you want to know the date, consult this watch. For it not only tells the time, but the date, the day of the week, the month, and the phases of the moon. A complete calendar and time-piece. The famous Patek Philippe fully-adjusted, 18-jewelled movement. In 18-karat gold, or platinum case. From Tiffany & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

This Travelling Bag Set is almost a necessity today. Set of three pieces, to carry handkerchiefs, lingerie, and nightgowns, costs \$12.50. Hot water bottle, with a superior quality rubber bottle, costs \$6.50. Other pieces available include hosiery case, make-up bag, corset bag, etc. In moire silk, various colors, with contrasting-color binding. Carlin Comforts, 10 East 50th Street.



"Patina," Jackson of London English wax polish, will give your furniture that satiny, lustrous finish that characterizes the finest antiques and collectors' pieces. "Patina" is easy to apply, and gives marvellous results. "Dark" for dark furniture, "Blond" for light. \$1.00 a jar. \$1.50 double size. Jackson of London, 25 West 51st Street.



# in the Shops

These silver pieces are reproductions of a Queen Anne porringer. The original, designed in 1705, is a fine example of silver of this period. The cordial size is \$75.00 a dozen. The cocktail size (also useful as a cigarette bowl), is \$150 a dozen. James Robinson, Inc., 731 Fifth Avenue.



The engraving on this stationery is unusually accurate and well-designed. The cards, Wedgwood blue with Dubonnet border and stamping, are engraved with an invitation form, having spaces for name, occasion and date. \$1.00 a dozen. Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison Avenue, who will send samples and prices of the notepaper.

Here is a general utility table of engaging design, copied from an old English model. Can be used as a magazine stand, a smoker's table, or to serve coffee. The handle makes it convenient to move around. It is beautifully finished in mahogany and would grace any living room. \$35. From The Old Colony Shop, 385 Madison Avenue, New York.



An attractive addition to the country home or farm is this New England farmhouse hanging light fixture. It is made of antique brass, with a 15-inch shade, in either antique brass or antique pewter finish. Completely electrified, with font and frosted chimney to take up to a 75-watt bulb. \$17. Wm. H. Hall & Co., 18 East 54th Street, New York.

Here is a good excuse to add to your collection of vases, because these Belgian bubble crystal creations are surprisingly inexpensive. In a round flare shape the price is only \$4.50 for the 10" size. If 12", \$6.50. The square tapered design, as illustrated, 6", is \$2.50. 8", \$3.50. From Pitt Petri, 501 Madison Avenue, New York.



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*April*



This covered hors d'oeuvres set is of French porcelain in an English mahogany tray. There are two compartments in each section, which are readily adaptable for use as candy trays, or even as vegetable dishes. In peach, turquoise, chartreuse and yellow, decorated with hand-painted gold rose bouquets. \$40. Alfred Orlik, Inc., 395 Madison Avenue.

The Biarritz nest of three tables may be had with either mirror tops or colored French sporting prints, lacquered. A decorative and useful set. The largest table measures 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " by 19" by 21" high. Price with prints, \$42.50. With mirror, \$47.50. From A. L. Diamant, 34 East 53rd Street, New York.



The water lilies and other flower candles in a water bowl make an effective centerpiece. They burn from 6 to 8 hours. The bowl is \$2.45. The gardenia, in white, 40¢. Water lily, 40¢; Cosmos, 30¢, in pink, yellow, white, or blue. Turtle, 25¢. From Candle-Lux, 542 Madison Avenue.

You can double the fun of your favorite sport if you wear these good-looking, good-fitting slacks and shirts, or trotting pantaloons and jackets. They are being featured this Spring by Nardi, well-known habit maker, of 73 West 47th Street, New York. The slacks range from \$18; pantaloons from \$20; shirts from \$4.50.



This cleverly decorative instrument, shaped like a globe, is the latest in radio design. You tune in on any station simply by rotating the globe, which is an accurate atlas, complete with all map markings. No outside aerial is required, loop and speaker being concealed in the globe. Volume and switch control knob conveniently placed on walnut base. \$29.95. From Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 East 57th St., New York.



# in the Shops

The designs on these Spode plates are reproductions of the colorful hunting scenes by John F. Herring, Sr., famous 19th century artist. These are 10" plates, and are available with either a red or green band. May be used as service or dessert plates. Twelve scenes to a dozen. \$24 a dozen. From Cooley's, 34 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.



The modern note in silver design is exemplified in these Sterling pieces designed by Tommi Parzinger. The mint dish is \$27, table bell \$32, and the pair of salt and pepper shakers \$24. From the collection of modern furniture and accessories at Parzinger, Inc., 54 East 57th Street, New York.

This realistic-looking duck has a triple appeal. It's ornamental, it's musical, it's useful. Made of stone-colored pottery, with a blue head which serves as a stopper. When lifted, a tune plays. It can be used as a decanter or water jug. \$7.50. The Bar Mart, 56 West 45th Street.



These giant dice book ends are made of Prystal, a transparent plastic. In amber, ruby, emerald or smoky blue. They are 4" cubes and weigh about 6 lbs. \$20 a pair. The ball on triangular base book ends also shown, in ruby or smoky blue, are \$12 a pair. Neo gifts, 44 East 52nd Street, New York.

The knives in this kitchen board set have the ingenious "Holl-o-edge" grinding, with deep hollows alternating on either side of the blade, giving a fine thin edge with remarkable cutting qualities. Do not require re-grinding. Stainless steel with Brazilian rosewood handles. Includes a "Welkut" kitchen shear. Ivory board with colored trim. \$12.50. From Fifth Avenue Cutlery Shop, Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue.



Small Sheraton sideboard, exquisite as a jeweler's piece, of inlaid and shaded mahogany. Circa 1780.

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*Illustrated at left is Bausch & Lomb 7-power 35 mm Zephyr-Light Binocular, 17½ ounces, \$94.*

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eight in comfort with ample space for luggage, or center and rear seats may be removed to increase storage capacity. Built to Oldsmobile standards of quality, with selected white ash frame and natural finish birch panels. See it at your Oldsmobile dealer's today!

## RACING DYNASTY

(Continued from page 40)

Maryland. The local boy made good by killing 39 quail to the Maryland champion's 25. But he says the luck was with him.

Algy's formal education was somewhat hampered by his love of sport. He scrambled through public school and managed to graduate from V. M. I. Then, as he puts it, he spent a year at the University of Virginia studying baseball. But his inattention at school has been made up for by the range and quality of his reading since. He loves to quote poetry in sonorous tones, and on the subject in which his deepest interest lies, Thoroughbred bloodlines, no man in America is so erudite.

In 1892 a series of misfortunes overtook the Daingerfields, but the clouds of disaster turned out to have a lining of pure gold. The Major's health broke down from overwork, and the lovely old house in Harrisonburg burned to the ground. Ever since 1879, when James R. Keene had decided to start a racing stable, Major Daingerfield had given his brother-in-law the benefit of his wisdom in equine affairs; and had travelled widely throughout the south and east, buying the pick of the country's horses for the Keene Stable. So good had been his judgment that, literally overnight, Keene had become the leading figure of the American turf. Now the financier wanted to start a stud farm on which to breed the horses, which were to carry the famous white with blue spots to even greater triumphs. He begged Major Daingerfield to find a suitable place for it and to take personal charge of the enterprise.

So began the great period of Major Daingerfield's life. He acquired the beautiful estate of Castleton in the heart of the Blue Grass country of Kentucky for Keene. To the lovely old house, at the head of a mile long avenue, he removed himself and his family; and in the years that followed he sent to the Keene stable a line of champions never equaled before or since. Today nine tenths of all American-bred winners carry the blood of one or more of the Castleton stallions in their veins.

Major Daingerfield's success as a breeder was due neither to luck nor to mass production (the greatest number of foals ever registered from Castleton in a season was only 36). It was due to his tremendous knowledge of bloodlines, and the science he used to combine the different factors, in each stallion and mare that he mated, to produce speed and stamina.

While the Castleton Stud was being formed, an even greater project was undertaken. In 1893 American racing was in a chaotic condition. Each state and even each association made its own rules. Often there were no rules at all, and the outlaw tracks flourished. A central governing body was sorely needed. In the summer of '93 James R. Keene came to the conclusion that something must be done. He decided to invite horsemen from every state in the Union to meet in New York to consider the situation.

Major Daingerfield was at Castleton, but he was of great assistance in sending the letters since he knew so many of the leading owners and breeders. Algy acted as his father's secretary and, in addition, wrote many letters to his own friends. The meeting was held at the Hoffman House in New York in December, 1893, and its result was the formation of The Jockey Club.

When his father moved to Castleton, Algy went on his own. For two years he raised and trained hunters on a farm at Culpepper, Va., in partnership with the famous Warrenton horseman, Jim Maddox. In 1894 he went to Washington to attempt to secure the position of Secretary of the Washington Jockey Club, of Benning, D. C., which had been promised to him. The promise was deferred, and for the next four years young Daingerfield lived in Washington, doing newspaper work. He was racing correspondent for different New York papers, and also wrote for the local press. Three or four months in every year he spent with his father at Castleton, and these were the happiest times he knew. In 1898 he at last secured the position he sought; and from that day forward he has always occupied an official position on the turf.

WHEN Algy became Secretary of the Washington Jockey Club, things began to hum in the District of Columbia. The Benning racetrack was a charming little course, and the meetings held in the spring and autumn were among the most delightful in the country. One of the first things the energetic young secretary did was to give effect to his conviction that stamina in a Thoroughbred is as important as speed, by inaugurating the Maximum, which was run at three miles—the longest flat race of modern times. He also sponsored the Washington Cup, at two and a quarter miles. Another innovation was the Washington Dinner Party Stakes, for which horses could be leased. The winner was obliged to give a dinner which was invariably attended by high officials of the government, the army and navy, the diplomatic corps and sportsmen from all over the country.

During the five years he was at Benning, Algy, at one time or another, filled nearly every official position there is on The Jockey Club courses. He was placing judge at Pimlico, Saratoga and Benning; clerk of the scales at Jamaica and Saratoga, steward at Pimlico. Sometimes he even acted as starter at the latter course. He tells of how he once made the best possible start from the point of view of the public. There were eight horses in the field and he succeeded in leaving all of them except the favorite, at the post.

In 1902, Daingerfield married Miss Margaret Duncan of Lexington, Ky. She too comes from a family famous for its love of good horseflesh.

In 1903, The Jockey Club offered Algy the position of Assistant Secretary which he has held ever since. He moved to New York and then to Garden City, where he still lives. He





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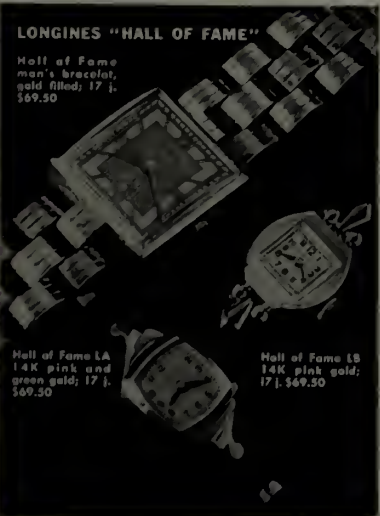
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loves to tell the story of a visit to his cousin, Foxhall Keene, soon after he came North. Foxy had a magnificent place at Westbury, Long Island, and the grandeurs of the house were almost oppressive to Algy, who liked a simpler, freer life. That first night, just as he was going to sleep, he heard the door of his room stealthily open. Then, dimly against the open window he saw the figure of a man bending over the chair on which his evening clothes were hung. In the pocket of the trousers was a vital \$100 bill.

Algy moved fast. With a single mighty bound he leaped from his bed to the neck of the intruder. The fellow squeaked like a rabbit, and fell to the floor. When he got the lights on, Algy found that he had throttled the valet who had come to take his clothes to be pressed.

In 1903, when Daingerfield took up his post at The Jockey Club, racing was in its day of glory and men of the highest character were controlling its affairs. August Belmont was president of The Jockey Club and Westchester Racing Association. The other big tracks were headed by men of similar calibre: W. K. Vanderbilt at Sheephead Bay; Phil J. Dwyer at the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and W. C. Whitney at Saratoga.

These men believed that racing should be conducted primarily for the benefit of the Thoroughbred. Spectacular betting was discouraged. John (Bet'cha-Million) Gates was one of the greatest offenders in this line. So flagrant did his behavior become that after numerous warnings, August Belmont said to him, "If you don't stop betting so extravagantly we will rule you off the turf."

Gates screamed back, "Bet'cha fifty thousand dollars you can't do it!"

In addition to curbing the betting. The Jockey Club was careful to keep down the length of the meetings, and the maximum number of races allowed in one day was six. When The Jockey Club first assumed control, racing was limited to five days a week, Friday being the off day. Against the better judgment of the conservative members, this rule was abandoned. One day, as Daingerfield was leaving the Coney Island Track with William K. Vanderbilt, its president, they stopped to look at the new sign at the gate which read, "There will be racing at this Track on Friday and every Friday thereafter until the close of the meeting."

Lucian Appleby, breeder, owner and bookmaker, stepped up to them. "Gentlemen," he said, "you see before you the gravestone of racing."

Within two years there was a field stand, complete with bookmakers, admission 50 cents. Just a few years later the betting evil became so flagrant that the Hart Agnew Bill was passed by the legislature. Racing was killed in New York, and the Thoroughbred came close to disappearing from the land.

In the dark days that followed the passage of the anti-betting bill, Algernon Daingerfield kept his faith in the future of American racing. Owners and breeders were terrified. Race-

horses were being shipped out of the country in thousands. The Eastern and South American markets were glutted. Men were giving Thoroughbreds away to anyone who would promise to feed them. H. K. Whitney, Secretary-Treasurer of The Jockey Club, went to Daingerfield in effect told him to shut up shop. A younger man begged him to consider. The Jockey Club must survive, he said. All its employees must accept salary cuts, cheaper horses could be found. At all costs the influence for good in American racing, which The Jockey Club wielded, must not be lost. Daingerfield won his point. His suggestions were accepted and The Jockey Club carried on.

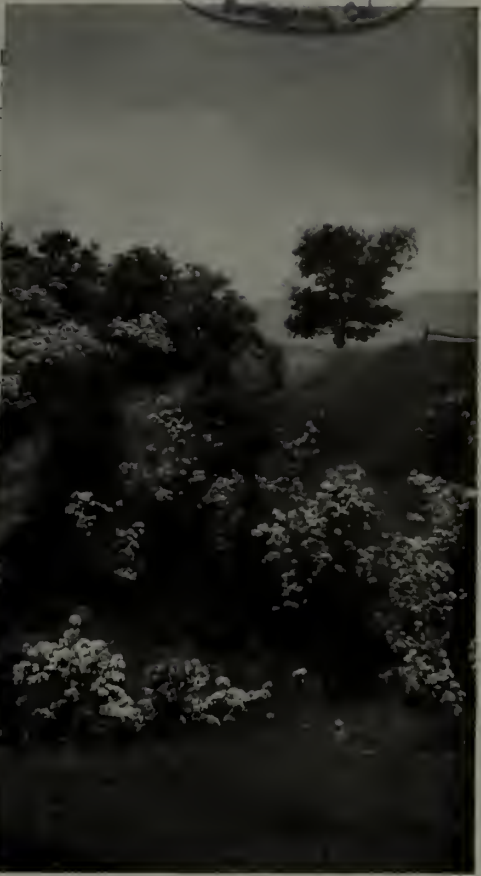
MEANWHILE its brilliant lawyer, Joseph Auerbach, went to work on the problem. He emerged with a study with a legal *tour de force*. He went before the courts with a team and secured the famous decision making an oral bet "does not constitute bookmaking even though the bettor be a frequent layer of American Racing was saved."

Algy's father did not live to see the resumption of racing in New York, though he had the love of learning about the decisions of the court which made it possible. Daingerfield died at Castleton on January 5, 1913, only two days before his friend and kinsman John Keene. His monument is more permanent than granite, for it is the blood and structure of the Thoroughbred, and will endure as long as horses run on the turf. He loved so well. His character can be summed up in the simple words of his nephew, Foxhall Keene said, "He was the finest man I ever knew."

Throughout the bad years of the Casteleton Stud had been held and breeding continued, though on a greatly reduced scale. That fact that Castleton-bred horses remained high is with the fact that Castleton-bred horses won the first renewal of the Paine Whitney's great breeding establishment.

During the last few years of Major Daingerfield's life failed. Neither of his sons could assist him, for Algy owed his life to The Jockey Club in those times, and Keene Daingerfield was studying law at the University of Virginia. But help had come from an unexpected quarter.

Elizabeth Daingerfield, who had ridden with Algy on the fox-hunts in the Valley, had never given a particular thought to the breeding of horses. Her interests had been intellectual and artistic. She led a social life of those days, then and the theater. For ten years she wrote book reviews for the "Transcript" and her criticisms were considered excellent as her father's health began to fail and more of his work. She learned his methods of breeding



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things which contribute most to keeping The Homestead expect it to be, is the long service of its staff which changes its people slowly and infrequently. You'll probably have the same waiter, you had last year—already become acquainted, and who's your likes and your preferences.

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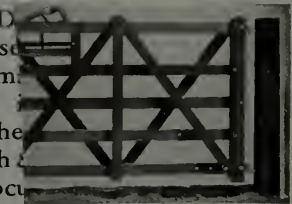
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the logic on which they were founded.  
At the end, she was, in all but name,  
the manager of Castleton. Algernon  
Daingerfield says that, when first he  
talked with his sister after their  
father's death, he was dumbfounded  
by the range and depth of her knowl-  
edge of bloodlines.

At the dispersal sale of the Keene  
horses in 1913, Corrigan and McKin-  
ney bought a large part of the stud.  
They asked Miss Daingerfield to re-  
main in charge. She stayed on at  
Castleton with her mother and two  
of her sisters until 1917, when they  
moved to her present home, Hay-  
lands, near Lexington.

WHEN Man O'War was retired  
in 1920, his owner Samuel D.  
Riddle, desired to secure the services  
of the greatest breeder in the country  
to take charge of the stud career of  
what many people considered the  
greatest horse ever foaled. He se-  
lected Miss Daingerfield, and the  
choice was a happy one. She began  
by picking Faraway for the breeding  
farm which he and Walter Jeffords  
established. Man O' War and Golden  
Broom were the first stallions to  
stand there.

When Miss Daingerfield sent Man  
O' War's get to the races, the suc-  
cess of her handling of him became  
instantly apparent. American Flag,  
Edith Cavell, Crusader, Mars, Bateau,  
Scapa Flow and a host of others swept  
the boards. Throughout the years she  
handled him, Man O' War was uni-  
formly successful as a sire.

About 1930 Miss Daingerfield and  
Riddle had a friendly disagreement  
on a matter of policy, and parted  
company. Since then Man O' War,  
who requires very careful mating, has  
not been so successful. There is one  
striking exception to the above state-  
ment, which has a story behind it.

Some years ago Miss Daingerfield  
bought Annette K. by Harry of Here-  
ford, for Mr. Jeffords. With a long  
range plan in mind, she sent the  
mare to Sweep. The result of this  
mating was a filly named Brushup.  
When Brushup was old enough to  
breed, Jeffords offered to give her to  
Miss Daingerfield.

"I can't take her, Walter," was the  
astonishing reply. "I bred that mare  
to send to Man O' War. You must  
see that she goes to him."

Jeffords sold Brushup to Riddle,  
who bred her to his great stallion.  
The result was War Admiral.

While Elizabeth Daingerfield was  
following her father's footsteps, mold-  
ing the history of the American  
Thoroughbred, Algernon Daingerfield  
continued to wield his influence for  
good in all the affairs of the turf. In  
an unspectacular but effective way,  
he has fought through the years for  
the high standards in racing, which  
mean everything to the sport. He  
was particularly active in securing  
the passage of the Crawford Betting  
Act in 1934, which permitted book-  
makers to return to the Turf under  
proper supervision and did away with  
chaotic conditions of oral betting.

Meanwhile, a younger generation  
of Daingerfields is growing up. James  
Keene Daingerfield, the son of Algy's  
lawyer brother, like his uncle, refused  
a formal education and is developing

into a first class trainer from which  
he will indubitably go on to breeding.  
Janet Foxhall Van Winkle, the daugh-  
ter of Algy's sister, Mrs. A. C. Van  
Winkle, was already racing a stable  
(one horse) at the age of fifteen.  
Her "stable," racing under the name  
of J. Van Winkle, won two stakes at  
Hialeah, and speculation was rife as  
to the identity of the owner. A Miami  
newspaper published the report that  
the mysterious Van Winkle was a  
Chicago gangster. Janet replied by  
cutting a picture of herself out of  
the Louisville "Courier-Journal," and  
sent it to Miami with the following  
note: "This is J. Van Winkle. She  
is a granddaughter of Foxhall A.  
Daingerfield."

The consternation in that city-room  
was something to see, and the printed  
apologies absolutely abject.

Most interesting of all the younger  
Daingerfields is Algy's own daughter,  
Margaret. From her earliest child-  
hood she has taken a passionate in-  
terest in breeding. She has already  
bred several winners. During the last  
few years she has taken over many  
of her father's duties at The Jockey  
Club, where she is regularly employed  
as his assistant. If anybody knows  
more about racing in America than  
Algy, it is his daughter Margaret.

There is a story about her when  
she was a child that seems to typify  
the love of the Daingerfield family  
for the American Thoroughbred.  
When she was less than three years  
old Margaret was visiting her grand-  
father at Castleton. Her cousin,  
young Keene Daingerfield, had just  
been given a pony.

"Would you like a pony, too?"  
asked the doting Major.

"No," lisped baby Margaret, "I  
wants a broodmare."

Algernon Daingerfield has always  
opposed the mutuels, but now that  
they are here, he stands in the breach  
to see that their bad effects are mini-  
mized and that their great possibili-  
ties are used to the full in furthering  
the future of the American Thor-  
oughbred.

## CONDITIONING HUNTERS

(Continued from page 58)

sections. First, a relaxing of the lower  
jaw, or teaching the horse to "give,"  
in response to a direct pressure on  
both reins. Second, gaining a response  
to pressure on one rein,—called the  
open, or directing rein,—and a change  
in direction towards the side of that  
rein. And third, application of the  
"supporting" rein against the colt's  
neck, with a gradual understanding  
on his part to move away from it,  
and eventually become bridle-wise.

This indirect, or supporting, rein  
can be brought into his lessons now;  
but great care must be taken not to  
interfere with his natural head and  
neck position. The reason for this  
warning is that, at this period, some  
horses' mouths are hurt and abused  
to such an extent by forcing them to  
do things they are muscularly unable  
to do, or which they are mentally  
untrained to understand, that eva-  
sions begin to set in. These evasions



take various forms, such as getting behind the bit, behind the leg. lifting the tongue over the bit, poking the nose, "rubber-necking," in general resisting the rider's wishes, and especially developing a malformed set of muscles in the neck, so that his position becomes distorted. This is then followed by a complete lack of engagement by the hind quarters through the loins, and the prospect starts to become a problem. The emphasis laid on these results at this period is particularly important, from the standpoint of this article, as it basically influences the final, finished product in the hunting field.

It is very difficult to lay down any definite rules about training and conditioning young horses before their first hunting experience, as all good horses are individuals, and what would suit one would not necessarily produce the same result in another. So although their training can be based on certain principles, the exact way in which these principles are applied depends on the experience and knowledge of the trainer. Examining these individuals from one extreme to the other, we first find a young fellow with a real streak of cold blood in his veins, or something called a touch of commonness. He will need a great deal of instilled impulsion applied by means of voice, lower leg, and probably the whip, judiciously used. His capacity for a relaxed outlook on life and education are a foregone conclusion; and the problem he presents is one of accentuated interest in hunting, and ability to take care of himself. Therefore, the work he receives in August and early September, should include exercises that will stimulate his muscular activity and response to the aids. So, although one aims to develop a relaxed peaceful hunter, still, with this type of temperament, too much relaxing on the trainer's part will make his pupil sloppy; and some time this sloppiness will be responsible for a nasty spill.

Then, at the other extreme, we may have a prospect of the highly-strung, nervous type, very sensitive and responsive. This young horse has to be handled with extreme quietness and patience in all his training, with emphasis on complete relaxation towards all his lessons and work. If anything, he should be allowed to become almost sloppy, particularly with regard to his attitude about jumping low obstacles, and working at any pace faster than a walk, because his reaction to the excitement of the hunting field, when he does go out, will stir him up to a pitch of great keenness.

As young horses have such differences of temperament and physical ability, the scale of exercise, work and feeding varies accordingly, within wide limits. The main principles involved are not to overfeed with grain, particularly in May, June and July, but to keep the prospect in high flesh, rather on the soft side, feeling good, but not too full of buck and play, and have his digestive tract functioning normally. Until the latter part of August, and early September, until schooling over low fences is introduced, it is only necessary to keep

his hind feet trimmed, with three-quarter tips on in front, so that the hooves will not break and chip on the edges. This allows plenty of frog pressure, and assists in eliminating shock and jar to the cords, tendons and ankles while the hoof and pastern are in an important formative period.

When the grass dies in July, bran mashes should be given two or three times a week, and the grain and hay ration increased as the work increases. Of course, if a spell of bad weather occurs, keeping the horse from his routine work or exercise for a considerable period, it is necessary to resume training very mildly for the first two or three days. It is advisable, too, to administer some form of approved kidney mixture to prevent any slight kidney stoppage or "cording" that might occur.

**I**N the second main division, we find a young horse about to reach maturity, with probably a few quiet days out with hounds in his previous year's education; and with ability to jump, and the response to the aids to be expected from what might be called a half-trained horse. He should be taken up about the end of June, and sent on routine exercise; led, if possible, for a week or two. His grain and hay ration should be started very lightly, and gradually increased each week with his work and exercise, so that he is kept in firm, high flesh. His teeth should be floated by a vet or horse dentist, as difficulties which arise in mousing and biting at this time are often attributable to the arrival of second teeth.

This treatment of a young horse's mouth takes the form of extracting wolf-teeth, which are bony, tusk-like growths, in the gums, often causing extreme irritation; and rasping or filing off the rough and sharp projections which form on the outside walls of the teeth, and irritate the inside of the cheek, as well as those on the inside walls, which irritate the tongue.

All his exercise, schooling and handling should be carried out very quietly and patiently just now, as he is certain to remember the few days' excitement of the past season, and connect it with the continuance of his education. When he begins to get muscled, he can be ridden across country at a relaxed walk, trot and canter, and on in July and August, allowed to gallop up and down hills and over rough-going, at a fairly extended but balanced pace. Interspersed with these works, his mousing in a double bridle or rubber pelham should be started; and the direct and lateral flexions introduced for a few minutes each day.

Flexions and their development or application in a horse, may be compared with a series of osteopathic treatments on a human being. They consist of a breaking down of all muscular contraction in the lower jaw, at the poll and in the neck, and thereby a general relaxing of the neck, back and loins. The direct flexion is a relaxing of the lower jaw and "giving in" to pressure from the curb chain, with the poll acting as the joint. The lateral flexions are the



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When are you coming back? We want to be expecting you, you know!



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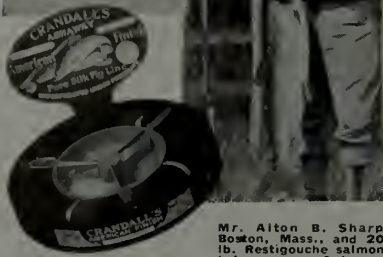
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same response to each of the right and left reins, applied separately, with inclination of the head in the direction of the applied rein.

A horse with very little room at the throat, and consequent lack of freedom of movement at the poll, should not be forced to flex too much or too often, as it will almost invariably affect his wind. But if his conformation allows, the great benefit resulting from these exercises and this training, apart from improving his mouth, balance and response, is the muscular development of his neck and loins, and thereby a greater agility and activity.

There seems to be a feeling among a number of hunting people that the period spent on flexing a hunter is so much waste time, chiefly because they associate flexion with "haute-ecole." This of course, is erroneous, as flexions are, in these cases, a means to an end, while they are a form of kindergarten for dressage and high-schooling. Their chief value, from a fox-hunter's point of view, is the fact that his mount has been thoroughly set in such poise that he is immediately responsive, can be rated before his fences and obstacles, prove a pleasant ride and companion, and be pulled up in a moment when faced with danger. During all this training period, stress should be laid on this gymnastic muscular development, and the horse should be considered as a young athlete about to embark on his first experience of serious competition.

In his schooling over fences at this stage, too much stress cannot be laid on the peaceful and quiet atmosphere in which this takes place. He can be popped over a few jumps or obstacles almost every day, providing there is sufficient variety. These obstacles should consist of low rails, boards, brush jumps, or chicken coops, of from two feet to two feet six inches in height. But if he shows too much keenness at any time, he should be walked and trotted over the "exciting" fence, backwards and forwards, until he is thoroughly aware of the fact that there is really nothing so very much to it. Jumping at all paces, at all angles and in awkward situations, should be entered in his schooling during this summer, as he will meet his fences under all these conditions while hunting, and this knowledge, gained under favorable conditions, will save many an unfortunate mistake in the midst of exciting company.

As the time of exercise and work increases, his grain ration may be raised to from eight to twelve quarts of oats a day, with a handful of bran in each feed. One bran mash, containing from six to eight ounces of linseed oil, may be given every other day, up until the middle of August, when two a week should be sufficient. Before he is taken out cubbing in September, a really good blacksmith should be consulted as to the type and weight of shoe best suited to his conformation and the kind of going to which his feet will be subjected.

This rather rare individual should, first of all, study the horse's action, the manner in which his feet are

placed on the ground at a walk and trot, and the way in which his shoulder, knee and ankle joints flex and extend at these paces. Then, in the preparation of his foot before being shod, he should be stood on an absolutely level place, so that the angle of his foot may follow properly the prolongation of the pastern bones into the hoof. Also to be considered is the fact that pressure should be evenly distributed, with the frog in a position to absorb the shock of concussion, as the foot strikes the ground.

Careful and expert consideration at this time will help to prevent a goodly proportion of contracted heels, thrush, splints, ringbones and puffy ankles.

Last, but certainly by no means least, are the old standbys and Monday morning hunters, who have produced such great fun in previous seasons, and who have had a good rest since April. These can be taken from pasture after the middle of July, and after being given a mild physic and a worming, if required, be sent out on long walks. This exercise should take place as early in the day as possible, to prevent loss of flesh through excessive sweating. The most satisfactory method is to ride one and lead one or two, riding each horse in turn every second or third day. This gradually toughens the backs and sides, and so prevents tenderness occurring under the saddle and girth. On coming in from exercise, it is advisable to wash these places with a fairly strong salt solution, or a mild tannic acid wash, to prevent galling. As his work increases, about the first of August, the hunter should be walked and jogged up and down steep hills or slopes, and in another two weeks can be started on his gallops. These slow gallops may be increased in distance, from about a mile at the start, up to four or five miles in the early part of September. He should not need any schooling during this time, but a few days quiet jumping in company will help to start him off correctly, and tune up muscles in his loins and shoulders. If all goes well, and no accidents or set-backs occur, he should be out galloping somewhere near those "houndedaws" late in September, and be in fine shape for the opening meet in October.

## LANDLOCKED SALMON

(Continued from page 39)

"Here, I'd like to give you one." And he did.

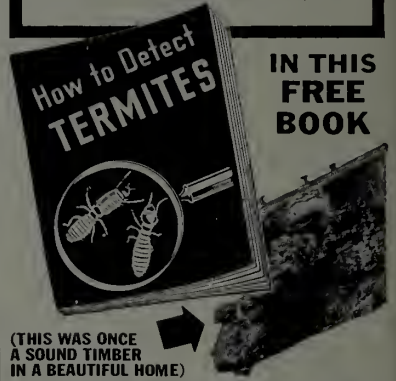
Well that man might have tied it! As I learned later, the Supervisor is named for Game Supervisor Joseph Stickney, who devised the pattern years ago.

The Supervisor proved to be a sprangly concoction with sweeping green peacock tails, and a fluff of white bucktail about a silver body.

The May day in Maine was waning when Jim and I rowed back out on Lake Kezar. It wasn't late yet. The air had taken on little more than a zesty crispness. But most of the boats that had been sprinkled over

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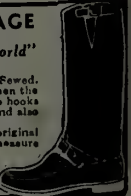
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the lake when the sun was warm, had disappeared. There was only one elderly couple away off, with the famous guide, Jack McAlastair; and an odd boat here or there. Most of the people who keep right on fishing for salmon at times when the fish aren't striking, are folk like you and me. They have learned that it's not all of fishing to catch fish. They know that when the landlocks are sulking in Lake Kezar, there still are distant mountains to be seen through the mellow haze.

JIM had rowed no more than thirty yards when a salmon hit the green Supervisor. We were moving along at a leisurely pace. I was watching a pair of sheldrakes fluttering past against the cloud-charged sky. Chug! You know the almost audible feel of a gamefish slugging a fly. This stalwart struck hard; and put up a lusty, raging fight. He was skittering over the surface; boring deep. Zzz-eeee! To the whine of the reel he charged under the boat, slashed wildly to eastward, then west. Ah, this was the thing for which salmon and men were made!

Doubtless, that sturdy landlock fought for all of twenty minutes. I can't be sure. But I know that the thrill of one such three-pound salmon on a four-ounce rod is all that mortal man has a right to ask; and more. Even if he's been everywhere and done everything. The sunlight was a full shade paler; the peepers were singing louder, when at last Jim reached out with the long-handled net and fetched the spent fish in. More than a little kick I got out of watching that tired warrior switch his tail, and vanish into the cold blue depths as I turned him loose.

I took another salmon within the half-hour; and Jim Brackett brought in a nice one with his silver smelt. But we let them both go because, in an unguarded moment, I'd set a five-pound minimum. The guide swore that if only I'd let him rig my gear with a smelt, we'd get "ol' Elmer." But I stuck to the Supervisor, for, as Joe Stickney had said, nothing but the right fly at the right time, will catch the uncatchable.

The salmon got to hitting hard and fast as the afternoon wore away. They weren't just tapping the lure any more either, as they'd done when the day was younger. Jim honed to kill one long, lean three-pounder I caught. He said he'd like to have it to eat. He preferred the sweet, pink flesh of Lake Kezar landlocks to any other meat. Jim watched the fish right wistfully as it swam away.

Five salmon—six—I remember, we caught before the sunset came. As the west swelled up with a blaze of red and purple; as a cool breeze swept out of the north and made the spruce trees sing, Jim was telling me why he loved this angler's wonderland, where he'd always lived. In McWain's Pond, said Jim, just a dozen miles off, even a dub could catch twenty or thirty three-pound bass in a day. And in fall, when the salmon were spawning, you could go to Boulder Brook where it spilled into Lake Kezar, and look on such seething hosts of salmon as would

make your heart stand still. Why, just last October, said Jim, he'd seen a buck-salmon there that would've went twelve pounds. "One o' them racers," he was, "lean as a rail; with a hook on his bill two inches long."

Just then came a bang on the sprangly Supervisor that almost knocked the rod from my grasp. The reel screeched. A volcano of spray exploded before me. Up out of the cool blue waters of the northwoods lake shot a thundering, vibrating salmon. *Swssh-ssh-sssh!* The big salmon torpedoed along the face of the lake for twenty feet, as though nothing else mattered on earth or in hell except the stinging barb in the green streamer's tail, fast in his jaw.

Down he tore; down, down, down, while the guide lost his wonted *sang froid* and shouted wildly, "He's screwin'! Don't give him no slack! My God, there's many a man on this lake that would pay plenty to have that fish on his line!" Down and down, while the reel screamed *zee-ee-eee* and the yellow fly-line spurted into the lake, leaving nothing on the spinning spool but a few yards of soft white backing.

Then he was zooming upward; charging up with such fury that the reel handle whirled idly in my fingers, and the rod-tip, high over my head, lay limp and still. Up . . . up . . . I saw the salmon coming deep in the water: a shadowy, silver something moving with the speed of light. Coming up! I glimpsed the ugly hook of his overshot jaw; a flash of pink-glinting scales and glowing black spots. Then the fish was aloft again, leaping frothy, sizzling yards.

No mere "brave" stuff, this, like some heroic bronze-back scrapping for his life; no mere vicious charge like that of a musky that would rip your tendons loose, if only he could get at your taut white hand. None of this. When a landlock fights he blazes with the fierce, savage glory of fighting. He champions the red-purple sunsets which glow over Maine's broad lakes; the loons and black moose which cry by night over spruce-clad wilderness. The landlock battles as he does, with angler and sharp steel hook, because he is a salmon. Deeper tribute of word than that, no man can pay the gods of sport.

I salute the ghost of the five-pound fish I killed on Lake Kezar on a last May's afternoon! I ask no more for the kin of the vanquished—as I am sure the vanquished would ask no more of me—than slender rods, light leaders.

For you, good sportsman, I can wish nothing better than a few sunny days in Maine when the nebulous scent of lake ice is still in the air. A few days at a fishing camp with its so, so delectable lobster and cod-fish cakes; with its hand-picked guests who know that there's more to fishing than catching fish. I give you now, a trail's-end beaver pond full of red-and-gold trout. I give you my guide, Jim Brackett.

And the landlocks—the big, spotted, silvery landlocks. A torn Supervisor, a shapeless Royal Coachman, nested close together in your fly-box a year from today.

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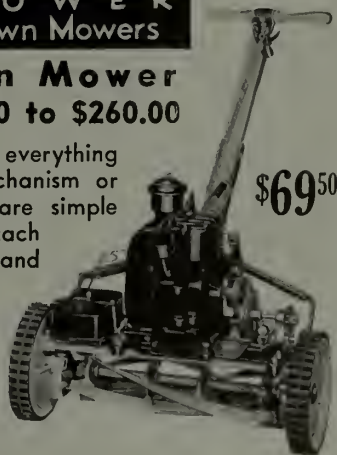
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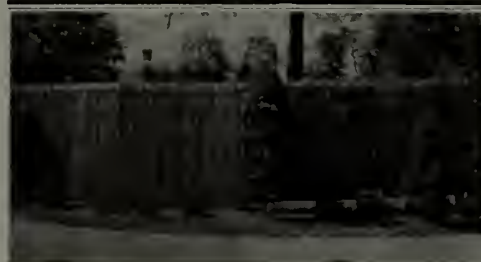
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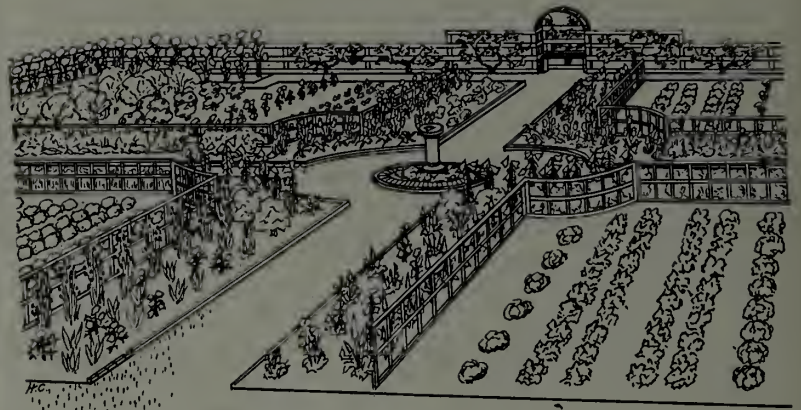
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Here is a suggestion for a kitchen garden, with beds for cutting flowers, too

ESSENTIALLY I am a very peaceful person, and hate to start argument or bad feeling. This article will have to "face the music," however, because it deals with a controversial problem over which two sides are drawn up in battle array. A vegetable garden, or no vegetable garden; that is the question! The "nos" argue this way:

"Think of the expense of it. The cost of the manure, fertilizers, and seed, and the constant, high labor item. Might as well eat diamonds as home-grown vegetables."

The "ayes" say this:

"Oh, come now, it isn't as bad as that, and don't you feel badly when you think that you will never know the taste of tiny, sweet, succulent peas and limas, or know the thrill of pulling up the first baby radish, or carrot, and eating it raw and crispy in the garden? Those are the joys of life that cannot be purchased at the A. & P."

Well, what is the answer when both sides are right? I have a suggestion—a timid one—for this problem, and here it is for what it is worth. If you are a big family and keep "open house" with lots of hungry children, who in the summer holidays are always inviting other hungry children to meals, you had better buy your vegetables, unless you are fortunate enough not to have to think of economy at all. If, however, you are a compact little family and can budget, generally speaking, your requirements as to quantity of vegetables needed and their approximate cost; why, then, by all means, grow vegetables and have a "kitchen garden" that will be the envy of everyone for miles around!

To this group I say, like the barkers at the Fair, "Hurry, hurry, folks, there is just time—it's only early April—to have the finest, prettiest, most prolific little garden that anyone could want."

The garden in this article could be just that. An old fashioned "kitchen garden" in every sense of the word. Picking flowers for the

house, vegetables and fruit for the table, all arranged in an attractive design that makes it decorative as well as utilitarian. Naturally, the identical planting suggested here, need not be adhered to. When it comes to flowers for the house everyone must think of the best colors for the rooms, and plan accordingly. There is no use planting marigolds and calendulas if only pinks, whites, and purples look well in your house. The same thing is true of vegetables and fruits. If the family are "agin" spinach, discard those rows and substitute something else; and if strawberries are too rheumatic in their effect, grow more raspberries. This garden can be switched about in twenty different ways, but its basic idea is good, and the little architectural touch of the low lattice fence behind the flowers adds tremendously to its character and charm.

A DETAILED description of the flowers suggested here seems unnecessary, as every flower has been discussed in previous articles, with the exception of sweet peas and roses, and I will go into their "case histories" a little later. On the plan will be found perennials, like doricum, peonies, and delphinium to help along the early season. They are followed by annuals, chrysanthemums and dahlias, which will pull you through to the end. All the flowers suggested are easily grown, have good stems, and last a reasonable time in water.

A word about the most expedient way to treat flowers for the house. If possible, do your cutting late in the afternoon, when the sun is not hot. Put the flowers in tall containers so they are up to their heads in water, and let them have a good soaking all night, then arrange them in bowls and vases the next morning.

If it is not convenient to do it this way, and you must do your picking in the morning, do it as early as possible before the sun is blazing hot. Have a couple of containers filled with water in a shady spot



# BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

in the garden, and as you finish picking one group of flowers, plunge them into the water so they will not dry out and become discouraged, while you do the rest of your picking. There is nothing so disheartening as spending hours picking and arranging flowers, only to have them look by lunch time as though they had been withered for days! This tragedy has happened to all of us, but if the stems are never allowed to become dry the chance of this happening is almost negligible.

To grow fine sweet peas is difficult in a warm, dry climate. They like cool, moist weather, so do not be disappointed if your sweet peas do not look like those grown in England. However, even if the stems are on the short side, and the flowers not "mammoth," still they are sweet peas, and a bowl of them mixed with baby's breath (*gypsophila*) is always an enchanting acquisition.

Prepare the trench for the sweet peas the first moment in spring that the soil is pliable and not too wet; and then plant the seeds as early as possible. Soaking the seed in water for a day, is a help. The trench should be two feet wide and two feet deep. Fill one foot with good light loam mixed with plenty of cow manure (well rotted) and bone meal. Put a line down the center of the trench and plant a row of seeds on either side. When the plants are a few inches high, fill in the trench up to their little necks with a fine composition of manure and soil, and keep on repeating this operation until the trench is level with the rest of the ground. Also, put on a mulching of grass whenever the lawn is cut. Thin out the plants if they are too crowded, and train up a wire trellis. This is the simple outdoor method of growing sweet peas. For under

glass cultivation, read directions in a seed catalogue.

For the roses, prepare that portion of the garden as follows: dig area three feet deep and put six or eight inches of coarse cinders or broken stones at the bottom. Cover this foundation with a few inches of soil, followed by one foot of rotted cow manure, and fill in the rest of the space with good soil mixed with more cow manure, bone meal and peat moss. Plant roses in early spring, just as soon as the ground is workable. Plant, prune and cover bushes with soil, as per directions in a good rose growers' catalogue, like Conard Pyle's. Then cover the entire surrounding ground with about one and a half inches of chopped up tobacco stems. When buying roses always get good stock from reliable firms; unhealthy plants are a miserable investment.

**T**HE preparation for this garden is fairly automatic. If the soil is poor, enrich it with good black top soil, and always use plenty of manure. Flowers need a richer bed than vegetables, but don't fool yourself about vegetables, either! They do on good soil conditions, and will repay you every time for giving them expensive manure and various commercial fertilizers. Constant cultivation keeps them happy, as pliable soil retains moisture and encourages growth.

The same, of course, applies to flowers; but in a drought they will need more watering than vegetables. Do not neglect staking, as bent over, bruised flowers look just as forlorn in a house as in a border! (Refer to my article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 1939 for watering and staking directions.)

One hot bed and two or three cold frames should be all you would



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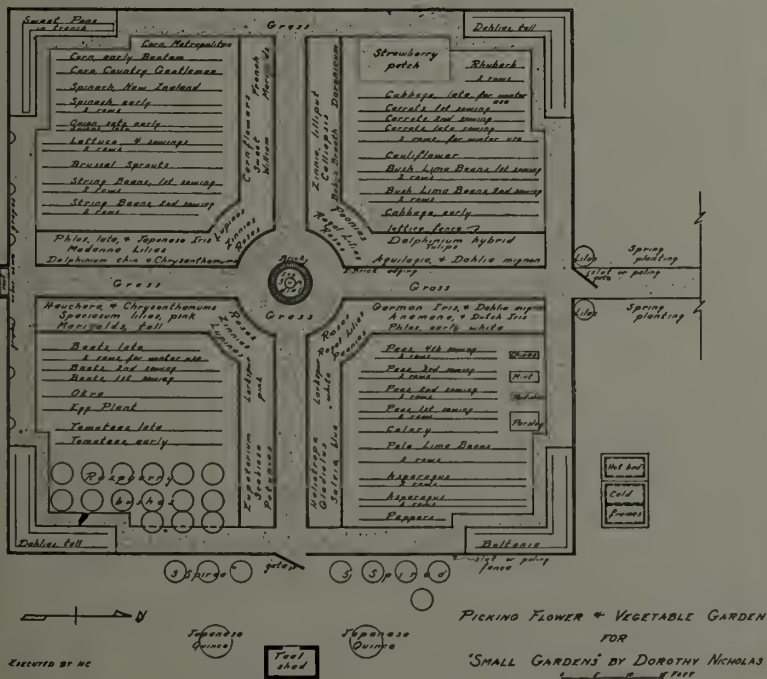
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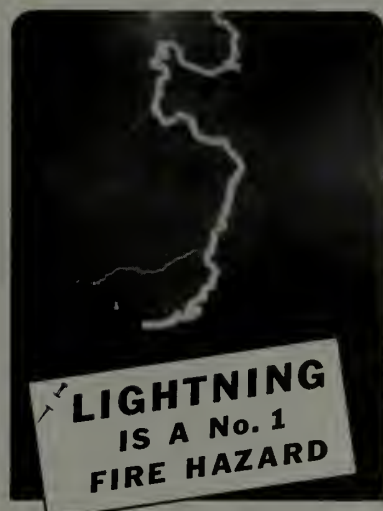
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need to start the vegetables, like tomatoes, cabbages, peppers, etc., and the few annuals, like petunias, salvia farinacea, and mignon dahlias, that need forcing. For this year you may have to buy these as plants, and next year have your hot bed ready in March.

A strong fence around the garden is most advisable. Have either a paling or a slat one and paint it white or dark green. Attach wire to lower part of fence and fasten it a good foot underground to keep young Peter Rabbit out. Let him continue to battle it out with Mr. McGregor, and fix it so he will have to leave your crisp young lettuces alone!

I am sorry not to have a photograph of this garden, but trust the sketch will take its place. It is approached through a wood, and leading from the wood to the garden is a walk with spring planting on either side. There are forsythias, viburnum carlesii, lilacs, spireas, syringas, Japanese quinces, kolkwitzias, grape hyacinths, narcissus, pansies, anchusa myosotidiflora, etc., which means that the flowering season starts in April, and continues (in the main garden) through the entire season, until hard frost. This is a joy to anyone who loves flowers in a house. And who doesn't? As for the vegetables and fruit, don't you honestly feel like grabbing your shovel, fork, and rake, and starting right in to make this ideal kitchen garden? For a detailed planting plan of flowers, in this garden, apply to COUNTRY LIFE, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

## HARNESS RACING

(Continued from page 52)

even his very important fast work.

Then there are, of course, the amateur and matinee races, in which the owner-driver constantly indulges. And not only that. Nowadays, as is well known, his wife and daughters may often be seen up behind some member of the stable, both in workouts and the matinee contests.

The most conspicuous members of the fair sex, in such roles, have been Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, and her daughters, and Mrs. Willis Nichols. As far back as 1929 Mrs. Harriman drove her husband's pacing stallion, Highland Scott, to his best record of 1:59¼, being the first reinswoman ever to drive a mile under two minutes. Mrs. Nichols, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ogden M. Edwards, the owners of Walnut Hall Farm, the world's largest trotting horse breeding establishment, in 1936 drove the three-year-old trotting filly Margaret Castleton, bred and owned at Walnut Hall, to a record of 1:59½, which the next season at four she lowered to 1:59¼. No four-year-old filly driven by a professional reinsman has ever beaten the latter time. But still more sensational was the feat accomplished in 1937 when the dainty little eleven-year-old Alma Sheppard, daughter and granddaughter of his owners, drove the three-year-old colt Dean Hanover to the world's record for his age, 1:58½.

Well over ten years ago Miss Hel-

len Davis, of California, was driving horses professionally with great skill and success, while in recent seasons she has done brilliantly with others that she has bred herself—something unique in turf history. With her also it has been "a labor of love," not done for hire but wholly because of her innate love of the diversion. A charming, cultured and retiring young woman, in personality she is the reverse of the picture formerly held up of the "woman Jehu," and when the news was published last fall that she had suffered severe injuries when driving in a race, sincere regret was felt throughout the trotting world.

This closeness of association has also bred a spirit of camaraderie, an esprit de corps, among lovers of the harness horse which apparently is unique and does not exist among followers of the "high-mettled racer." They are perpetually getting together for good times socially, here, there and everywhere, upon almost any pretext, or even none at all. Banquets, dinners, "little trips," outings (and innings) of innumerable kinds constantly engage them. In these functions, the commercial, the profit-taking, the organized professional impulse which today is so dominant among the Thoroughbred clans, plays a minor role, if it is not altogether absent.

Typical of these "get-togethers" was one that took place in January at Urbana, O. This is the home town of Dr. Hugh Parshall, who for a series of years past has been the leading winning reinsman of the harness turf. Every season he has been doing remarkable things, but in 1939 he outdid himself by making a clean sweep of the Hambletonian stake and all other three-year-old classics with Peter Astra. In addition, he scored unprecedented success all along the line. In recognition of this, his fellow-townsmen tendered him a public banquet and reception, at which a large gathering was present, including many persons who came long distances to attend.

It is such things as this that have made trotting what it is, and have kept the sport together, enabling it to weather the most destructive storms. Another strong factor has been the capacity of the Standard breed to produce a constant succession of champion horses with speed sufficient to carry them to ever higher goals. It is beyond dispute that much of the renewed interest in the American trotter has been due to the appearance of Greyhound (1:55¼), the present champion, whose career has been so extraordinary that it has arrested the attention and extorted the admiration of even those who profess to regard the harness sport with supercilious scorn or good-natured, semi-contemptuous indifference. Greyhound's success for the past five seasons, ever since he came out as a two-year-old in 1935, has been without precedent. The series of achievements he has recorded dwarfs everything else of the kind previously known. And today, at the age of seven, he is still perfectly sound, unblemished and, apparently, good for more record-smashing in 1940.



Beyond doubt the emergence, from time to time, of some such "super-horse" (to use the popular term) has a stimulating effect upon the public interest in race horses, that is both immense and immensely beneficial. It directs this interest into the best and purest channel—that of genuine absorption in equine greatness "for itself alone," pushing into the background, for the time being at least, everything else. In modern times, only Man O'War has played a similar role upon the Thoroughbred turf—and Equipoise, to a lesser degree. The unalloyed wonder of such a horse as Greyhound was enormously effective in helping to lift harness racing to higher levels of interest and success in recent seasons. In addition, he has been, during the past three years, effectively seconded by the new pacing champion, Billy Direct (1:55), in his own way almost as much of a phenomenon.

**H**ARNESS horsemen, however, have, in full measure, the defects of their qualities. Among the most conspicuous of these has always been a tendency to restiveness under present rules and conditions for the conduct of the sport, plus a continuous agitation for new and, as their proponents assert, better ones. Nothing would afford a more perfect illustration of the age-old proverb that "man never is, but always will be, blessed," than a review of the different new dispensations in the way of turf governments and rules and regulations for harness racing that have perpetually tumbled over each other for the past fifty years. Dissatisfaction with what is, and a yearning for something different, seems to be a part of the trotting constitution. While, mixed with it, is a very contradictory but equally "human, all too human" attribute—namely, the fight against innovations and the stubborn objection to changes in things as they are, of another wing of the constituency; these objectors, as a rule, are those who have been a long time active and successful, hence are not only conservative, but pretty hide-bound into the bargain.

Thoroughbred horsemen have, as a body, tended to be much more docile. The rank and file are apt to accept what is marked out for them by "higher-ups" and ruling groups, without more than private and unorganized opposition or protest. It requires something away out of the common to produce anything else of consequence. They recognize that they are, after all, very small cogs and bearings in a very big machine, and play a very subordinate part indeed in the mechanism. But harnessdom has always been full of radicals, as well as souls built upon the inventive and imaginative plan who are willing to "try anything once" in the hope of realizing an ideal. And some of the things that they have tried—! Taken together, they form as motley a conglomeration as might well be conceived.

Happily, the close hook-up now existent between Thoroughbred racing and politics, does not obtain with the harness sport. This is very naturally, as well as wholly due to

the fact that the tax-taking possibilities of the former are absent from the latter. But of one thing we may be sure. If, by any turn of the evolutionary wheel, anything of that kind might arise, the taxing bodies will descend upon the trotters and pacers with the same promptitude and legal and other efficiency they now employ among the Thoroughbreds. It may, therefore, be just as well that harness racing is not as yet "big business"—for its own sake.

Just at present, those anxious to promote prosperity among the trotters are trying to figure some way out of the prevailing conditions which consecrate practically all large earnings to the colts, with none for the aged horses.

It has long been the case among the runners that the plethora of stakes for the two- and three-year-olds has reduced the number of four-year-olds and upward, available for the all-aged fixtures, to a corporal's guard. That was formerly not so among the trotters, the main strength of the sport being its many valuable races for the older horses. But ever since the advent of the Hambletonian Stake and the numerous Futurities now given for two- and three-year-olds, the aged horse has been crowded more and more into the background, until today his earning capacity has been reduced to but a shadow of what formerly it was. This, again, has disastrously affected values. Whereas yearling and two-year-old prices are good to high, those for aged performers, eligible only to the fast classes, are down to bed rock or lower.

All this, again, has to do with the present classification of harness racers by the money-won system of calculating eligibility. When this was adopted, more than a dozen years ago, it was hailed as a great step in advance. Now it is being denounced as a greater one in the other direction! The fact of the matter would seem to be that it has been abused rather than rationally used. But that story is too long, and too complicated, to be more than alluded to here.

Beneath—and, to speak paradoxically, above—all this is the most important fact of all. Namely, that in the modern Standard-bred trotter, America has developed the finest and most valuable modern equine type since the advent of the Thoroughbred—and the only one this country has given to the world that is internationally so recognized.

One has only to scan the pedigrees of the harness racers of foreign countries to learn that American blood is everywhere dominant—in many countries not merely dominant but in practically complete possession of the course. When we speak of Standard trotting blood, moreover, we mean, in effect, the blood of Hambletonian—the most powerful element, in its capacity to absorb all others into its resistless tide, that any branch of live-stock breeding shows.

Well indeed may the great annual event raced at Goshen, N. Y., be named for the progenitor that was born, and died, almost within sound of the applause that greets the victor,

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and whose towering granite monument rises near by. The greatest trotting race in the world, neither it nor the breed of horses that contests it, would exist today but for the labors of his loins.

### STAFF PROBLEM

(Continued from page 32)

secured by the Young Women's Christian Association. The proposal reads as follows, and is offered as a possible working basis to those heads of households who are experiencing difficulties:

"A definite working agreement between employer and employee should be made at time of employment. This should be reviewed periodically and anticipated variations should be considered. It is recommended that this agreement be a written one, and a copy be kept by both the employer and employee.

"Regular duties should be clearly defined, with provisions made for the possibility of emergencies.

"Actual working hours shall be defined as hours of duty during which the worker is not free to follow his own pursuits.

"Time on call is that time when he is not free to leave the house but may rest or follow his own pursuits. Two hours on call shall be considered equivalent to one hour of working time.

"Hours entirely free for worker's own personal or business life, is the time when the worker is entirely free from any responsibility to the employer or the job.

"Total actual working hours shall not exceed a maximum of sixty working hours a week, or less as agreed upon.

"Time off: Two half days a week, beginning not later than two p.m. on the weekday and three p.m. on Sunday, or one whole day a week should be scheduled.

"Vacations: One week with pay after the first year's service.

"Local Councils on Household Employment, in working out fair minimum wage rates, should take into account prevailing wage rates in household employment, changes in the cost of living and advancement in business recovery in the community concerned. No full-time worker should receive a wage less than the minimum. Wages above the minimum should not be decreased and a rising scale should accompany increasing skill and experience.

"Payment should be made preferably weekly or bi-weekly and if paid monthly four and one-third weeks should be calculated to the month. Wages should be paid on the day due.

"Overtime should be compensated for by extra time off within one month, say for example, a weekend, or by extra pay on basis of 'rates per hour for more than fifty hours.' Overtime should not exceed twelve hours in any week.

"Comfortable living conditions should include: (a) adequate food; (b) private bedroom, possibly shared with another employee; (c) access to bath; (d) space for personal possessions; (e) adequate heat.

"Employer shall give one week's notice, or week's pay for termination of employee's services, after the trial period is passed. Trial period should be two weeks. Employee should give one week's notice after the trial period."

### OLD HOMES ON L. I.

**G**LIMPSES of New England abound in eastern Long Island. If you go there on a summer's day—as many will do in this year, when Southampton and Southold are holding tercentenary celebrations, you are almost sure to fall under the charm of the wide, shaded streets, the old, shingled houses and the neat little gardens, all of which testify to early English settlement.

History has many strange chapters, but none odder than the odyssey of the English families who crossed the Atlantic to settle in Lynn and New Haven, and who afterward sailed across Long Island Sound to establish homes in a region where Dutch authority was contested. Because the new settlers were staunchly English in their allegiance, the towns of Southampton and Southold started to send representatives to the General Court at Hartford, holding fast for some years to ties with Connecticut.

Conforming to New England custom, the houses were built without porches. Two-storied in front, they had long, sloping roofs at the rear, which ran down to a point below the top of a lower floor. Windows were few in number and invariably small, for glass cost money in those times. Regardless of how the street might extend, all the houses were built facing the south, to allow plenty of sunlight to enter. The three-foot cedar shingles on the sidings were never touched by the paint brush, and more than two hundred years have only succeeded in turning them a lovely silver gray.

The interior of one of these ancient dwellings offered a cosy warmth to neighbors who came calling. Strangers must have noticed the high wainscoting, usually painted blue, and the paneling of the same color. Guests always gathered about the fireplace in the living-room, above which hung the watch and keys of the master of the house. Higher still, on a rough wooden bracket, lay the long English fowling-piece, the owner's pride and joy.

An English love of gardens flourished among these twice-transplanted immigrants. Behind a modest fence with white palings lay the beauty spot, which the good people nurtured. Here, without fail, were old-time gilly flowers and jonquils, and perhaps heartsease; bell-flowers, poppies, hollyhocks, fair maids-of-Kent or love-lies-bleeding.

Brought up in a home like this, one Long Island boy never quite forgot its charm. In later life he wandered over a good part of Europe, but always a fond memory traveled with him. His name was John Howard Payne. To his countrymen he left the words of a song which became immortal—"Home, Sweet Home."

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THE greatest of all race-horses was Eclipse—so named because he was born during an eclipse of the sun. Never beaten, he is commemorated to this hour by the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 run annually at Sandown Park in England. Yet he never ran in a race until he was five years old.

He was born on April 1, 1764, in the Isle of Dogs, off Greenwich, in the river Thames, in the stables there of the ill-famed Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George II. The Duke of Cumberland, known in history as "the Bloody Duke" and "the Butcher of Culloden" because of his cruelty to the followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie, died, unregretted by anybody, the year after Eclipse was born, and the whole of his stud was sold in Smithfield, London. Eclipse's sire was Marske, and his dam Spiletta, and, although both were sprung from Arabian barbs—a race famous for its speed—neither had done anything great as race-horses.

Nevertheless, a groom who evidently knew a good horse when he saw one, advised a Mr. Wildman to buy Eclipse. Wildman managed to secure the colt for 75 guineas, another man offering 70 guineas.

Wildman, to his disappointment, found him a handful. Unlike most barbs, which were celebrated for their good temper equally as much as their speed and endurance, the colt would bite, kick, and jib, and even strike out with its forelegs. Unable to do anything with him, Wildman handed him over to a "roughrider," who was also a poacher, and this man rode him about all day and at night took him on his poaching expeditions.

When he was four years old, he was seen by an Irishman named Denis O'Kelly, a hanger-on of the turf who had been a poor sedan-chairman in Dublin, and afterwards a billiard and tennis marker, but had married a countrywoman of some private means named Charlotte Hayes. A fairly successful gambler, O'Kelly too saw the latent possibilities of the colt, and he offered Wildman 250 guineas for a half share in the animal, on condition he was let run it the following year at Epsom.

Wildman consented, and on May 3, 1769, Eclipse ran, for the first time on a racecourse, for a stake of £50 on Epsom Downs, under a jockey named John Oakey. O'Kelly told Oakey not to attempt to hold the colt, but simply to sit tight in the saddle. There were four other horses in the race, which was only open to such as had never yet won except in £30 matches. With the fullest confidence in the colt, O'Kelly took all the odds he could get in bets, and also wagered even money and 5 and 6 to 4.

Accounts differ somewhat as to how the race was won, but all agree that sooner or later Eclipse shot like an arrow to the front, and, swiftly distancing his competitors, swept past

the winning post almost before they had turned the corner. "Eclipse first—the rest nowhere!" was the overjoyed O'Kelly's famous shout, which became almost proverbial, destined as it was to be repeated on numerous similar fields of triumph. O'Kelly netted a hatful of golden guineas.

In that same month the colt won a two-mile race at Ascot, and in the following June the King's Plate at Winchester. He won both races with consummate ease, springing away at once, keeping the lead, and running in without requiring whip or spur. That same year of 1769 saw him also carry off the King's Plate at Salisbury, and the Silver City Bowl, the King's Plate at Canterbury, and the King's Plates at Lewes and Lichfield. "There was no compromise about his victories," we are told, "he cut down the field at once, and shot in like a rifle-bullet."

APPARENTLY his temper had improved under the better treatment O'Kelly gave him, for we hear no more of his intractable behavior. And in the next year, 1770, he continued his triumphs without a hitch, beating first of all two crack racers for the King's Plate at Newmarket. O'Kelly and Wildman both took large bets at 6 and 7 to 4, and even 10 to 1. Then he won the Guildford King's Plate, with a subscription purse of more than £300, at odds of 20 to 1 on, and a starting price of 100 to 1!

The astute O'Kelly now managed to persuade Wildman to sell him the remaining half share in the colt for only 1,100 guineas; and so secured for himself the King's Plate at Lincoln in September, the Newmarket 150 guineas' race, and again the King's Plate at Newmarket.

In the last-mentioned race all the best six-year-olds were entered against Eclipse, and yet O'Kelly offered to take 10 to 1, and made an enormous coup, "the enchanted horse double-distancing the whole following in a moment, and passing the winning post without turning a hair," wrote an eye witness.

Eclipse won some half-dozen more King's Plates, the Epsom Cup, the Ipswich Gold Cup, the Newmarket Whip, with 28 hogsheads of claret; then he was considered so unbeatable that it was impossible to match him for money, and he enjoyed several "walks-over." O'Kelly had to withdraw him from racing, and reserve him for breeding. It is estimated that the great colt won in stakes alone £71,205, besides the gold and silver plates, cups, bowls, etc. His owner charged fifty guineas for breeding, and thus made £25,000 more.

He left behind him some hundreds of sons and daughters, but none ever achieved anything like his fame. But it is stated, as a singular fact, that a small spot on his quarter also marked all his numerous descendants, down to the fifth and sixth generations.





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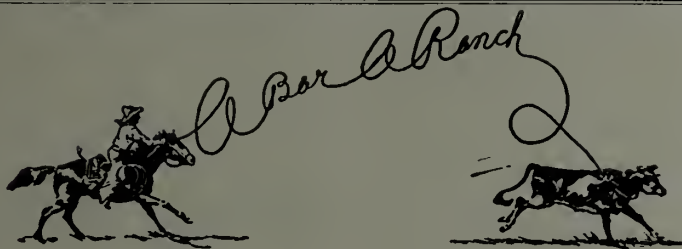
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**The MILWAUKEE ROAD**  
ROUTE OF THE OLYMPIAN

## TWO GREAT RACES

(Continued from page 35)

\$50, and maybe for nothing if you were a fast talker. Many Thorns, the dam of Many Stings—you must admit that he is well named—can now be called a good producer because she also foaled Marfeu, a useful runner, by imported Pot Au Feu. The mare is by Eternal, out of imported Cactus Queen by Flint Rock. You could not call that fashionable breeding even if you had an imagination made of India rubber. So you see that Many Stings was something of a poor relation until he stepped forward and asserted his right to a part of the heritage of the Thoroughbred race.

Now, when all of this sinks in, you probably will ask a question. It's inevitable. Is Many Stings a good horse? The answer can only be that he was good enough to win the two big handicaps in Florida, and nearly \$65,000 in prize money. As things are reckoned these days, that makes him a good horse. One might add that he didn't beat anything, but that seems to be so unfair. Let's wait and see what he does this year. Remember that Seabiscuit was nothing as a young horse and that \$10,000 was considered a nice price for him when the Wheatley Stable sold him to Howard. He improved 1000 per cent, and Many Stings, in the words of his trainer, has improved 150 per cent. He is coming to Belmont Park this year to meet the horses that used to be, and maybe still are, his betters. A Suburban with Many Stings, Seabiscuit, Kayak 2nd, Eight Thirty, Fighting Fox, Isolater, Challedon, Impound, Gilded Knight, Hash, Cravat and Volitant should be a horse race worth seeing. In connection with the Suburban, this reporter ventures the guess that it will be a better race than the \$100,000 run in California, and the gallop for fifty grand in Florida.

Moving from Florida's citrus belt across the country to California and Santa Anita, you come to Seabiscuit, the great son of Hard Tack, that is now the leading money winner with earnings of \$437,730. The mighty Biscuit started once in 1939, finished third, and was put away with earnings of \$400. A has-been? It looked like it. They put him away to rest and then sent him to serve a half-dozen mares. Then he began to act as though he might like to race again. He seemed to be going sound. Ordinarily, that wouldn't make any difference in the case of a horse that had been put away, and had served mares. The case of Seabiscuit had a curious twist that made it a little different.

If you know Charles S. Howard you must be fully aware that his pet ambition for two years has been to see Seabiscuit top Sun Beau's record. The record never meant much, except in the bank account of Willis Sharpe Kilmer's stable, but Howard wanted his horse to break it. That may be understandable, when you stop to think that the California sportsman bought Seabiscuit for a song. He would always be known as the man who bought a colt for virtually nothing,

and then sent him on to become the greatest money winner of them all. You and I know that Howard was a lucky man, but that is another story. If you know him pretty well, he will tell you that when he bought the Biscuit he thought he was getting a useful colt, nothing more. And that's what the Wheatley Stable and Jim Fitzsimmons thought they were selling. Time has a way of making us all look a little sappy.

And so, like Mose Shapoff in Miami, C. S. Howard stood on the threshold of realizing his ambition, when Seabiscuit took the track with twelve other horses. The Biscuit had given every indication of being his old self again, but his record in the Santa Anita Handicap was one of misfortune. In 1937 he was beaten a nose by Rosemont. In 1938, Stagehand, a three-year-old carrying only 100 lbs., defeated him by a nose. He seemed to be ready for another smashing race in 1939, and then he broke down.

I PREVIOUSLY asked you to imagine what was going on in the mind of Mose Shapoff in Miami; so now try to guess Howard's thoughts. Mose could use the money and would take a higher ranking in his profession; Howard had riches, but for two years that ambition to put the Biscuit over the top was eating into his very soul.

The field at Santa Anita was off and Whichcee, a speed horse, went to the front. A bay horse was a length behind him, then a half length, then a head and finally he was a head in front of him. That was the Biscuit, charging on in his relentless way, breaking the heart of the runner in front of him just as he made the very eyeballs of War Admiral roll back in their sockets. There was another one in there, too, and he was coming fast. He was a dark brown fellow and he carried the same silks as the Biscuit. That was Kayak 2nd, that ran a sensational race, moving from last place at the first quarter pole to finish second, a length behind the winner.

Now imagine Howard's feelings again. He saw the Biscuit come to the front and then his other horse, Kayak 2nd, move up from the rear. Suppose Seabiscuit's running mate went crazy and upset everything? Do you remember the afternoon at Pimlico when High Quest beat Cavalcade in the Preakness, when Mrs. Dodge Sloane's trainer had given express orders for the latter to win if they came up to the finish in one-two order? Leo Haas, a heady rider, had been brought on from Miami to ride Kayak. He had been told that if Seabiscuit was going to win he was not to beat him. He had been instructed that if the entry was to run one-two, it would have to be Seabiscuit first and Kayak second. Don't you think that Howard, like Mose Shapoff, lived nine lives as he watched that drama unfold on the racing strip?

A great horse won at Santa Anita, an obscure fellow that you may never have heard of, won at Miami. It's curious when you stop to think how much they and the men whose hopes and ambitions they carried had in common. Don't let anyone tell you

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that there isn't romance in racing, that there's nothing to the game except the bet you win or lose.

## CHILE

(Continued from page 37)

grows weary at the limitless extent of the vineyards, and is refreshed by the green hills terraced with vines. When autumn comes the fields turn yellow, and the roads are full of long, narrow carts taking the grapes to the press. There is an acrid, yet sweet, odor everywhere; the boys pass by with their grape-stained faces and their jugs of *chicha*, the national drink. In the early morning the vineyards awaken in the first shreds of mist; one hears the far-off voices and singing of girls picking the first ripe clusters.

And now the sad hour of the land sets in; the verdant coloring has disappeared and yellows and reds predominate. The outdoor work is over on the ranches and homes of the tenants; the squashes, red peppers, tomatoes and corn are drying on the roofs. In the orchard pears, peaches, figs and plums are being dried on willow rods. Only the yellow persimmons are still clinging to the trees. One hears voices saying:

"We must take down the squash. It's going to rain."

"The fox ate the black hen's chickens last night."

"Have you heard—Don Juan Baucha passed away last night." And it begins to rain a very fine delicate rain, full of shame. Winter has come with its cold and dampness. Doña Rosario begins to feel her rheumatic pains in the legs, and Don Crispulo's cough awakens him in the night.

Side by side with the humble life of the countryfolk there is that of the rich estate owners. There still exist in Chile thousands of colonial homes, with their large corridors and massive gates, their sumptuous grounds covered with orange groves and palm trees. The aristocratic generations of Chile have been raised in these manorial homes. It is here that the *patron* has come during the summer months to inspect his hacienda with its crops of wheat and its orchards; the eldest son to run after the country girls, and the *senoritas* to gallop furiously along the poplar-lined roads escorted by their beaus imported from the city. They are not all entirely aware of the poverty and unhappiness around them. At times the lady of the house will visit a sick tenant, or form committees to aid nearby villages in a "drop of milk" campaign.

In these hacienda homes there are luxurious rugs from Paris, antique porcelain from Limoges, paintings by Monvoisin portraying the full bosomed ladies of fifty years ago. When a good crop of corn or beans had enabled the family to spend a season in Europe, they would return with objects of art from France, England and Italy. All of the past generation more, or less, has crossed the ocean and the Andes, bringing back not only the influence of hoop-

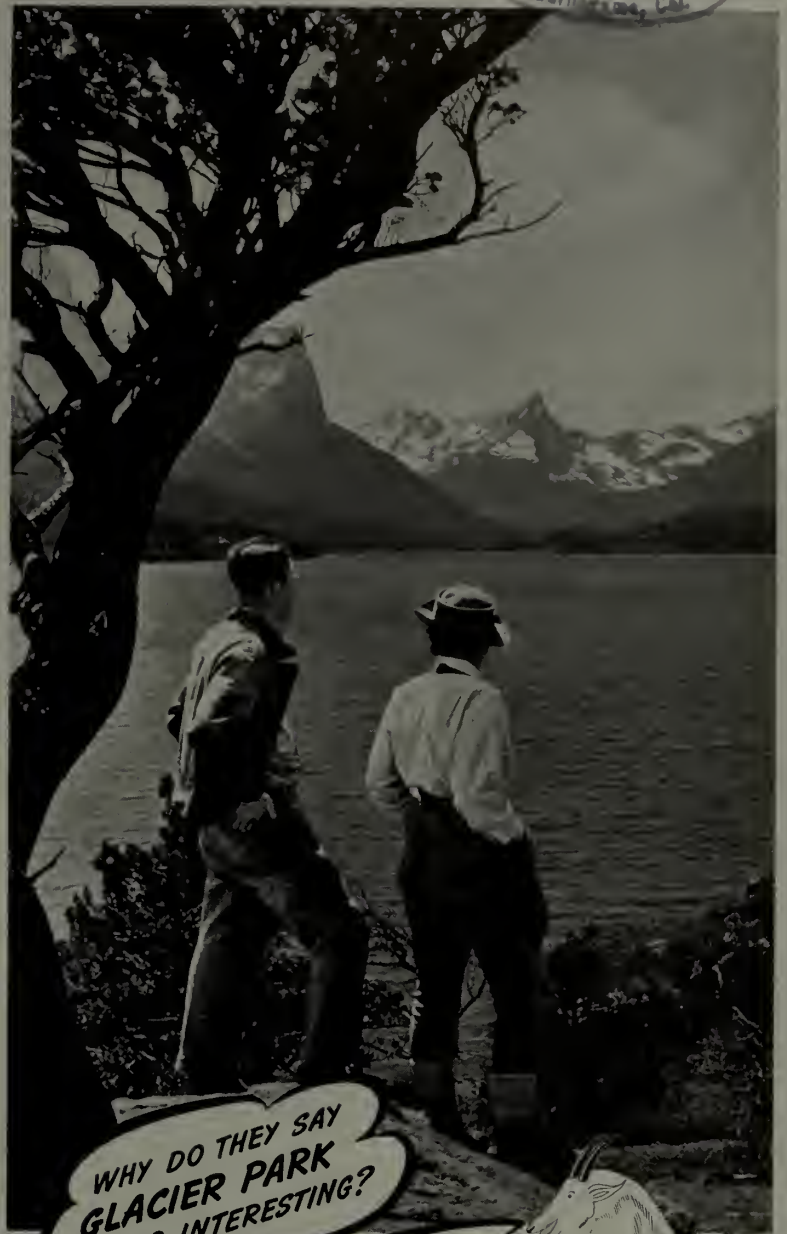
skirts and the ermine muff of the nineties, but some new seed, a rare variety of plum, apricot or of peach. This established and orderly life, based on the periodic rotation of the seasons, for more than a hundred years molded the character of a conservative class which hates changes, alterations and all that constitutes an interruption in the old familiar precepts. Modern life, the machine, the social significance of land and labor are creeping in slowly, but are felt. These men are passionate and silent devotees of the Latin aphorism that nature does not progress by leaps and bounds. There is a conservative attitude in the countryside that is perennial; the tenants follow each other, father and son for generations in the same cottage, with its same gardens, its acacia hedges and blackberry bushes. Doña Mariquita has served the master of the house fifty-five years and Don Gumercindo, the foreman, no longer rides, but from the porch of his house still gives orders to the hands to bring in the calves and fence in the sheep.

**L**IFE in Chile is undergoing a slow transition. Little by little surges of urban influence are felt; the Italian owner of the general store has introduced the radio, and a Russian Jew peddles films through the countryside. Besides, there is a dance hall where, on Saturday evenings, the fox-trot and other diabolical dances are played till midnight. The family discipline is slowly disappearing; the old folks growl under their breath that "things were different in our day."

Now, however, the apples are rosier and juicier, the wheat freer of defects, the lentils are larger, the cheese is creamier and of finer texture. Now the hen houses of the poor tenants are filled with different varieties of chickens, and the pigs are in the fields instead of in the house, and the orchards and the gardens. . .

The sun is rising and Aunt Olegaria is in her garden. The red rose that only last night was a bud is now in full bloom; the azaleas seem to have swallowed the blue of the sky; a white lily tilts its head provocatively, like a fifteen year old girl; the peonies are bursting forth from their girdles, robust and beautiful. "And you who think you are immortal" says the aunt to a red dahlia, enormous and dripping with dew. But also expressing the same thought are the bluebells, pinks, zinnias, rhododendrons, and the rose vines hanging from the ancient walls. Aunt Olegaria has come to gather flowers for the Virgin's altar, but leaves empty-handed; they were so alive, so pure, so human, that she has not the heart to cut them.

To all appearances life goes on as always with immovable serenity and yet . . . There is an abyss between those countryfolk who fifty years ago threw stones at the first trains to cross Chilean territory, and these of today. There is an abyss but an invisible one, for to the casual eye the Chilean countryside with its roads, its rivers, its poplar-lined avenues appears today as it did a hundred years ago.



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Edited by PETER VISCHER

## RACING IN NEW ENGLAND

A SOURCE of satisfaction to owners of race-horses which campaign in New England, will be the fact that the managements of Rockingham Park, Narragansett Park and Suffolk Downs, have completed a working agreement that should improve the conditions of racing there.

A full seven months season is scheduled, covering 172 days, from April 17 to November 2, without a break, except on Sundays. The switchover between meetings is set for the week-ends; as one track closes on Saturday, its successor on the schedule opens up the following Monday.

Arrangements are simple in this case. Suffolk is at Boston, Narragansett 40 miles to the south, Rockingham 24 miles to the north. Narragansett and Suffolk can house 1200 horses apiece, with ample space left for feed and tack rooms, while Rockingham can handle 1000 horses with comfort.

In the past, the character of the racing strips has varied somewhat. An effort will be made this year to have the three strips uniform in character, so that formful racing may be maintained throughout the season. Good, well-cushioned surfaces, designed for safety rather than new records, will be maintained.

## NEW POLO FIELD FOR HARVARD

W. CAMERON FORBES has crowned his 40 years of active participation in polo by giving to the Undergraduate Polo As-

sociation of Harvard his private polo field in Westwood. Heretofore, Harvard has had to depend upon the guest privileges afforded by the Myopia and Dedham Clubs, except for last year, when Governor Forbes opened Gay Farms to their use. Now this excellent field is their own property, with adequate stable facilities, grandstand and club house available.

More than 40 years ago, Cameron Forbes started his polo career at the Dedham Club, became a sound, though not brilliant, player and upon assuming his duties as Governor General of the Philippines in 1909, introduced the game to the Islands. A number of polo fields were at once constructed, carefully watered, and the turf brought to maturity. Army officers who served there 30 years ago tell of the enthusiasm among both civilian and army players and how, between chukkers, troops of bare-footed Filipinos tamped back the divots.

Upon his return to the States, "As to Polo" was published, the first American book on polo, and so soundly conceived that it is still well worth careful study, despite the numerous changes that have taken place in the game and its rules. In the preface the Governor stated that he hesitated to publish the notes made in the Philippines in 1910, as he had never been a high goal player. But his suggestions were so soundly conceived and clearly stated, that none of the top ranking players had anything save praise for the book. Later works have supplemented, rather than replaced, it.

Later, Cameron Forbes did much to encourage and assist polo in New England, where the local championship is determined by play for the W. Cameron Forbes Championship Cup. Modern polo at Harvard was fathered by him and the one stipulation made with the gift is that the Cameron family may, if they wish, practice there as the guests of the Harvard Association.

With a splendid field upon which the turf is more than 20 years old, located within 10 miles of Cambridge, and reached without a trip through Boston, Harvard should be entering upon a new course of successful competition. A strong bid has been made for the 1940 Inter-collegiates. D. v I.

## THE BAYARD TAYLOR MEMORIAL



A. A. BROWNE  
The pogeant; Elsie Stewart as Solly Fairthorne, and Robert Weston as Gilbert Potter



KLEIN  
In the 144th Anniversary Boyard Taylor Memorial Fox Hunt, seven packs of hounds and more than 500 riders took part; the event was held on the Chester County, Pa., estate of Pierre S. duPont

WHAT was probably the largest fox-hunt ever held in this country, in terms of hounds and riders engaged, took place on March 9, at Kennett Square, Pa.

The 144th anniversary of fox-hunting in Chester County was the occasion. The meet was held on the estate of Pierre S. duPont. More than 10,000 persons, aside from the riders, gathered, in the most discouraging weather, to celebrate the conduct of this year's Bayard Taylor Memorial Fox Hunt, the first to be held since 1896.

Seven packs of hounds, with more than 500 of their habitual followers, as well as many others who turned out for the occasion, were represented. They were those of Rose Tree, founded in 1859, The Westchester, established 20 years later; The Foxcatcher; Plunket Stewart's Cheshire pack; the Jefford's hounds, from Christiania; the Vicmead, and Newbold Ely's hounds.

Each pack was paraded separately before



the gallery, and then were all gathered together at the end of the field, making a group of 120 couple. Once more, with Masters and huntsmen, they appeared before the spectators as one unit.

The characters of Bayard Taylor's novel, "The Story of Kennett," impersonated by members of the Hunts participating, formed a colorful cavalcade, in period costumes, before the field moved off.

W. Plunket Stewart was general M. F. H. of the day, and Charlie Smith, huntsman of his Cheshire hounds, acted in that capacity for the joint pack.

### NEW STEEPLECHASE RULES

THE Stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association have continued their efforts to encourage added interest and participation in steeplechasing. After several months study a number of changes in the Rules of Racing were officially proposed at the meeting of March 7, and will become effective upon confirmation at the April meeting. Of course, the changes must be ratified by the New York Racing Commission before becoming effective, but as both Herbert Bayard Swope and John Hay Whitney are known to be sympathetic to the ideas which prompted them, approval may be taken for granted.

Encouragement of new owners was considered in new rules which permit the stewards of hunt meetings to waive, under certain conditions, the usual trainer requirements. Unlicensed amateur riders and jockeys may also be granted permission to ride two races at the current meeting.

"The Stewards of the NS&HA may amend or alter these Rules to conform to state racing laws or to regulations adopted by state racing commissions, charged with the conduct of races under said laws." This should materially aid in promptly providing complete conformity with any action taken anywhere in the United States, eliminating for such purposes prior publication in the Racing Calendar.

Rider allowances may now be claimed up to 24 hours before the race, in stakes closing more than three days prior to the day they are to be run. This should prove a great help to owners and trainers.

Formerly the clerk of the course was required to report to the NS&HA all arrears that remained unpaid within 14 days of the close of the meeting. This rule placed many owners, undeservedly, on the forfeit list and aroused bad feeling, as it did not provide sufficient time for correspondence between owner and trainer. The new provision of 30 days should be equally effective against the few whose delinquency is intentional.

The provision for a \$25 fee for a temporary certificate to permit the running of an unregistered horse has been eliminated. The penalty for running an unregistered horse now reads "may" instead of "shall" and the amount of the fine will "not exceed \$100," which allows some leeway to the stewards.

The use of a camera for close finishes is now provided for, and the running off of any dead heats eliminated. The rules covering selling and claiming races have been greatly clarified.

All riders in steeplechases, amateur and pro-

fessional, must now wear skull caps of approved design, and the minimum age for all riders is set at 16 years.

In conformity with the rules of The Jockey Club, the death of a nominator no longer voids the stake nominations of his horses. Upon suitable action by the estate of the nominator—within 90 days of his death—the horses may be kept eligible for their engagements.

From the influx of registrations of horses new to steeplechasing and the new names that are registering colors with the NS&HA, the work of the stewards appears to be definitely improving the sport. D. v I.

### DIXIE HANDICAP

The weight assignments for the 51 entries in the thirty-sixth running of the Dixie Handicap, at Pimlico, on May 8th, have been announced by handicapper Charles J. McLennan. They are as follows:

Kayak 2nd	134	Charles S. Howard
Seabiscuit	132	Charles S. Howard
Challedon	130	William L. Brann
Isolater	122	Belair Stud
Sun Lover	122	Millsdale Stable
Hash	120	Greentree Stable
Third Degree	118	Greentree Stable
Sir Damion	118	Marshall Field
Pasteurized	116	Mrs. W. P. Stewart
Challephen	116	William L. Brann
Honey Cloud	115	Mrs. A. J. Abel
Masked General	115	Brandywine Stable
War Dog	115	Falaise Stable
Olympus	114	Barrington Stable
Heatherbroom	113	J. H. Whitney
Count D'Or	113	Charles S. Howard
Belay	112	A. C. Bostwick
Brown King	112	Joe W. Brown
Impound	112	Alfred G. Vanderbilt
The Chief	112	Maxwell Howard
Great Union	112	Mrs. E. G. Lewis
Ortiz	112	Mrs. Max Horwitz
Day Off	111	Greentree Stable
War Minstrel	110	Mrs. E. Denmark
Pagliacci	109	Mrs. E. G. Lewis
Thellusson	109	Belair Stud
Filisteo	108	H. C. Hatch
Shining One	108	Circle M Ranch
Aethelwold	107	William L. Brann
Brazado	106	King Ranch
Marching Sir	105	W. L. Ranch
Roman Flag	105	Arnold Hanger
Blind Eagle	105	Mrs. E. Denmark
October Ale	104	Eliz. C. Bosley
Straight Lead	104	Mrs. P. Corning
Some Count	104	Mrs. E. Denmark
Jacomar	104	Mrs. E. G. Lewis
Affair	104	J. A. Manfuso
General Mowlee	103	Howard Bruce
Teddy's Girl	101	Mrs. E. Denmark
Eastport	101	Mrs. V. Wyse
Titilator	100	Circle M Ranch
De Icer	100	Arnold Hanger
Regent	100	Jos. E. Widener
Clyde Tolson	98	E. K. Bryson
Samuel D.	98	Mrs. E. G. Lewis
Gallant Dream	98	W. L. Ranch
Sky Dog	98	W. L. Ranch
Kantan	95	W. L. Ranch
Perfect Love	95	Mrs. E. G. Lewis
Cinesar	94	W. L. Ranch

### 35 YEARS TO GO

A RODEO performer is old in his profession at 35. At that advanced age he has usually given up bronc riding and bulldogging to confine himself to the less hazardous, if more skilled job, of trick roping.

That allows Lee Persico, Jr. to look forward to a good 33-year future of violent and exciting existence. He is now two, and well



Lee Persico, Jr., with his pony

equipped already. He recently performed at a California rodeo before a crowd of several thousands and went over big.

His pony, Buck, is a Palomino in color, half-Shetland and half-Hungarian by breeding. She is six years old, weighs 400 lbs., and seems quite aware of the responsibility that is hers. Lee is never strapped or tied on,



He comes rarin' out of a chute

so she must watch her step. He is an engaging pint-size to watch perform, for he takes his work seriously but with high good humor and a certain nonchalance.

Lee's mother and father, Florence E. Perside and Lee F. Persico, are themselves rodeo performers of standing. Lee looks good to carry on the family tradition.



Lee gets an early start for his life-work

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**SUFFOLK DOWNS, 60 days. May 20 to July 27**

**ROCKINGHAM, 24 days. July 29 to Aug. 24**

**NARRAGANSETT, 36 days. Aug. 26 to Oct. 5**

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SUFFOLK DOWNS	NARRAGANSETT	ROCKINGHAM
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**STAKE EVENTS**

**SUFFOLK DOWNS**—14 stakes, totalling \$132,500 topped by the Massachusetts Handicap.....\$50,000

**NARRAGANSETT**—11 Stakes, totalling \$107,500 topped by the Narragansett Special.....\$25,000

**ROCKINGHAM**.....\$375,000 in Stakes and Purses

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# LIVESTOCK

**E**VEN cows are cushioned on rubber these days! A rubber protective coating for cow stalls has recently come to the attention of this department, and it's an idea that makes a lot of sense. Indeed, it is one of those inventions that seems so sound, and at the same time is so simple, that you wonder why it hadn't been put into practice before.

It consists of a rubber and fabric mat, ¼ in. thick, which reaches from the stanchions to the gutter. In other words, it covers all the area of the stall with which the cow actually comes in bodily contact. This means that your milk producers are on a resilient, easily cleaned, bed of rubber, instead of concrete, which even when piled high with bedding, is still hard and cold.

Rubber is obviously easier on a cow's feet while she is standing. It also makes a more comfortable bed with less bedding, conserves body heat, reduces chances of injury, and provided, of course, that it lasts a reasonable length of time, is a modern and satisfactory idea. Why, then, hasn't someone tried it before?

The answer to this is that while the idea is fundamentally simple, putting it into successful practice was something else again. For instance, you can't put just any piece of rubber matting under a cow. It might slide out of place, or the cow might slip on it when it was wet, and seriously injure herself. For sanitation's sake, no moisture should leak through to the concrete beneath. Therefore, it must fit snugly around pipe-stall partitions, and in corners and along edges. Furthermore, the rubber should be of such a composition that it will wear like iron and be impervious to all forms of moisture, and free from reaction to chemicals, urine, etc.

For these, and other reasons, when Bancroft Henderson, the inventor of this rubber bed first hit upon the idea, he had his work cut out for

him. The fact that his invention fills all these requirements—and a lot more, too—is not mere happenstance. It has taken a lot of constructive thought, specialized knowledge, and experimentation.

It came into being as a hobby. Indeed, the development of this and several allied inventions of Henderson's, still is a hobby, though with every indication of growing into a business of no mean proportions.

He has been interested in livestock, particularly cattle, and the problems that livestock men have to contend with, for years. He has read much that has been written on animal husbandry, spent a lot of spare time visiting farms where valuable herds of cattle are maintained, discussing care, feeding, disease, and other matters, with owners and managers.

**O**CCASIONALLY, on one of these visits Henderson would see a cow with a swollen hock or knee. Or perhaps a sore foot. He learned that these disorders were painful and unsightly and that they often stubbornly resisted all treatment. He was also impressed with the seriousness of teat and udder injuries and disorders, especially when valuable and heavily producing cows were afflicted. He began to wonder if some of these disorders could be attributed to continued contact with hard surfaces.

Henderson is in the rubber business, and so of course knew all the things rubber is used for these days. He also knew compounds and quality, and the limitations of rubber. It was through this knowledge that the idea of rubber-covered beds for cows suggested itself.

In the early days of the invention there were many knotty problems. The non-skid aspect, for instance. If the surface were too hard, it would be slippery and dangerous. If too soft, it would distort and quickly wear out. Finally, just the right de-



FREE LANCE



gree of resiliency was discovered. In the finished product the rubber has just enough "give" so that the cow's hoof acts as a "squeegee" when the surface is wet, and she can't slip to save her life.

The joints around the pipe-stall fittings, and the edges, were other items that took some solving. Finally, it was found that the pipe could be unscrewed and a rubber seal put on it. Steel and reinforced rubber retainer strips also keep the edges firmly in place.

**T**HE first beds were installed at Strathglass Farms, Port Chester, N. Y., home of the world-famous Strathglass Ayrshires. These first ones were still in the experimental stage, and were small, only covering part of the stall. However, they were immediately successful, and have been ever since. They were put down in 1935. Last year they were taken up and examined, and it was found that there was less than 1/5000 of an inch of wear, which, to all intents and purposes, is no wear at all.

The next installation was made at the Sheffield Certified Farm at Pompton, N. J. There, full length mats were put down, but without fabric under the rubber. These became distorted however, as there was nothing to keep the rubber to its original shape.

After that, a fabric base of heavy duck sheeting was used and in this final form they were tried at P. H. B. Frelinghuysen's Twin Oaks Farm, famous for its Jersey cattle, at Morristown, N. J.

Since that time several other famous farms have followed suit. These mats were also included in the Electrified Farm at the World's Fair last summer. It has been found in practice, that the advantages are even greater than originally supposed. It is said that not only have all the cows put on this rubber kept free of knee and hock swellings, but that these conditions, if present, have returned to normal when rubber beds have been put down. So far, they have resulted in a total absence of teat injuries, and elimination of cuts and abrasions, thereby preventing germ entry into the blood stream.

It has also been pretty well proved that the cows are more comfortable. This was once demonstrated by two test groups: one on rubber and the other on concrete. Of the former group, 90% were lying down four minutes after milking. It was 35 minutes before the majority of the latter group were all down.

Henderson estimates that 84% of all movement of cattle while in the stanchions has been eliminated by rubber. This, in his opinion, is an important factor, contributing to longer productive lives for the cows, because energy and body heat are conserved.

This rubber bed is expensive to install, as its production is not on a large scale as yet. Indeed, Henderson refuses to make large installations, preferring, when someone wants him to equip a barn, only to do a certain number of stalls. He asks them to try the idea for three years, then, if they are satisfied, he will have the job completed. So far they have all been satisfied, and some have even reported that the beds have paid for themselves in labor and bedding saved over periods ranging from 17 months to three years. It is not known just how long the beds will last, but as they are made of the best quality rubber and are not susceptible to oxidation because they are not exposed to direct sunlight, they should remain useful for a good many years.

This isn't the only contribution that Henderson has made to the livestock world. He has also invented a rubber boot for cows, which has proved to be an almost sure fire cure for foul hoof (hoof rot) and other bovine foot ailments. This boot is somewhat similar to a boot for humans except, of course, it is fashioned to fit the feet of the various breeds of dairy cattle.

In using it the affected foot is cleaned and the boot, in which a plentiful supply of bicarbonate of soda has been placed, is put on the cow and the lacing drawn tight. The reason for its effectiveness is that carbon dioxide is given off by the soda when in contact with moisture from the hoof. In its presence, oxygen is eliminated. The medication is in constant contact with the affected parts and is quickly effective. Some amazingly rapid results have been obtained. These boots are made in sizes to fit Jerseys, Guernseys, Holsteins, Brown Swiss, Milking Shorthorns, and Ayrshires.

**H**ENDERSON has also contrived a horse boot made along similar lines, that, though it hasn't proved itself as yet, may prove to be a safety measure when shipping nervous or vicious horses.

Still another idea, the first one he had, as a matter of fact, as it was perfected before the rubber-coated bed, is a type of rubber horn protector. This is put on over the horn, and is said to keep cows from hooking. As a matter of fact, it is claimed that "bad actors" of long standing can be pastured with the rest of the herd, and not only will any hooking they may do be quite harmless, but that also they seem to get discouraged and become quite peaceable.

National Jersey Cattle Week is to be held in Kentucky this year. The American Jersey Cattle Club, which, incidentally, is the oldest purebred cattle registry in America, has accepted an invitation of long standing to gather in Louisville for its 72nd

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annual meeting and national Jersey sale, starting June 5.

It is planned to assemble fifty head of Jerseys, the cream of the nation's purebred herds, to be sold at auction in this national sale. This event is significant, as it is an important factor in establishing values for Jerseys throughout the country.

Anticipating the visits of hundreds of out-of-state cattlemen during the first part of June, Kentucky Jersey breeders are arranging a full schedule of events to entertain them. There is going to be an interesting program of tours, visits to breeding farms, and social events, according to Perry B. Gaines, president of the club, and a native Kentuckian. His own famous Riverview Farm, at Carrollton, will hold open house for the visiting Jersey breeders, and other breeding farms of the state are promising to do likewise.

## GOAT FARM

(Continued from page 51)

when you're done they'll set you down beneath a bright umbrella and let you sip the distillate of all this work. You'll like it, too, though the surroundings will seem not quite as peasant-like as goat milk might suggest. But if Baldwin's hunch is right, the peasant and his unkempt goat are now divorced. Goat herding has come of age in Killingly, and the sober hills of old Connecticut are seeing what may eventually become an entirely new kind of dairying in America.

And aside from all the excitement and all the experiment of this new venture, Warren Baldwin has finally got what he always wanted—some country of his own.

## TROUT FISHERMAN

(Continued from page 33)

of accuracy. But before you do this, call in your friend and get him to buy the fundamentals of tackle for you. Don't leave it to a sporting goods dealer, and don't get too expensive equipment at first. A good rod doesn't deserve the outrageous treatment that you would give it at the beginning.

Get your friend to pick you out a good rod of medium weight, a tapered line to match, a single action reel that balances with the rod—and that's about all for the time being.

For heaven's sake, don't try actually to fly fish for a while. If you do, you will snap off most of your flies, and hang the rest of them on trees and brush. You will almost certainly not catch any fish, and will probably end the experiment by breaking your rod into short lengths and heaving the who'e business into the stream in disgust.

The place for you now is on your own lawn. Just tie a knot in the end of your line, or whip it with thread so it won't fray. Get your friend to coach you the first few times. Remember to let your line straighten out behind you before you start the forward cast. Get the rhythm of it

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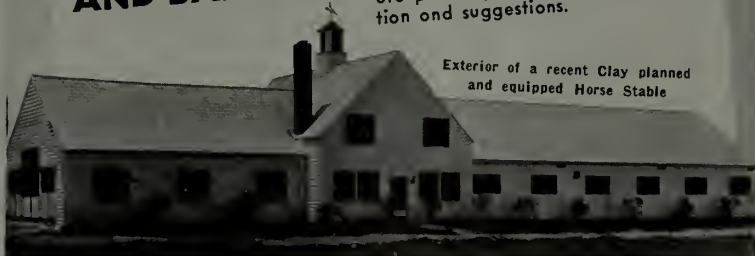
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References: The Live Stock National Bank, The Drovers National Bank, and the Union Stock Yards and Transit Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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FOR CATALOGUES WRITE

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You may put him down. Cast a bit upstream and let the fly drift over.

Watch for the less obvious places that might harbor fish. Some little quirk in the current that no one else has noticed may make an ideal home for a big trout. If you fish it the right way you may get him. Everyone fishes the more obvious places.

Perhaps there is a pool in which you know there are fish and yet can't catch them. Take time out and see if you can't figure why. Perhaps the fish lie too close to where you usually stand to fish. Don't be too sure this is the only place from which you can cast into the pool. That far bank may be lined with trees that prohibit a back cast—or seem to. Perhaps you can figure some way to cast sideways under them. Maybe a switch cast (get your friend to show you that) will do the trick.

**I**F nothing else, you might be able to float your fly out into the pool on a chip of wood. It's worth a try, anyway.

As to the proper flies and lures, don't worry about not having a complete assortment. Your original batch of old standbys will have to be added to as the season progresses, and if you watch what others are using successfully and add them to your list, you will have a hatfull before you know it.

A great deal of the effectiveness of a particular lure, or rather, type of lure, depends on the man using it. Remember in fly fishing the whole trick is to make an artificial and inanimate object look alive, and therefore edible, to the trout. This calls for some little subtleties that can't be taught and in many cases can only be discovered by accident, and is the reason why two men of equal fishing ability can fish side by side with the same fly and one catch fish and the other won't, while another day the picture will be reversed. This is more apt to apply to under the surface lures than it is to dry flies because the current imparts most of the action to the latter, and life is imparted to the former by the fisherman and rod.

You will find that this applies to you too, and when there isn't any evidence of what the fish are feeding on, stick to whatever fly you have the most confidence in, and fish it for all it's worth until you are sure it won't take fish that day.

It's all right to change flies now and then, if you aren't getting results, as long as you don't get discouraged after a few unsuccessful casts, and change too often. Also don't forget to have the standard patterns in several sizes.

Keep on, and before many years have passed you can qualify as something of an expert. Provided you catch fish, and can talk longer and louder than the next fellow you are entitled to your own theories of what a fly looks like to a trout, and whether or not he is color blind. You may even lie on the bottom of a stream with a hose in your mouth to get the trout's point of view. If you were to, you wouldn't be the first one to try it.

## HOME OF THE LEES

(Continued from page 31)

of Thomas' later years, when Stratford was at the height of its prosperity and the sons of Stratford were establishing themselves as leaders in the social and political life of the country. The effort has been to create an atmosphere in keeping with the dignity of the family at that time, and with the generosity of the old South, but free from the ostentation that Thomas Lee disliked.

The room is furnished with appropriate Queen Anne and William and Mary pieces, arranged in a setting of blue-gray walls and crimson damask hangings accented by the gleam of gold leaf from a pair of Queen Anne mirrors and a magnificent, many-armed chandelier. In one corner an *espinette* and harp recall the days of Philip Ludwell Lee, when the life at Stratford revolved around his lovely daughters, and the old Hall rang with the sound of gay young voices and the strains of music played for dining and for dancing.

The dining-room is not yet completely furnished. But its fine paneling and generous proportions are eloquent reminders of the hospitality that reigned at the Hall for as long as a Lee was Master there.

Prime factor in sustaining such hospitality, the kitchen at Stratford, housed in the southeast dependency, must have been the busiest place on the plantation. Its restoration has been particularly successful. The cavernous fireplace with its great cranes and gleaming copper, the sturdy maple tables and capacious paneled cupboard, and the herb closet with its bunches of mint, rosemary, and thyme, combine to form an eloquent picture of the time when days were leisurely, and dozens of willing hands and feet contributed to the rhythm and comfort of life.

Outside the kitchen door is a walled space about an ancient well where grow the three kinds of herbs our forbears used, for physic, pot, and for distilling. And from this quiet shelter one may pass by the old smoke-house, between two sentinel box trees, to the broad box-scented gardens.

The restoration of these gardens on the meagre evidence surviving in 1929, was one of the most difficult problems of the whole Stratford undertaking. The Foundation is deeply indebted to the Garden Club of Virginia for having assumed responsibility for the work, and for the admirable way in which it was carried forward. After careful study and excavation, the plan of the old garden was revealed as a formal garden in the grand manner of England's golden age of gardening, the style favored in Virginia throughout the 18th century. Clear evidence of the original terraces was found, and these were restored to form three broad stretches extending from the level of the house to a ha-ha wall at the eastern boundary of the gardens. The family tomb beyond the wall was re-built to become the focal point in the view of the terraces from the east end of the mansion.





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Within the original defining walls, the old paths and beds were found to form a characteristic series of *par-tières* about an oval center. These were planted with some of the finest box in Virginia, and the beds were filled with periwinkle, "Ye Juy of Grounde," beloved of 17th century gardeners. In one section of the middle terrace the quarterings of the Lee coat-of-arms were laid out in box, according to an ancient English custom popular in America until the Revolution. Brick steps now lead from one terrace to another, and gravel walks define a border along each garden wall in which grow the o'd perennials our forbears loved. Wooden gates guarded by holly and lilac trees lead through the walls to the vegetable gardens on the south, and to the orchard area on the north. This area has been vividly described by Carter Lee in his "Virginia Georgics":

*I think there was a mile of solid wall  
Surrounding offices, garden, stables,  
and all;  
And on the eastern side of the garden one,  
Pomgranates ripened in the morning sun;  
And farther off, yet sheltered by it,  
grew  
Figs, such as those Alcinous' garden knew—*

And now along this garden wall and pomgranates grow again as Carter Lee remembered them, sheltering a box walk to the garden house at the north boundary of the orchard. Climbing roses and dwarf apple trees are being planted this year along the west side of the wall as the background for a garden of old roses to be laid out within the shelter of the gardener's house. Beds of Damascus and moss roses and other centifolias will be planted here, along with special cuttings from old Virginia gardens. It is hoped eventually to have the best collection of old roses in America.

The orchard has been laid out after a 17th century plan from Yorkshire, brought to this country in Colonial times by a well-known Virginia planter. An avenue of honey locust forms the approach to it from the terraces, and leads to a pear walk down the center of the orchard. Rows of apples grow on both sides of the walk, and there are "peaches, also plumbs" and "apricocks" as described by Fithian at Westover. Cherries grow in profusion along the surrounding paths and by the walk that leads to the old spring. This is the first effort in modern times to reproduce an English 17th century orchard in America, and is one of the most interesting features of the Stratford restoration.

And so the old place has come to life, its productiveness restored, its beauty and significance preserved for generations of Americans to come. Its steady development in the past ten years has been an inspiration to those who watched it. Its future is secure in the devotion of far-seeing men and women from every state in the American union.

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# KENNEL & BENCH • BY VINTON P. BREESE

WITH the intention of writing a different article from that which follows, and one which was well under way, the occasion arose to make mention of the boxer, giving pause to consider a timely subject and fertile field, with the result that the original effort went into the waste basket and this substitution was selected.

The reason for this is that the boxer has been doing right well by himself, or rather his followers have been doing right well for him, within the past half-dozen years, and particularly during the past year. This is indicated by the rapidly increasing number of both the former and the latter; the breed's pronounced prowess in the show ring, and the entry of an even hundred dogs at the recent Westminster show.

Although a large number of casual show-goers may have considered the boxer among the rarer breeds, and of rather recent adoption in America, and the general public mistaken him for a variety of bulldog, these ideas are erroneous. Although it is true that the breed did not become widely distributed throughout this country until comparatively recent years, it has been with us for over three decades and so antedates many other breeds which, in the interim, have become far more numerous and popular.

As an example of the latter the German shepherd dog, particularly as both breeds are accredited with having had their origin in Germany, may be cited. The great majority of persons more or less familiar with both breeds entertain the opinion that the shepherd dog considerably antedates the boxer in its introduction into America, whereas quite the opposite is the case. The fact of the matter is that the first boxer was registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book in 1904, four years before the shepherd dog was recognized. Neither breed created more than passing interest upon its initial appearance. About 1912, however, the shepherd started to show signs of sudden activity, and the following year the German Shepherd Dog Club of America was organized, and quite a large specialty show held, at which this writer judged. From then on, the shepherd dog rocketed to a popularity and profusion of numbers unprecedented by any other breed up to that time and unequalled since save by the dachshund, also a breed of German origin.

Incidentally, the appearance of the dachshund in America considerably antedates that of both the boxer and German shepherd dog, but it was not until about 1930 that the dachshund began its bid for fame and fortune which, in a few years, culminated in record entries, exceeding any the shepherd dog had ever shown.



Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kettles, Jr., Tri. Int. Ch. Kurass v d Blutenou of Dorick, German Reich Sieger, Best in Show Canada and America



Sumbula Kennel's Ch. Biene v Elbe Bogen Se Sumbulo the outstanding bitch among 1939 winners with fifty best-of-breed's to her credit



Jahn Phelps Wogner's Ch. Utz v Dom of Mazelaine winner of the Boxer Club Trophy 1939 and best-of-breed and best working dog, Westminster 1940

In the meantime, the boxer has been plodding along practically unknown and unheralded and it was not until 1915, over ten years after its initial appearance, that the first representative of the breed became champion. This was the German Sieger (champion) Dampf von Dorck owned by the Hon. Herbert H. Lehman long before he had any thought of becoming Governor of New York.

It is not difficult to understand why the shepherd dog so soon and so far outdistanced the boxer. Although the breed at that time presented a considerable diversity in size and type, it was a very natural looking dog, resembling the wolf more than any other recognized breed of dog. It was something new and novel. Then came reports from abroad of the breed's utility and prowess on the battle fields of Europe as messengers of mercy, hunting out and directing succor to the wounded, and of other forms of service which only a dog could perform. Hence the shepherd dog's rapid and remarkable rise to popularity.

On the other hand, the boxer did not present any unique appearance. The earlier dogs were a rather nondescript looking lot, resembling more than anything else the culls among bulldogs, or the common fighting, or pit bullterriers, owned by the lower stratum of society. At that time bulldogs were highly popular, commanding enormous prices and sponsored by some of the wealthiest persons in the entire fancy. The bulldog display at Westminster was a chief center of attraction. Casual observers became used to looking at Richard Croker's exhibits, including the \$5,000 Ch. Rodney Stone, Ch. Bromley Croft, Ch. Persimmon; Joseph B. Vandergift's equally expensive Ch. Katfelto, Ch. Portland, Ch. Housewife, Thomas W. Lawson's Ch. Fashill, Ch. La Roche, Ch. Thackery Soft and many more of the greatest bulldogs of that day or this. Because of this, they began to understand just what represented true bulldog type and to disregard that which did not. Therefore, unfortunately, the boxer, because of a close resemblance to bulldog culls, or to fighting dogs, made a disastrous debut, and it was not until nearly thirty years ago that the breed began to travel upward toward popularity.

In 1933 there appeared Cirrol Kennel's Ch. Check v. Hunnenstein, the best of his breed seen up to that time, which created quite a stir by winning a best-in-show. The following year Barmere Kennels brought out Ch. Dodi v. d. Stockersburg which went best-of-breed at Westminster under this writer, and continued at other shows. Barmere Kennels repeated at the same show in 1935 with Ch. Sigurd von Dom of Barmere, which carried on to eight best non-